

SMASH

10¢

COMICS

SEPTEMBER

No. 46

Oran Caldwell

Oran

Joyce

Ann

**TWELVE HOURS
TO LIVE!**

STARRING

MIDNIGHT!

ALSO
ANOTHER EPISODE OF...

LADY LUCK





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE SABOTEURS

They'll get your bike if you don't watch out!



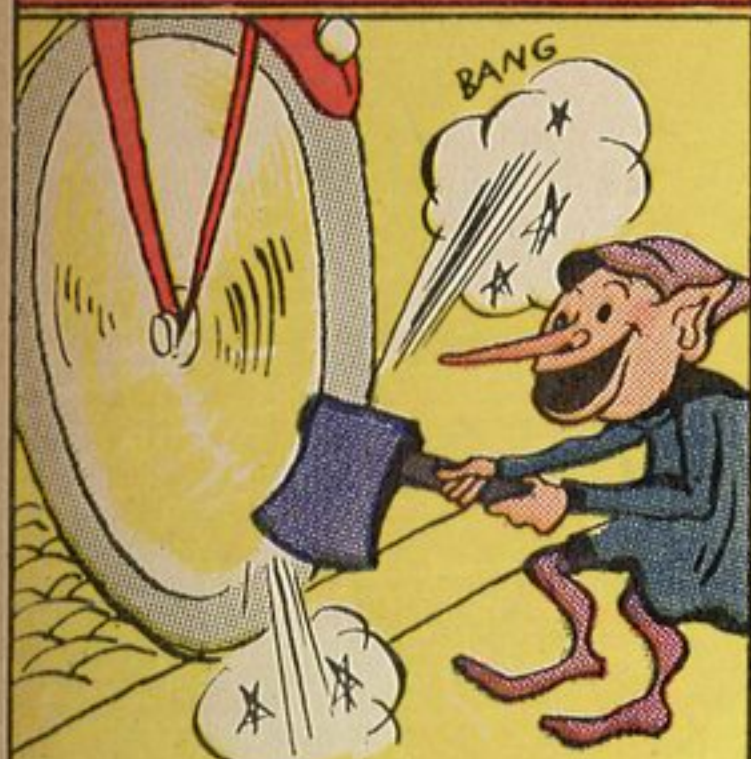
The more he lets air leak out,
The faster tires will wear out.
(Check your tires regularly)



This is the one who likes you
to speed. He'll ruin your bike
if you don't pay heed.
(Don't ride fast)

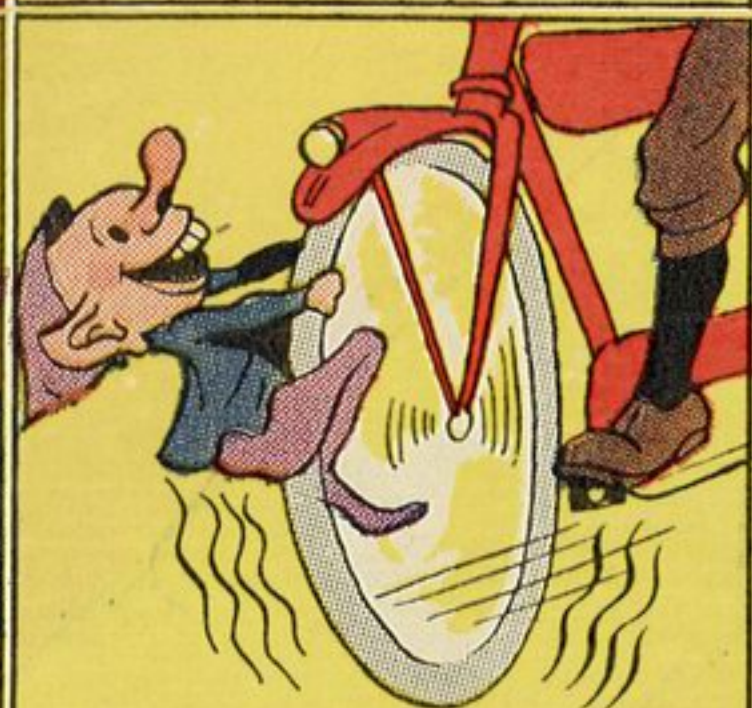


This is the one who laughs with
glee, when you don't use your
coaster carefully.
(Don't slam your brakes on)



He hides behind each curb and
rock. To hit your bouncing bike
a sock.

(Avoid bruising tires)



This Saboteur's shimmy is death
on wheels. The more the wobble
the better he feels.

(Keep cone tight)

To foil these Saboteurs,
see the bicycle man regu-
larly. He'll help to keep
your bicycle rolling.



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital
member of "The Invisible Crew"—the pre-
cision equipment which 25 Bendix plants
from coast to coast are speeding to our
fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

HEY, READERS!!

THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

ACTION ADVENTURE OR HUMOR

IN THE

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

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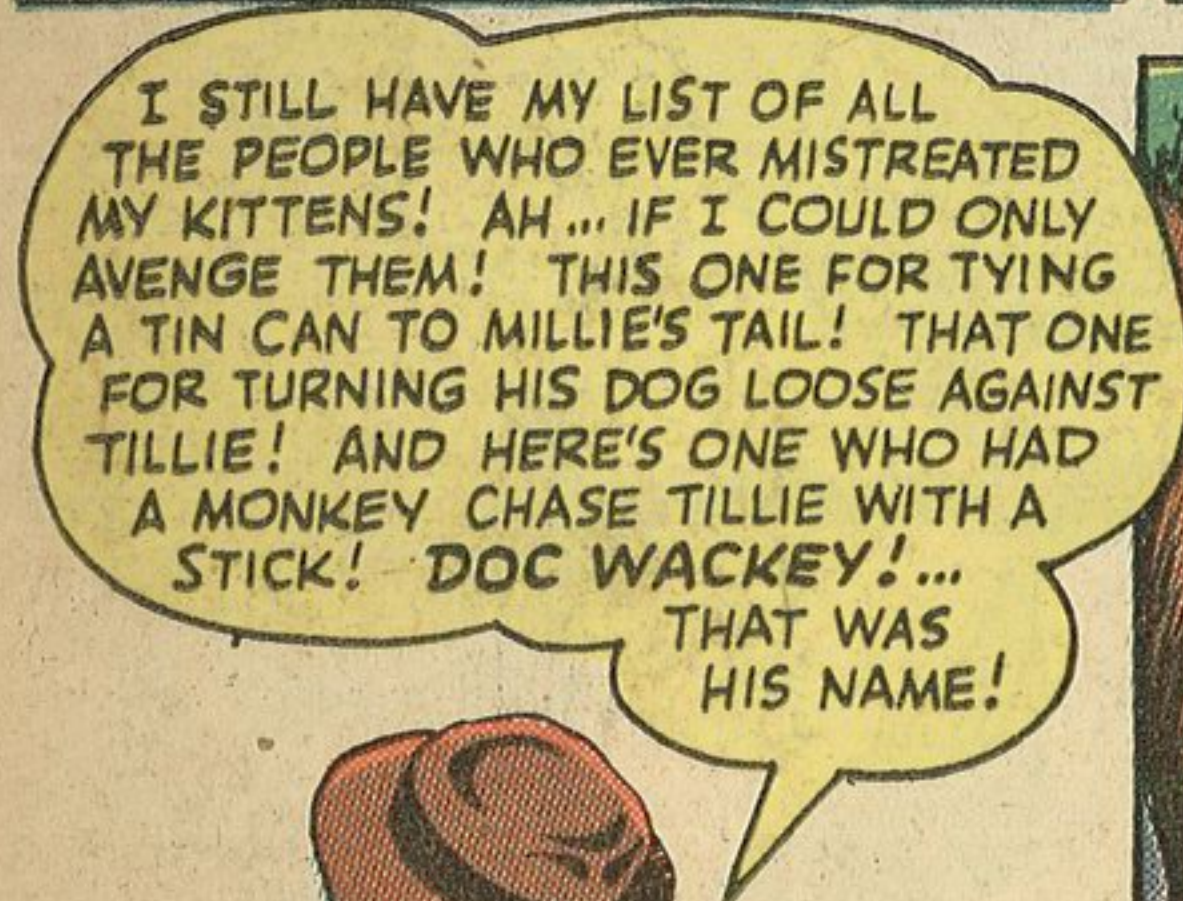
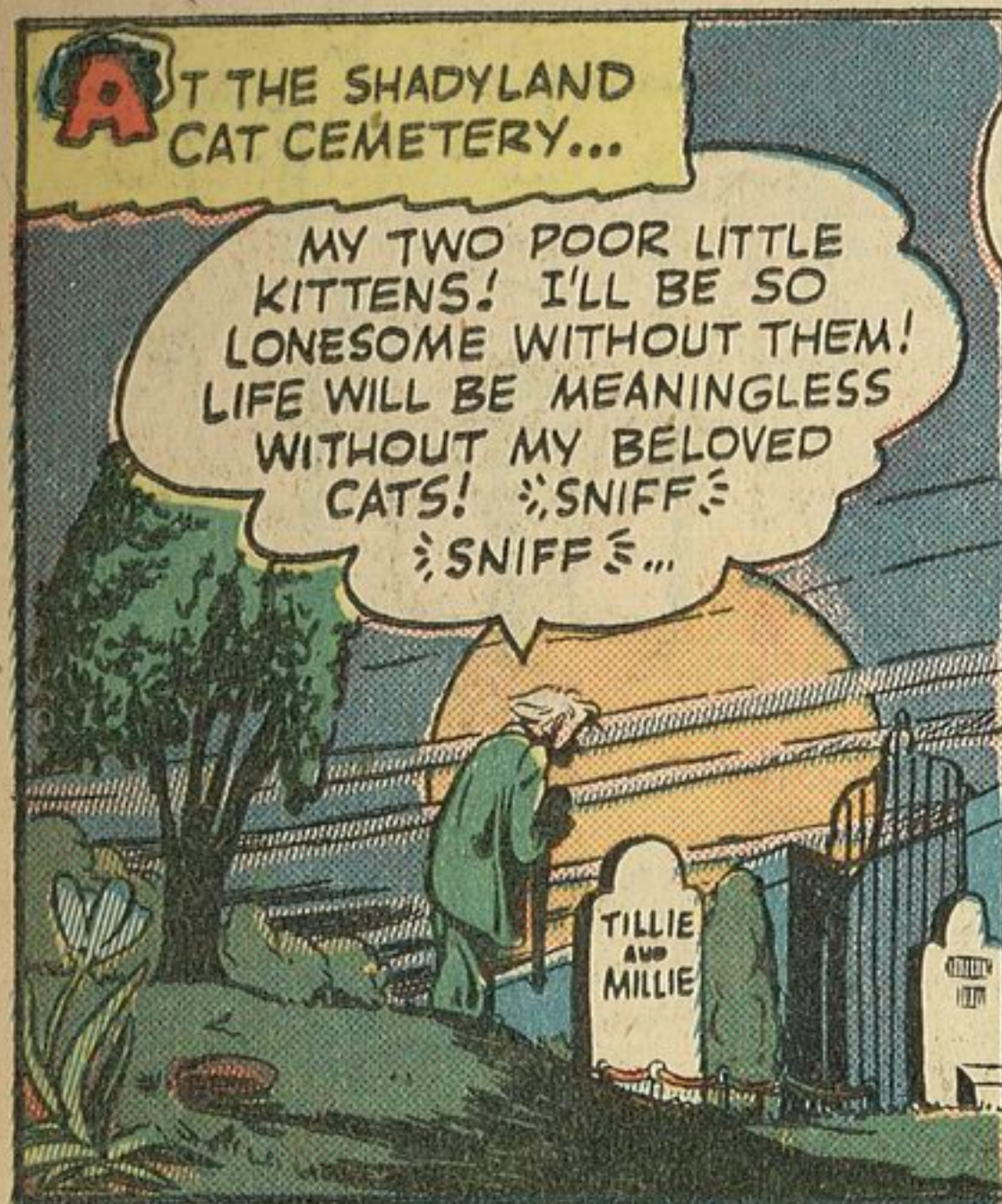
Midnight



IF YOU HAD ONLY TWELVE HOURS TO LIVE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO? TWELVE HOURS IS A VERY SHORT TIME IN WHICH TO DO ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING OFF FOR YEARS!

YES ... TWELVE HOURS IS AN AWFULLY SHORT TIME ... BUT NOT IF YOU'RE GOING TO DEVOTE THEM TO **MURDER!!** IT TAKES ONLY A MINUTE OR SO TO KILL A MAN!

MULTIPLY THAT BY ALL THE MINUTES IN TWELVE HOURS ... AND HOW MANY MURDERS HAVE YOU GOT? A STAGGERING NUMBER! THE NUMBER STAGGERED **MIDNIGHT**, TOO! HE WAS BENT ON CAPTURING A KILLER WHO WAS TRYING TO PACK ENOUGH KILLINGS INTO THOSE TWELVE PRECIOUS HOURS TO LAST A HUNDRED **BLUEBEARDS** A LIFETIME!



THE OFFICE OF
DR. R.X. DIAPETOS...

MY NAME
IS POTTS--
CYRIL
POTTS!
I FEEL
AWFUL!

YOU
CERTAINLY
LOOK
IT!

HMMMMMM...

WHAT
IS IT,
DOCTOR
?

HMMMMMM...

WHAT
IS IT,
DOCTOR
?

HMMMM

I CAN'T STAND
THE SUSPENSE,
DOC! ... WHAT
IS WRONG
WITH ME?

MR. POTTS ... THIS IS GOING
TO BE A SHOCK! YOU HAVE
AN ACUTE CASE OF GALLOPING
GOUT WITH DEFINITE COMPLICATIONS
OF SYNTORETIC ALBIRESES AND
A SLIGHT TOUCH OF
PENDIMITIS OF
THE REDONDER!

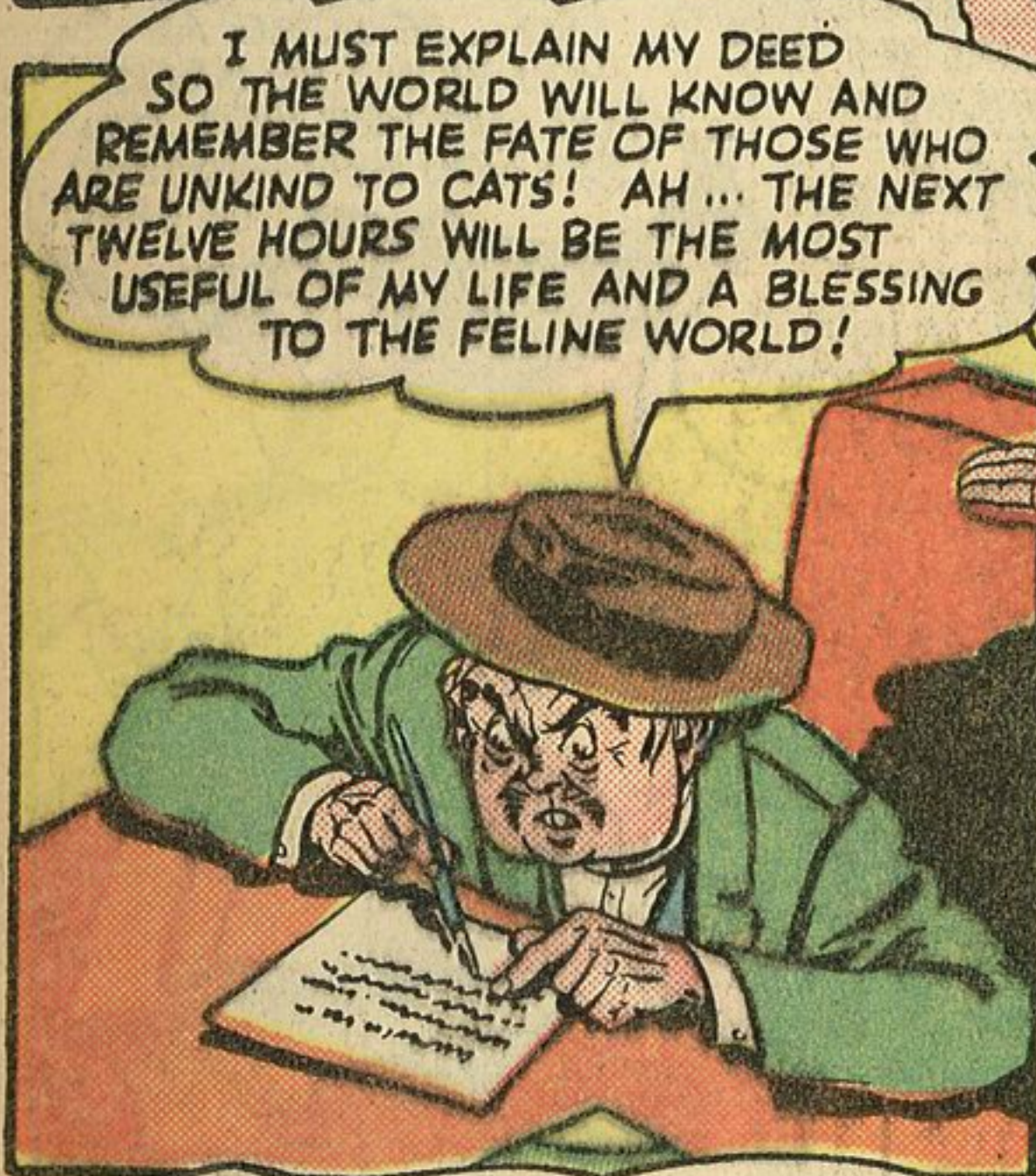
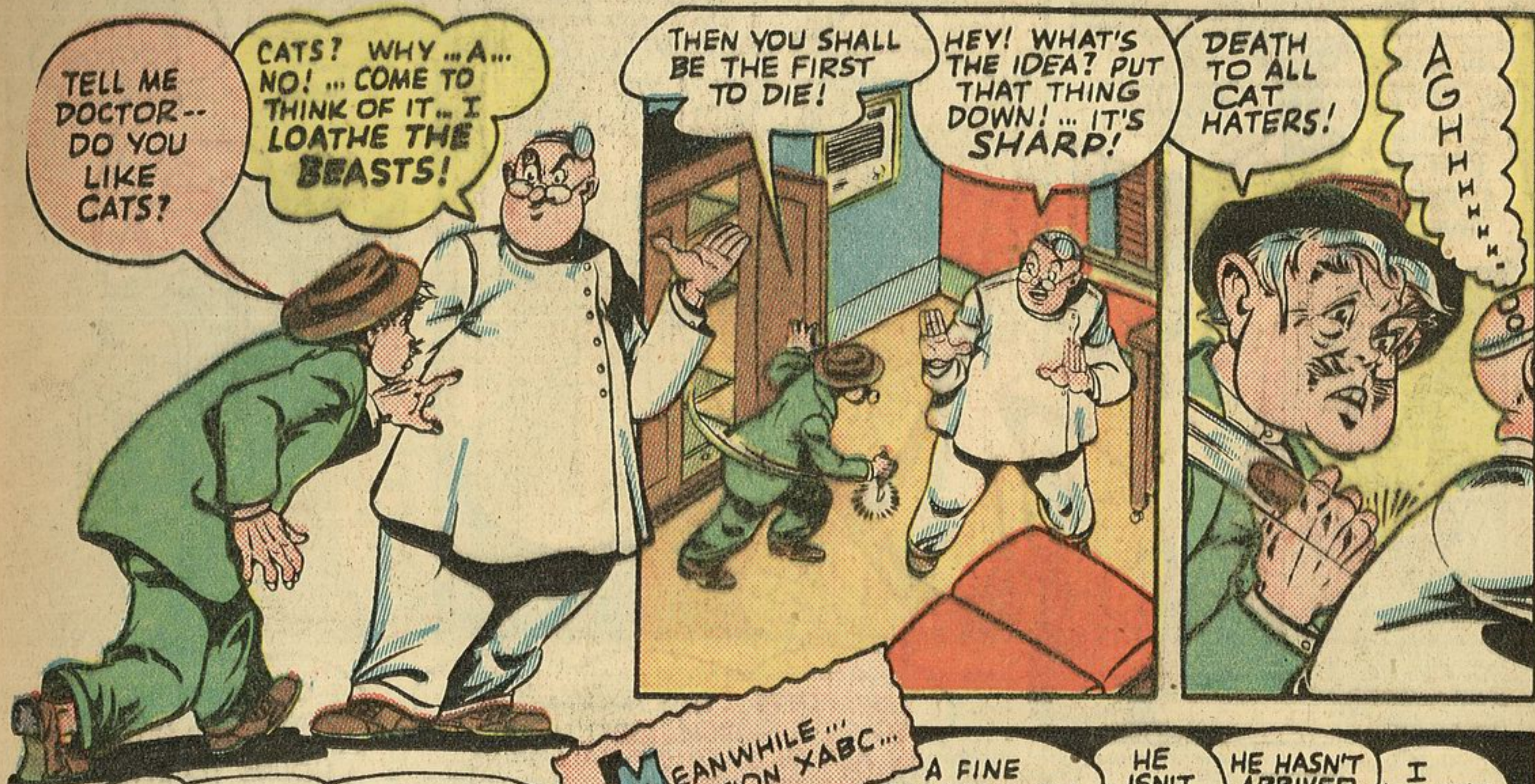
I CERTAINLY DO!
YOUNG MAN, YOU HAVE
EXACTLY TWELVE
HOURS TO LIVE!
SO ... AS LONG AS
YOU WON'T BE BACK
FOR ANOTHER VISIT, IT'LL
COST YOU \$50 --INSTEAD
OF \$1.50!

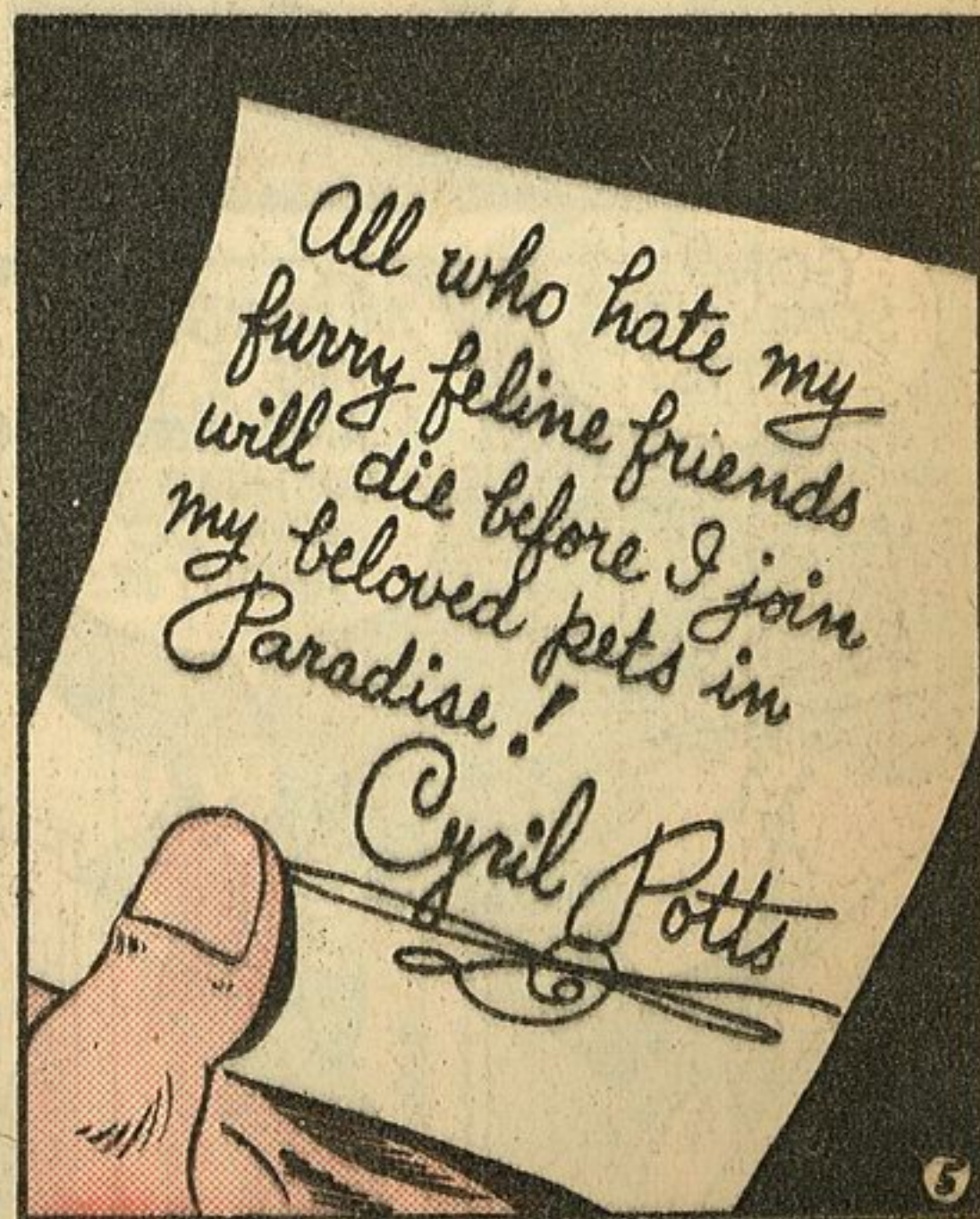
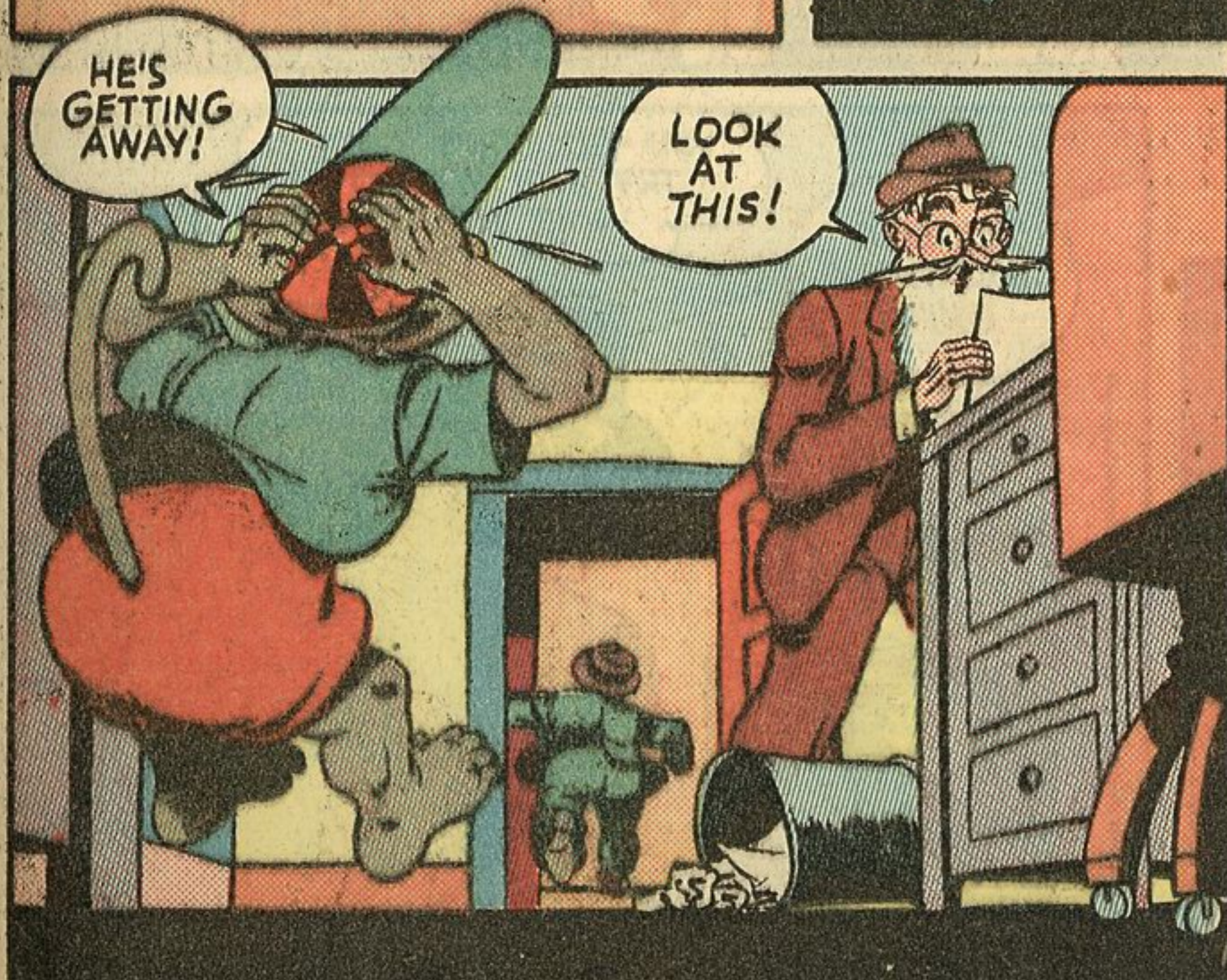
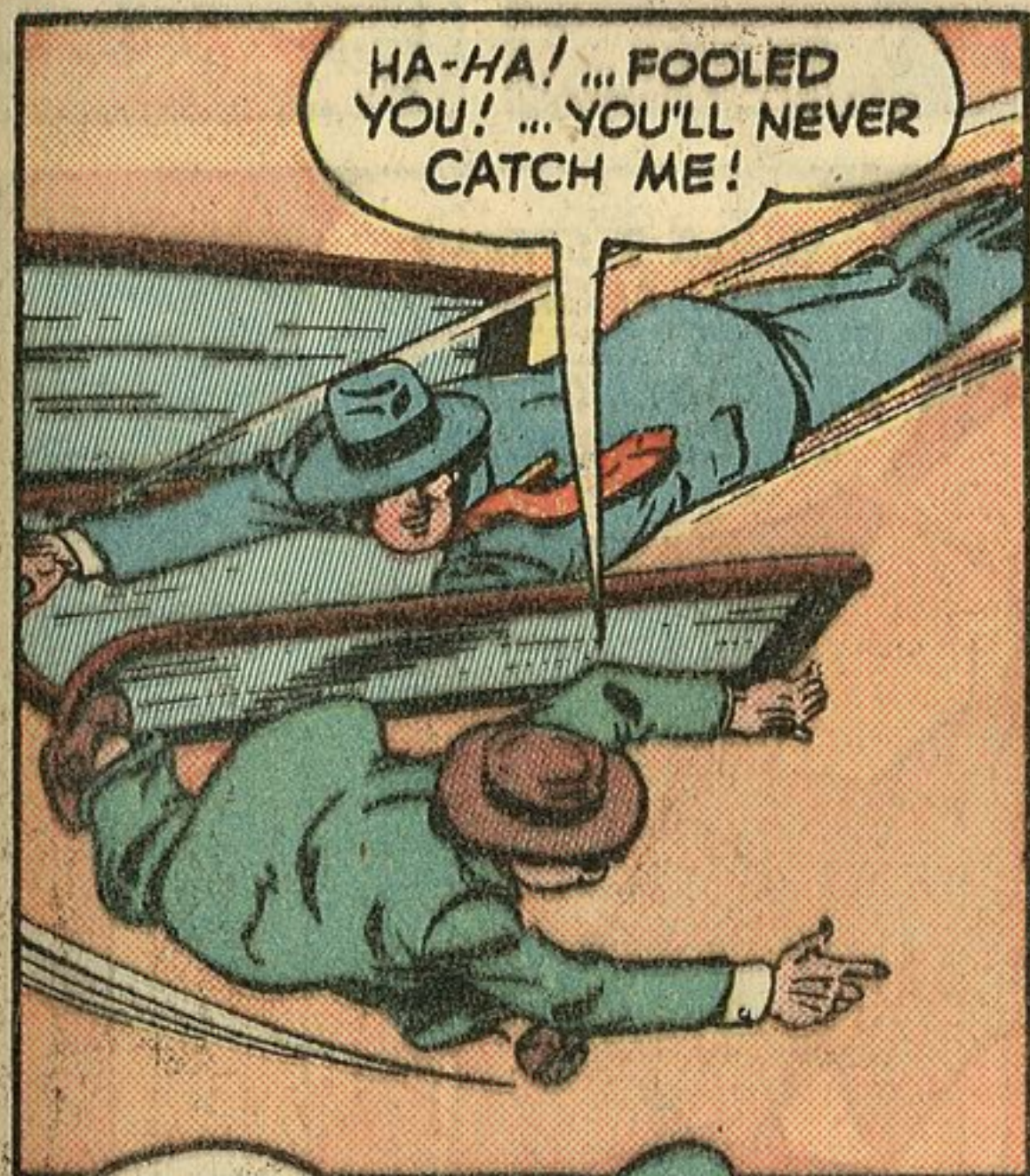
HUH?
YOU DON'T
SAY!!

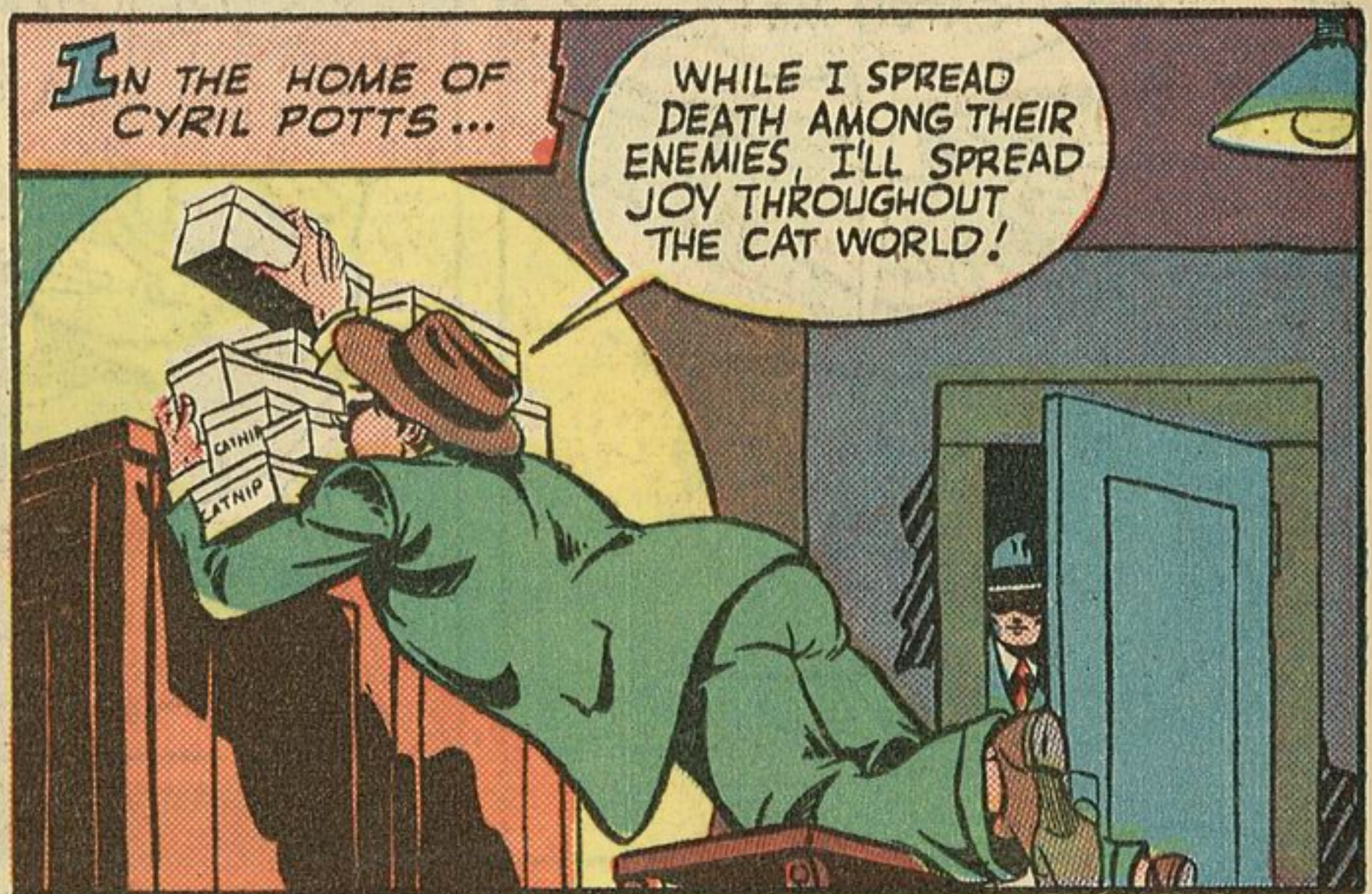
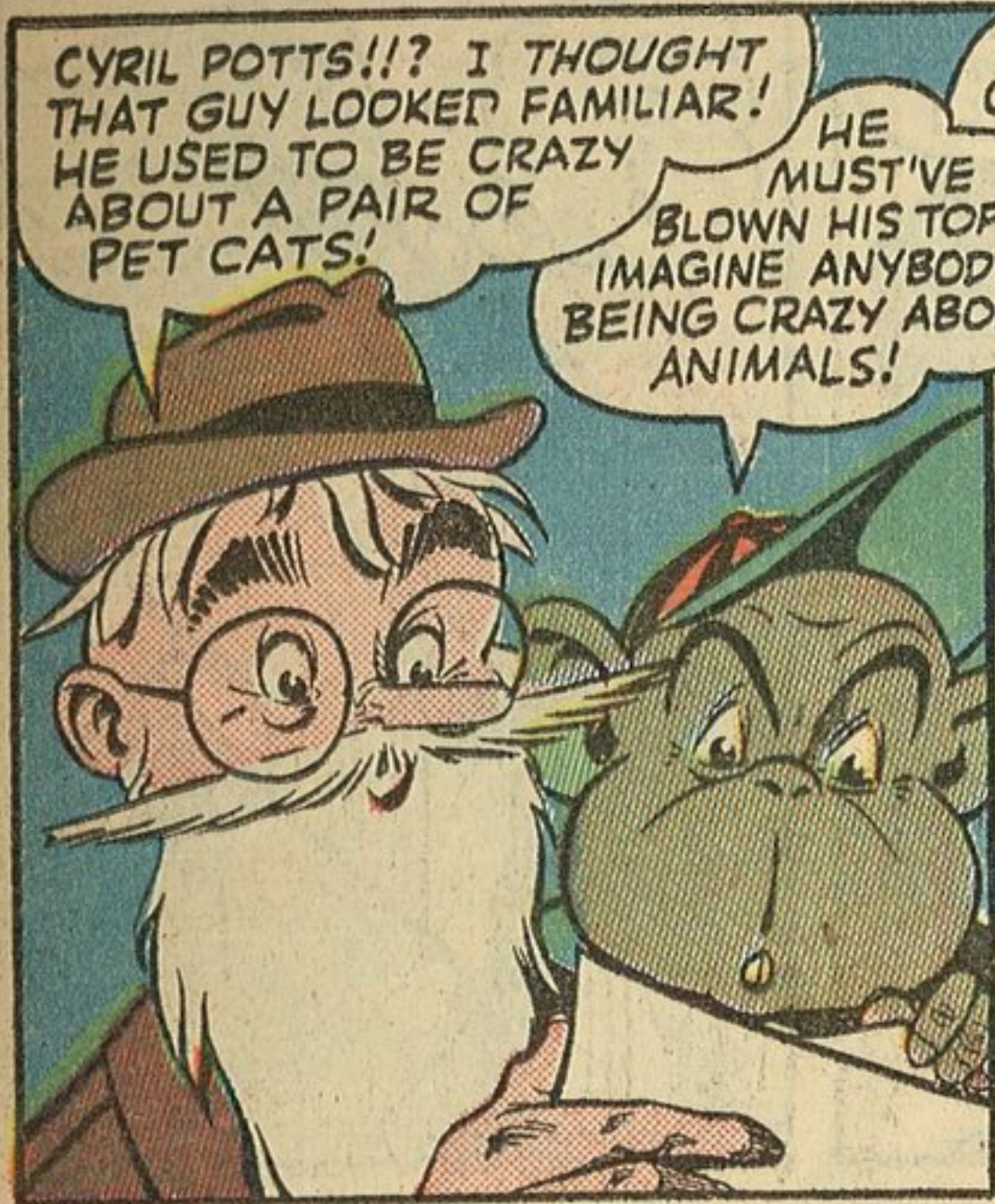
I HAVE? OH, GOODY!
YOU MEAN I'M
ACTUALLY GOING
TO DIE IN
TWELVE
HOURS?

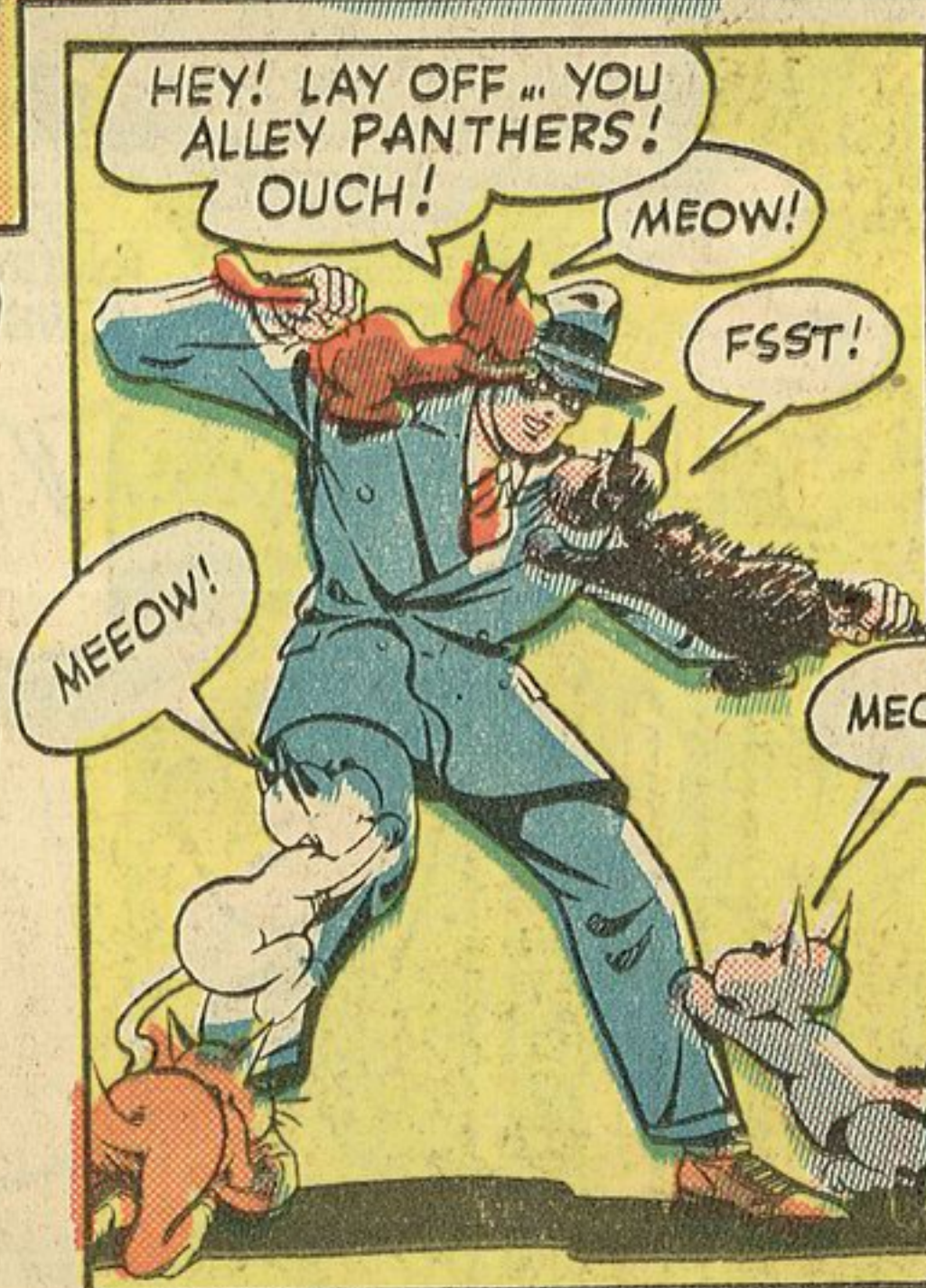
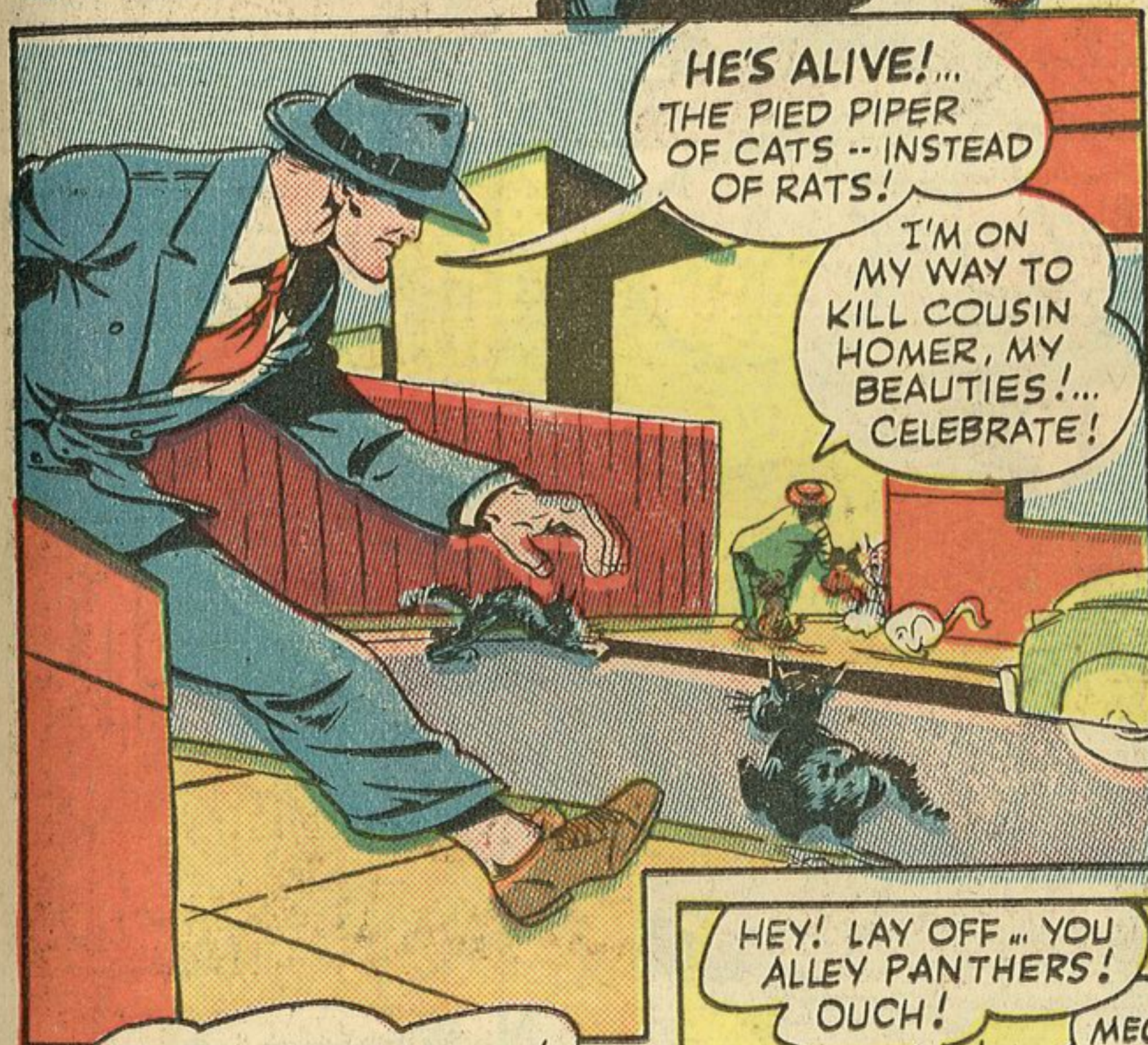
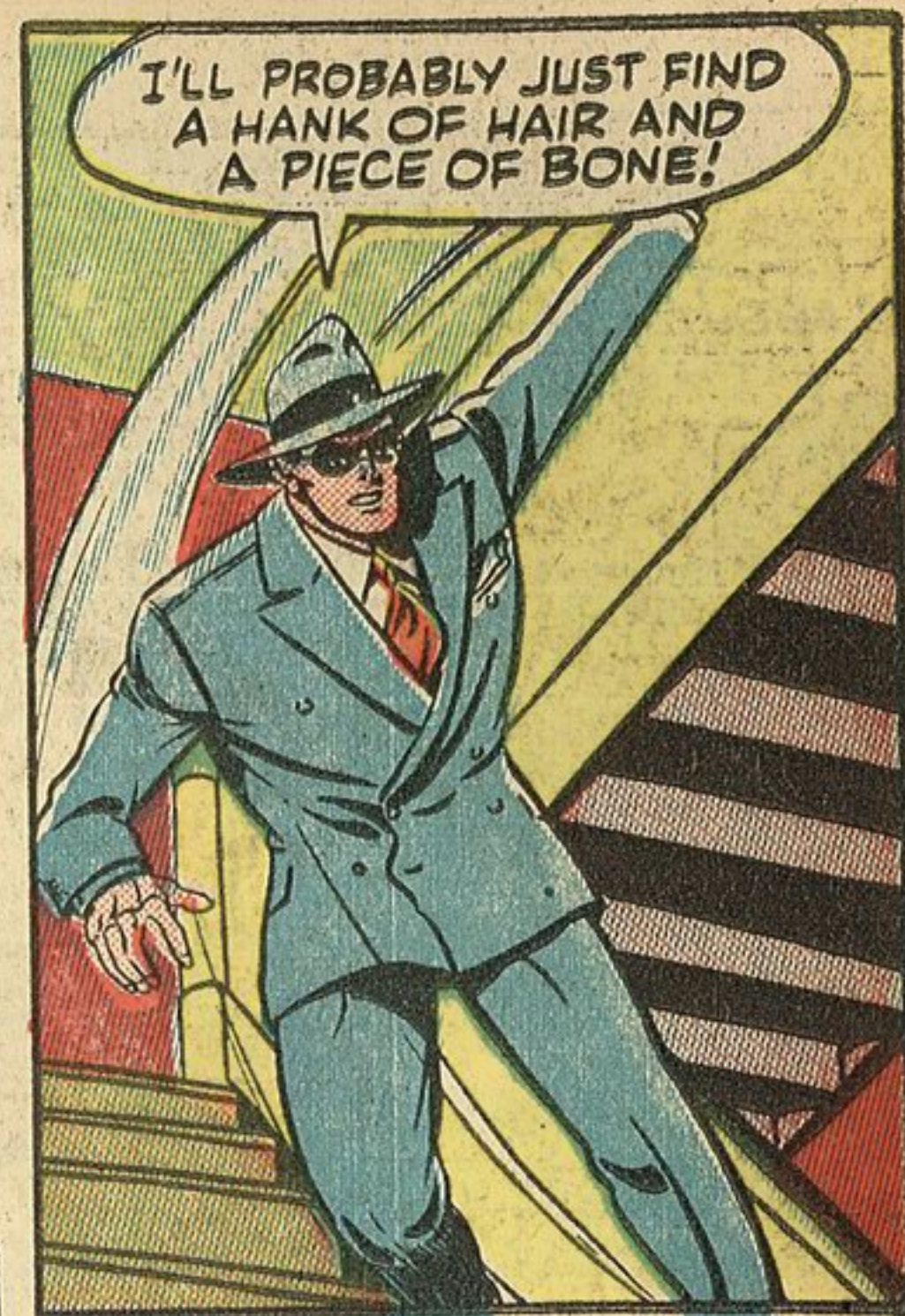
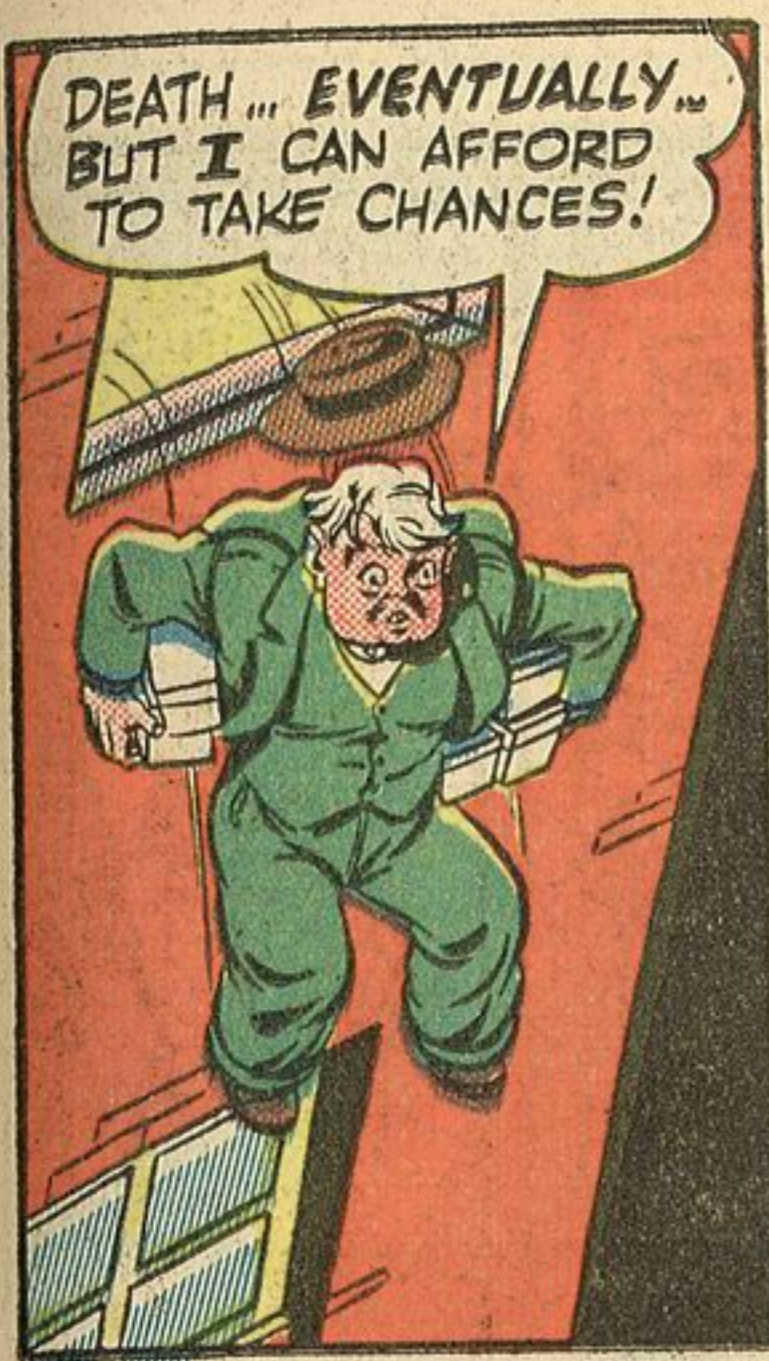
WHAT?...
YOU MEAN
YOU LIKE
THE IDEA?

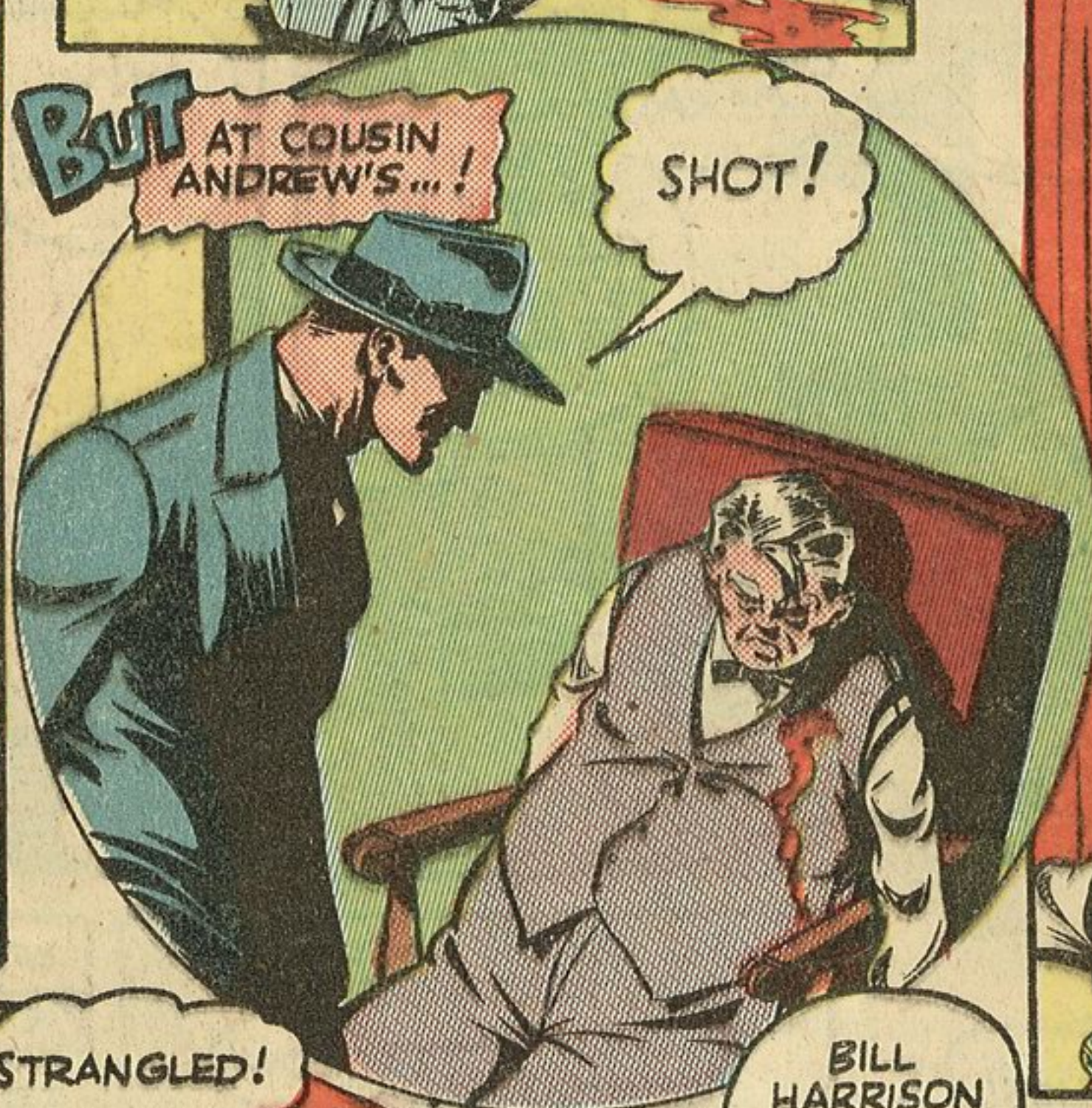
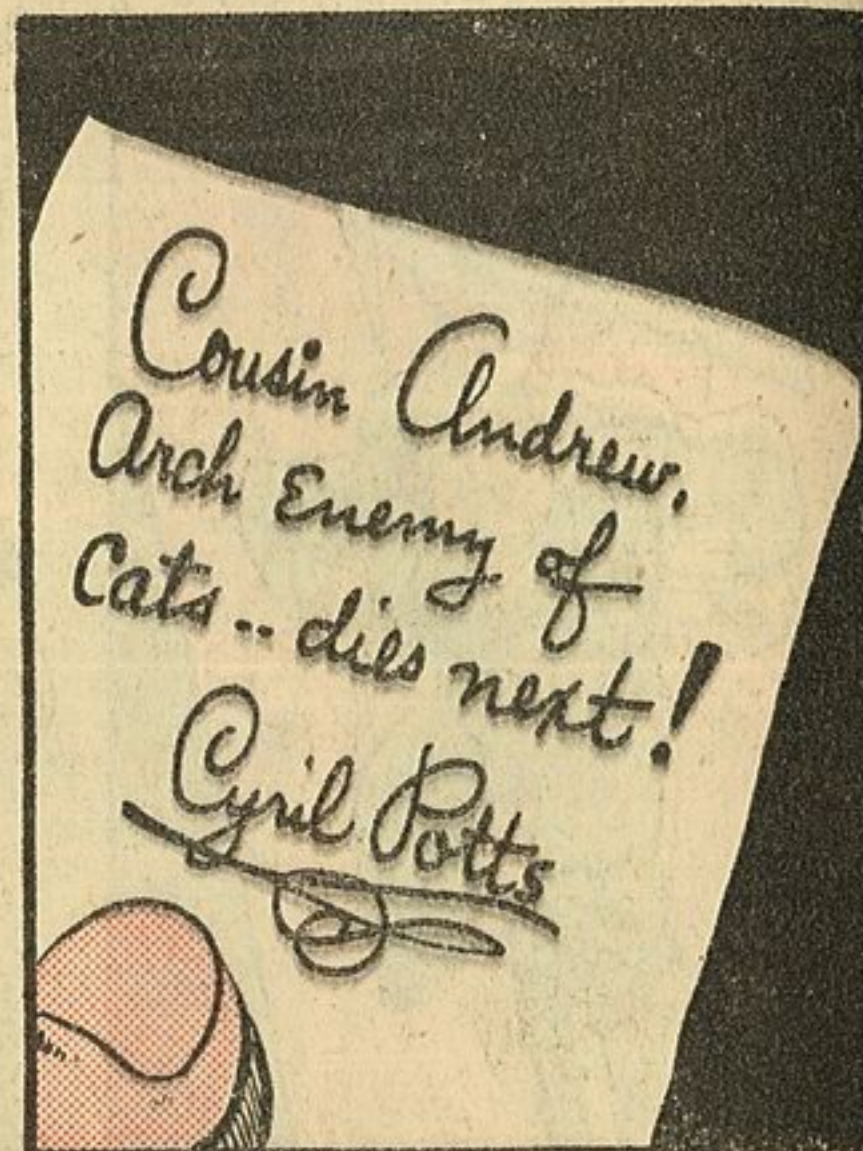
THE THINGS I CAN DO
NOW WITHOUT FEAR OF
THE LAW! ... VENGEANCE
FOR TILLIE AND MILLIE!

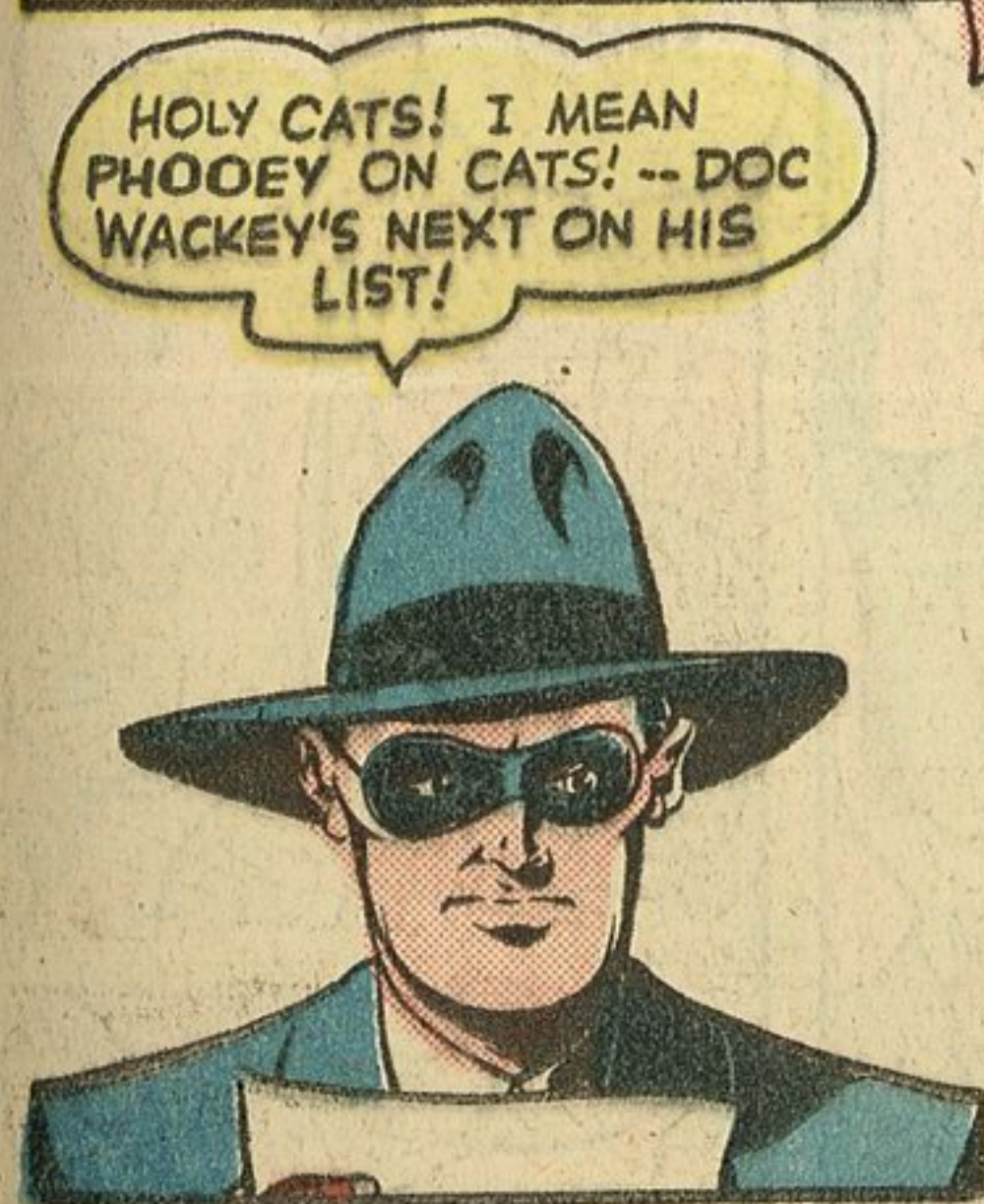
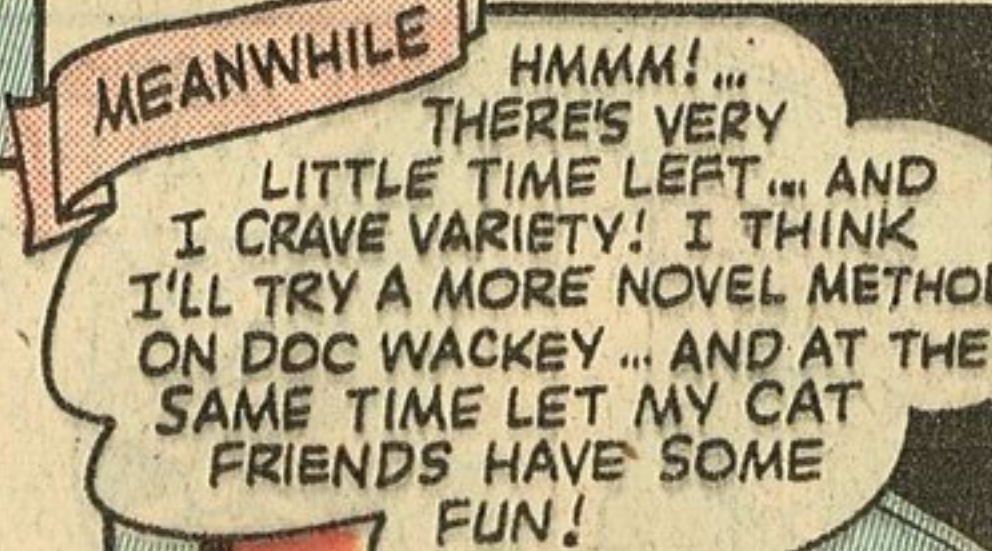
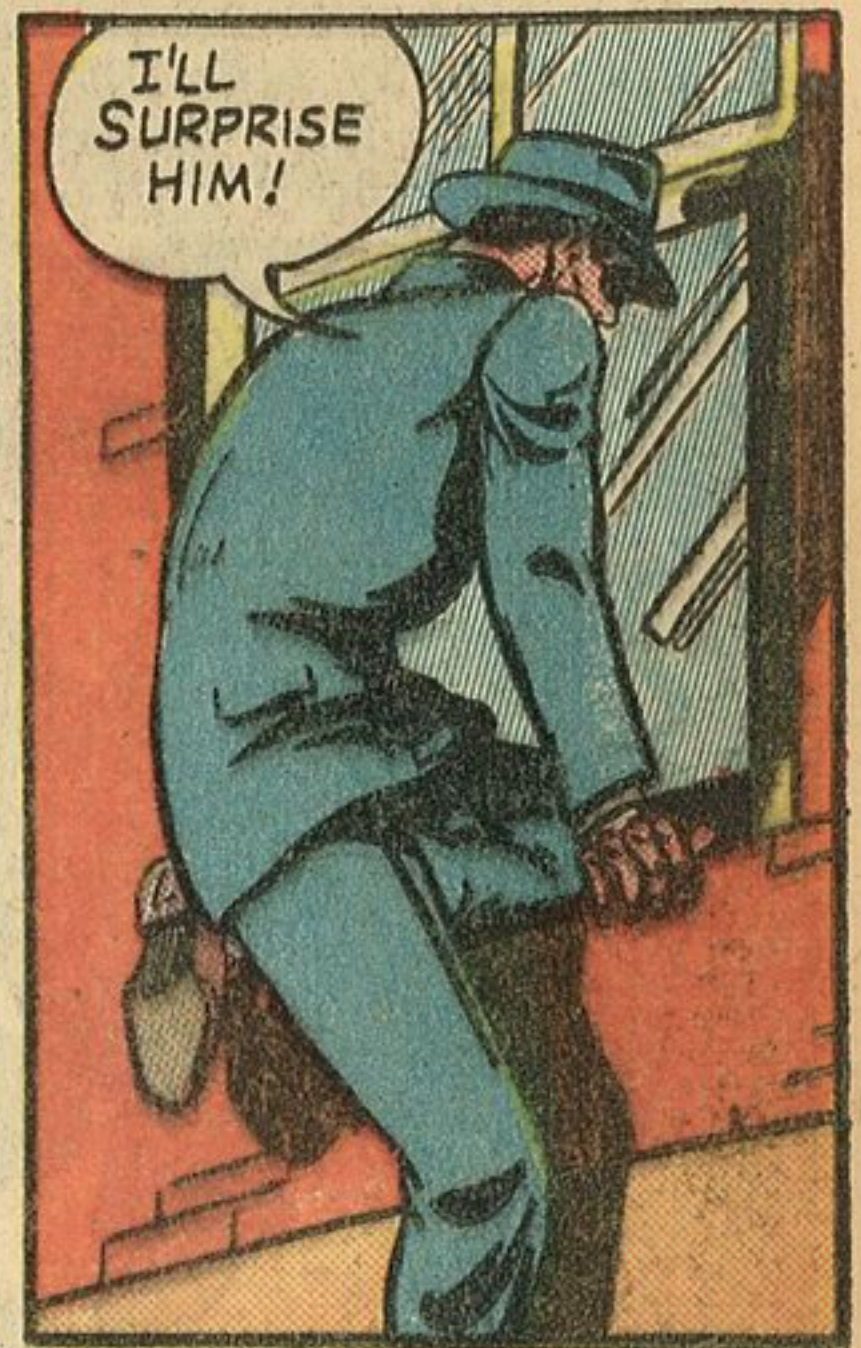


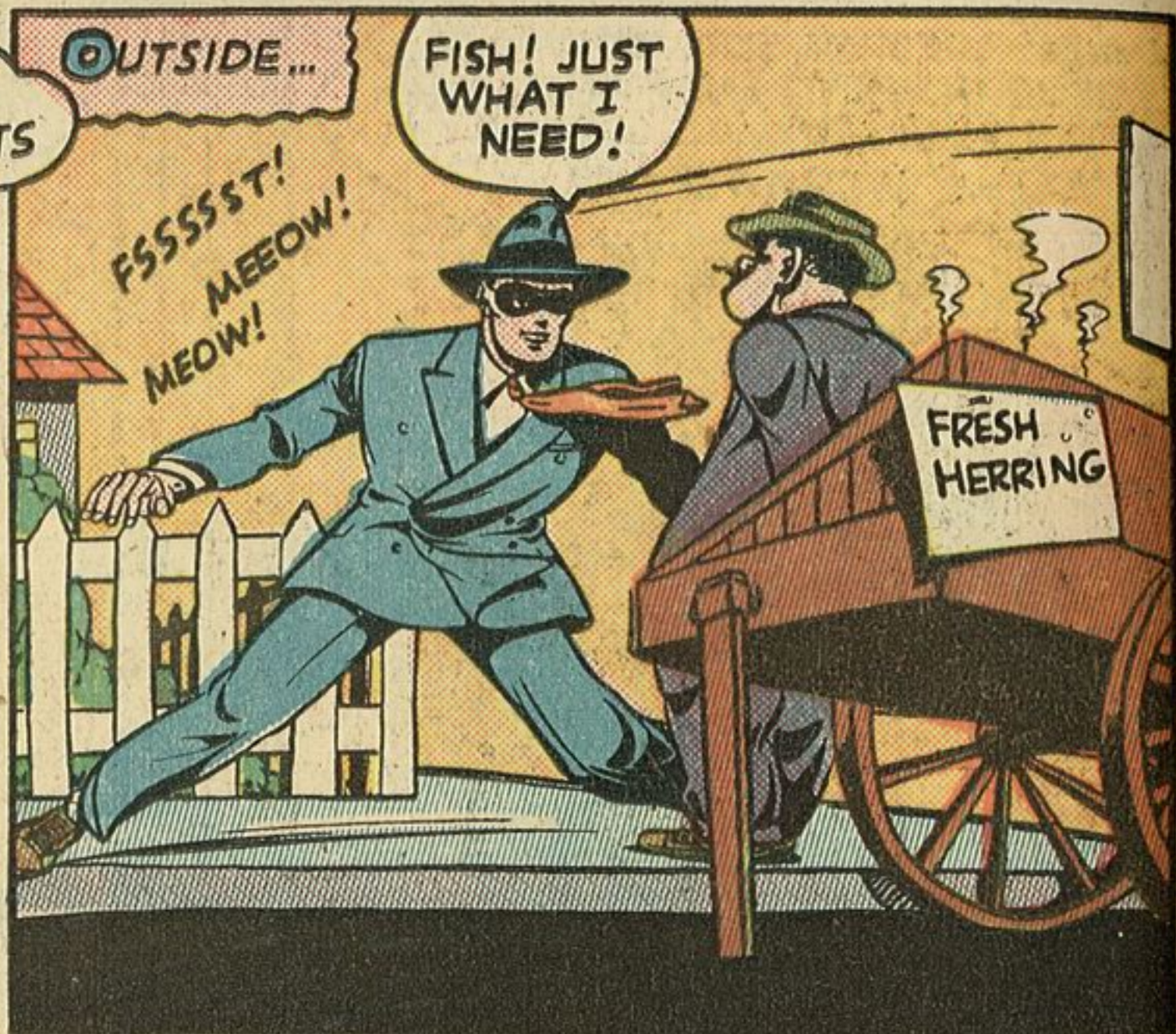
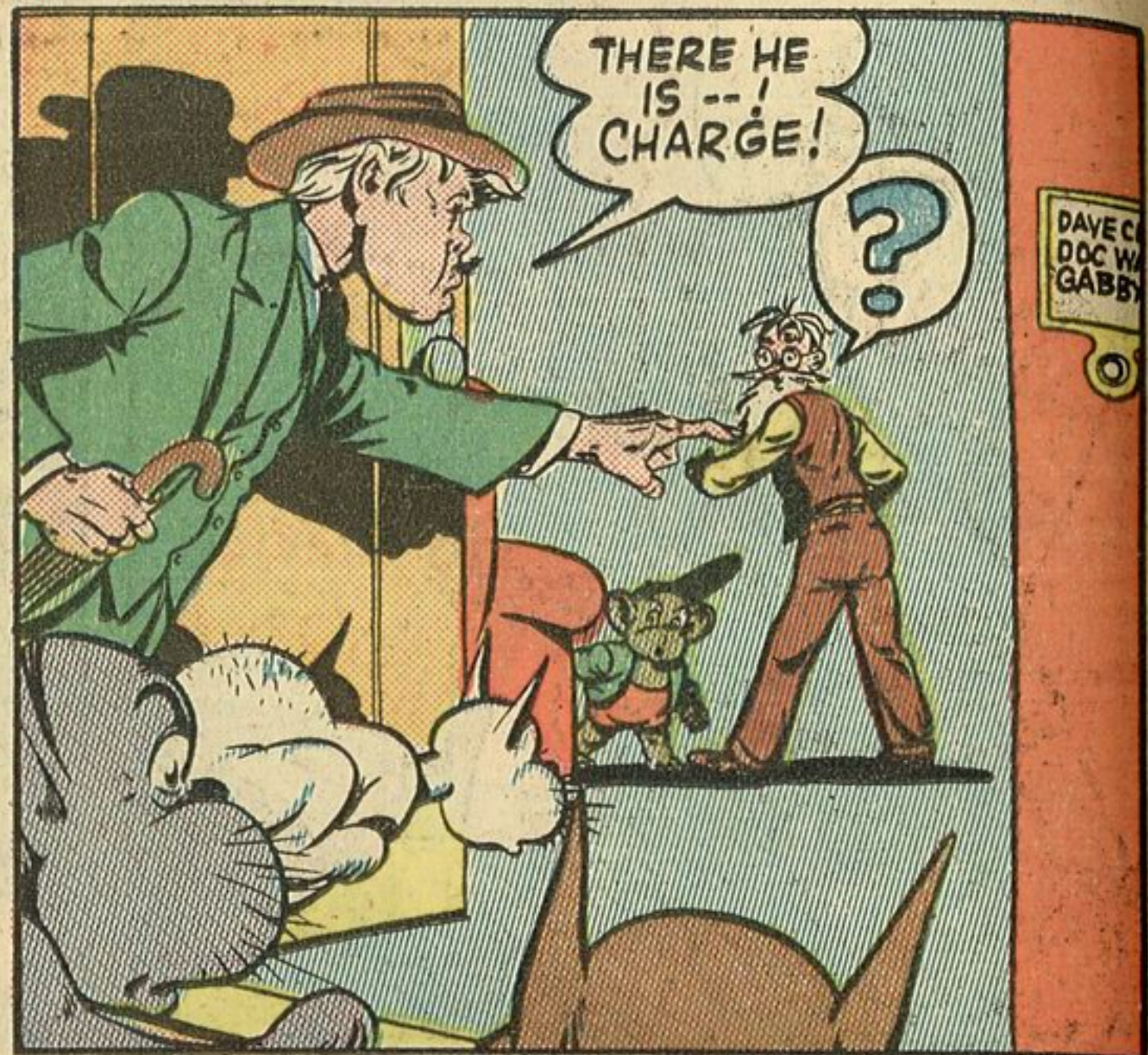
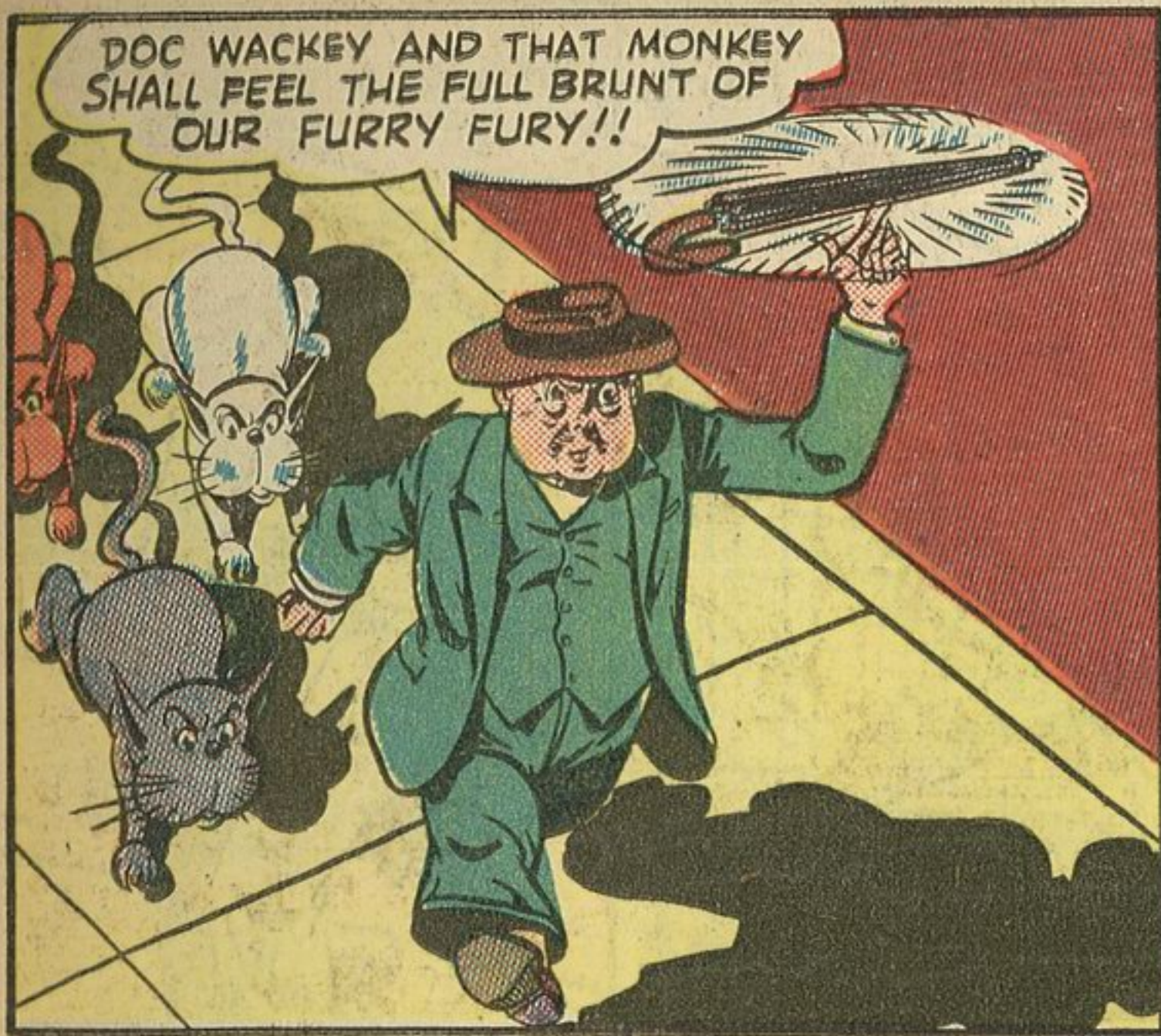






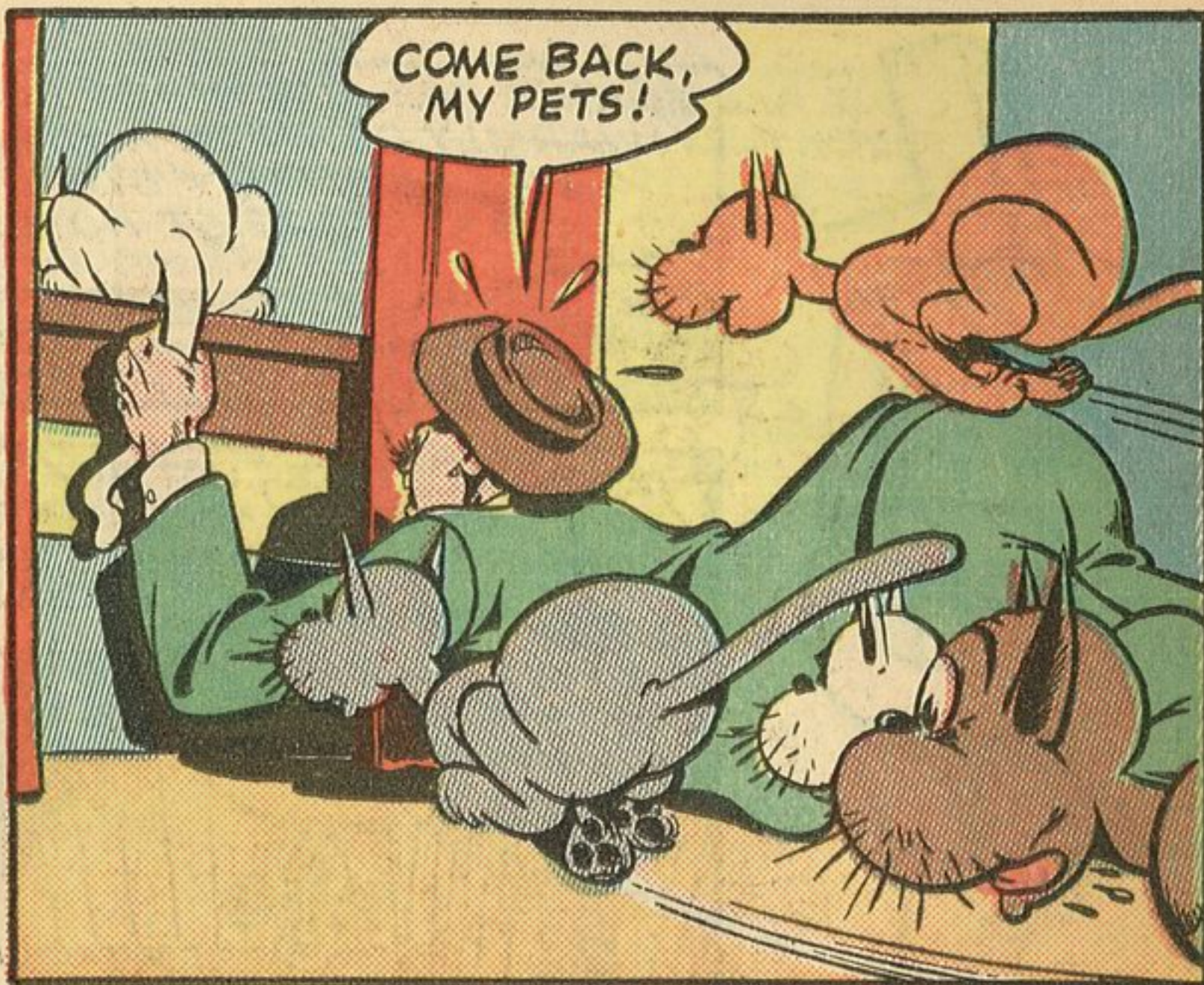








THAT'S RIGHT! ...
FOLLOW
THE FISH--
OUTSIDE!



COME BACK,
MY PETS!



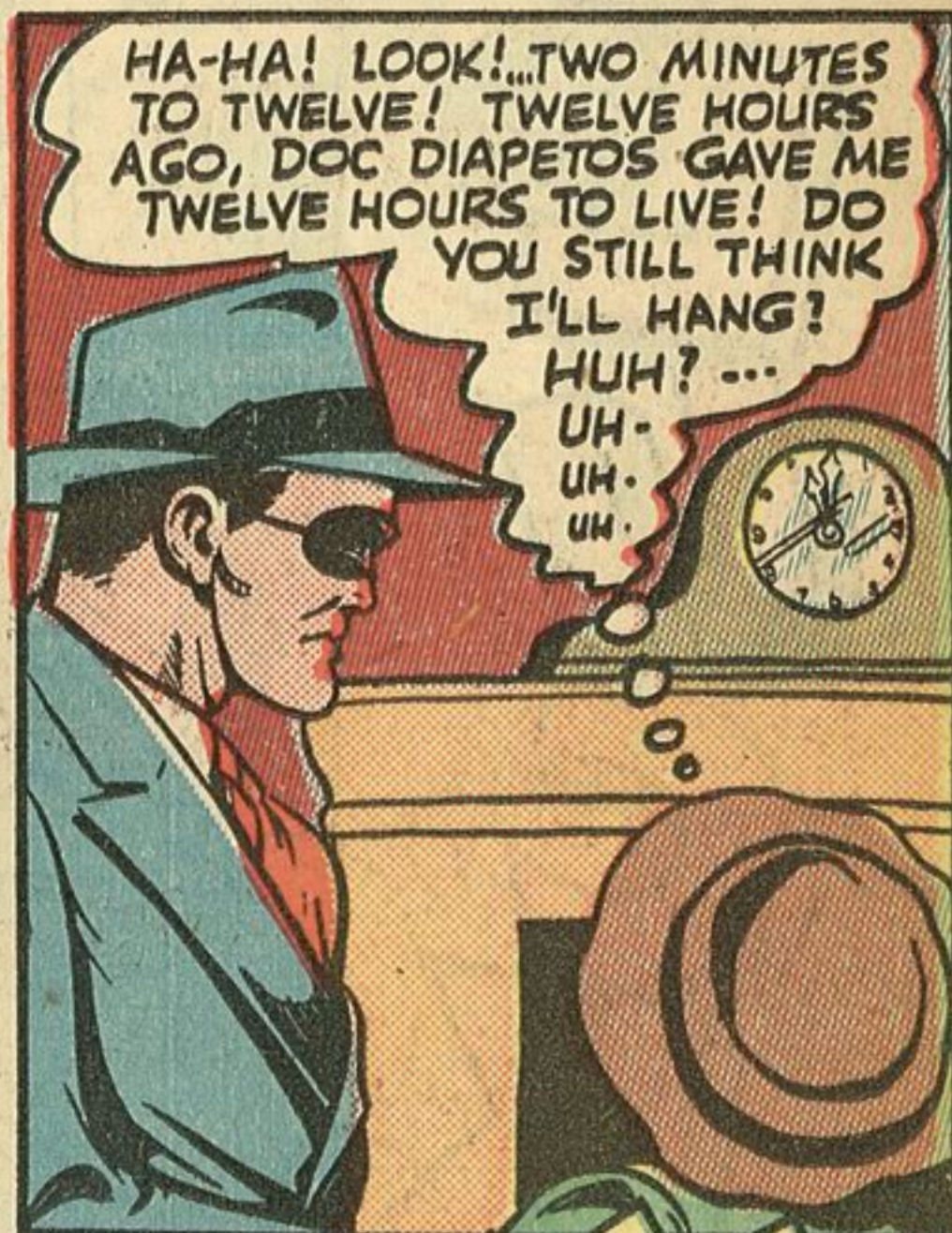
YOU'RE THROUGH, SCREWBALL!
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE FOR
THIS RAMPAGE
YOU WENT ON!

HANGING'S
TOO GOOD
FOR HIM!



BET YOU A
POUND OF CATNIP
I DON'T
HANG!

YEAH? NOW
I'LL TELL
ONE!



HA-HA! LOOK!...TWO MINUTES
TO TWELVE! TWELVE HOURS
AGO, DOC DIAPETOS GAVE ME
TWELVE HOURS TO LIVE! DO
YOU STILL THINK
I'LL HANG!

HUH? ...
UH-
UH-
UH-



HE'S
DEAD!

HE WAS RIGHT!
GUESS HE
FOOLED
US!



JUST THINK OF
WHAT HE'D HAVE
DONE IF HE'D
LIVED ANOTHER
TWELVE HOURS!

WHO
SAID
THAT?



ER .. THAT WAS
KNOWN AS
"THE CAT'S
MEEOW"!

NEXT MONTH
--WHO KNOWS?

ONE THING WE'RE
SURE OF ...

MIDNIGHT

WILL BE HERE
WITH ANOTHER
RIP-SNORTING
YARN!...

WITH HIS
PALS -- AND
ENEMIES!

LADY LUCK



DAILY, THE SUN RISES OUT OF THE ATLANTIC AND SHINES WARMLY DOWN ON A SEABOARD STATE... DOWN INTO THE HILLS WHERE ENEMY STATESMEN ARE INTERNED IN A FORMER TOURIST HOTEL FOR THE DURATION...

IS IGNOBLE FATE TO BE THUS CONFINED...

NOT BEFITTING TO ILLUSTRIOUS SONS OF NIPPON LIKE US...

IS BUT ONE RECOURSE... HARA KIRI!

IS SO.. BUT WE HAVE NO SWORDS!

TRUE! SO WE WILL **CHOK**E EACH OTHER!

PROCEED!

AGH.. MY STRENGTH FAILS!

YES.. IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SQUEEZE ANOTHER..

.. WHILE ONESELF IS BEING SQUEEZED!

HARK! WHY DO WE NOT ATTEMPT ESCAPE? WERE WE NOT VAUDEVILLE ACROBATS IN THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH?

WE WERE!

BANZAI!

BUT CAN WE DESERT OUR COUNTRYMEN IMPRISONED HERE?

WE WILL RETURN IN SAME MANNER AND BRING THEM FIRE ARMS!

PROCEED!

IN A NEARBY CITY... SERGEANT SLOBURN'S PEACE OF MIND IS AGAIN RUDELY SHATTERED...

CAN YA BEAT IT? THEM DARN YOKUKASA BROTHERS ESCAPED FROM INTERNMENT! HEY... WHERE YA GOIN', LADY LUCK?

THOSE THREE JAPS ON THE LOOSE AGAIN SPELLS TROUBLE!

NOW WAIT! I'M THE LAW... I'LL DO THE POLICE WORK! THESE @*!! AUTHORS AN' CARTOONISTS HAVE BEEN PLAYIN' US COPS UP FOR BOOBS LONG ENOUGH!!

I'D GIVE A PINCH O' SNUFF TO KNOW HOW THEM MONKEYS EVER SCALED THAT WALL!

I NEVER USE THE STUFF, SERGEANT.

READY?

READY!

READY!

LOOK! THOSE JAPS HAVE COME BACK!

HUP!

HUP!

HUP!

WHAT ARE THEY.. NUTS? I'M GONNA GRAB 'EM!

WAIT! LET THEM GO BACK IN.. WE'LL SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

READY?

READY!

READY!

ALLEZ...

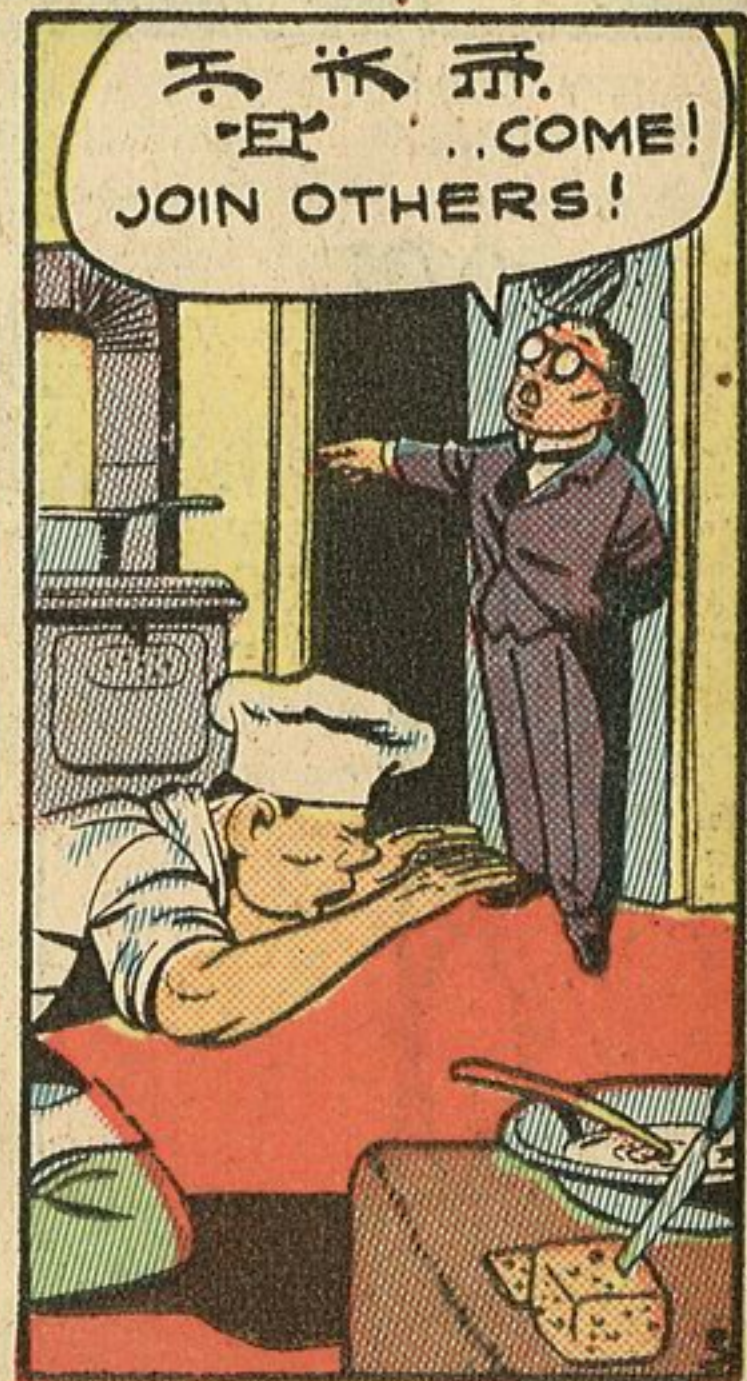
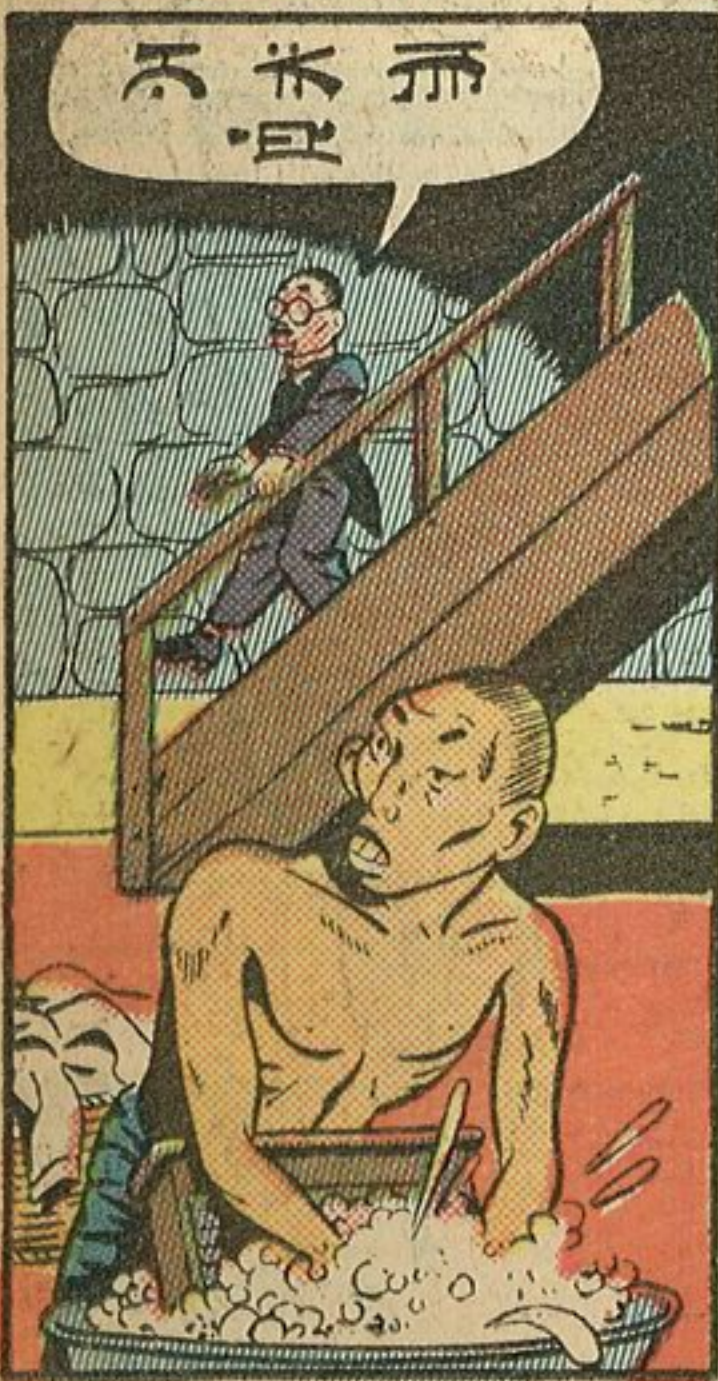
HUP!

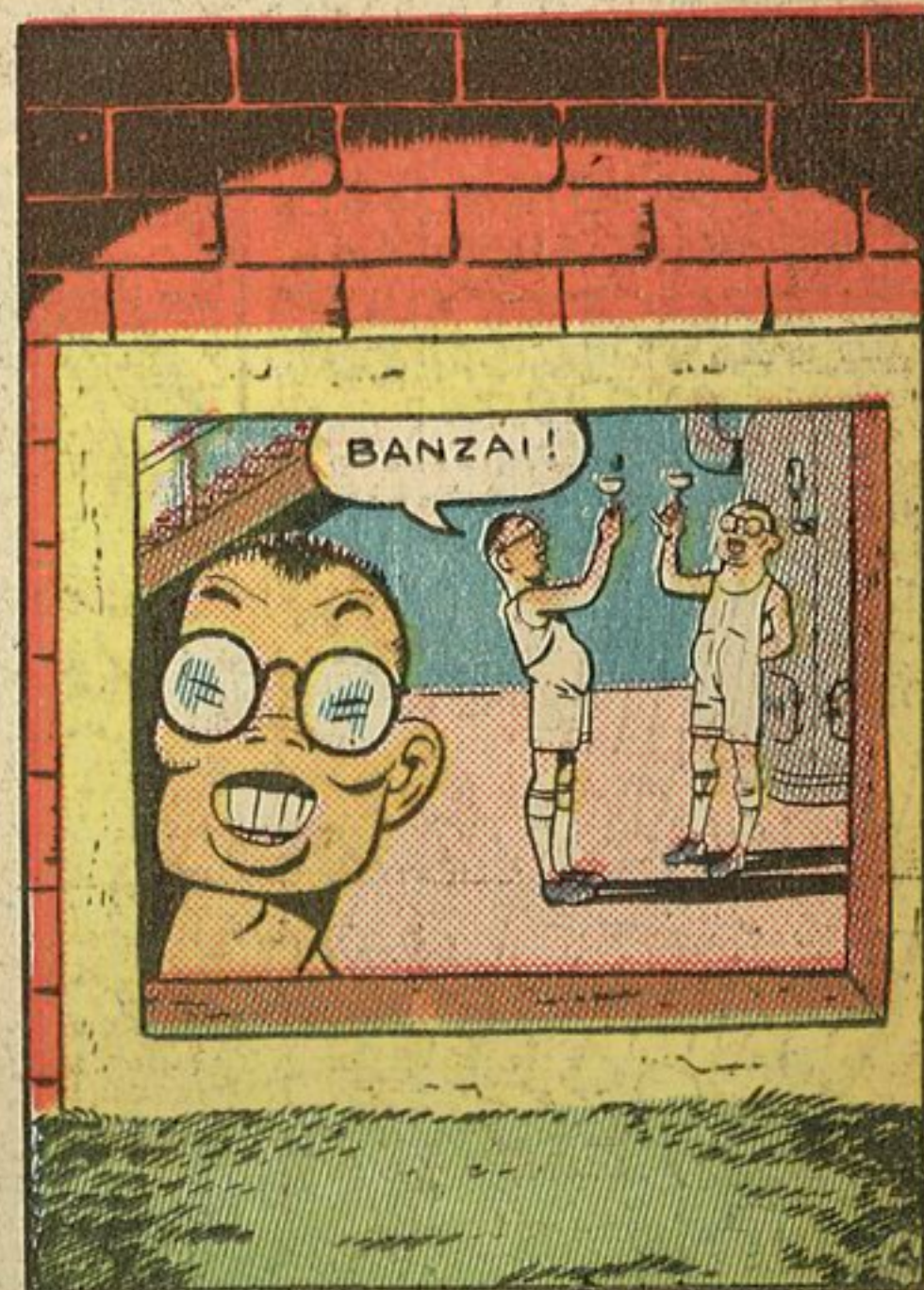
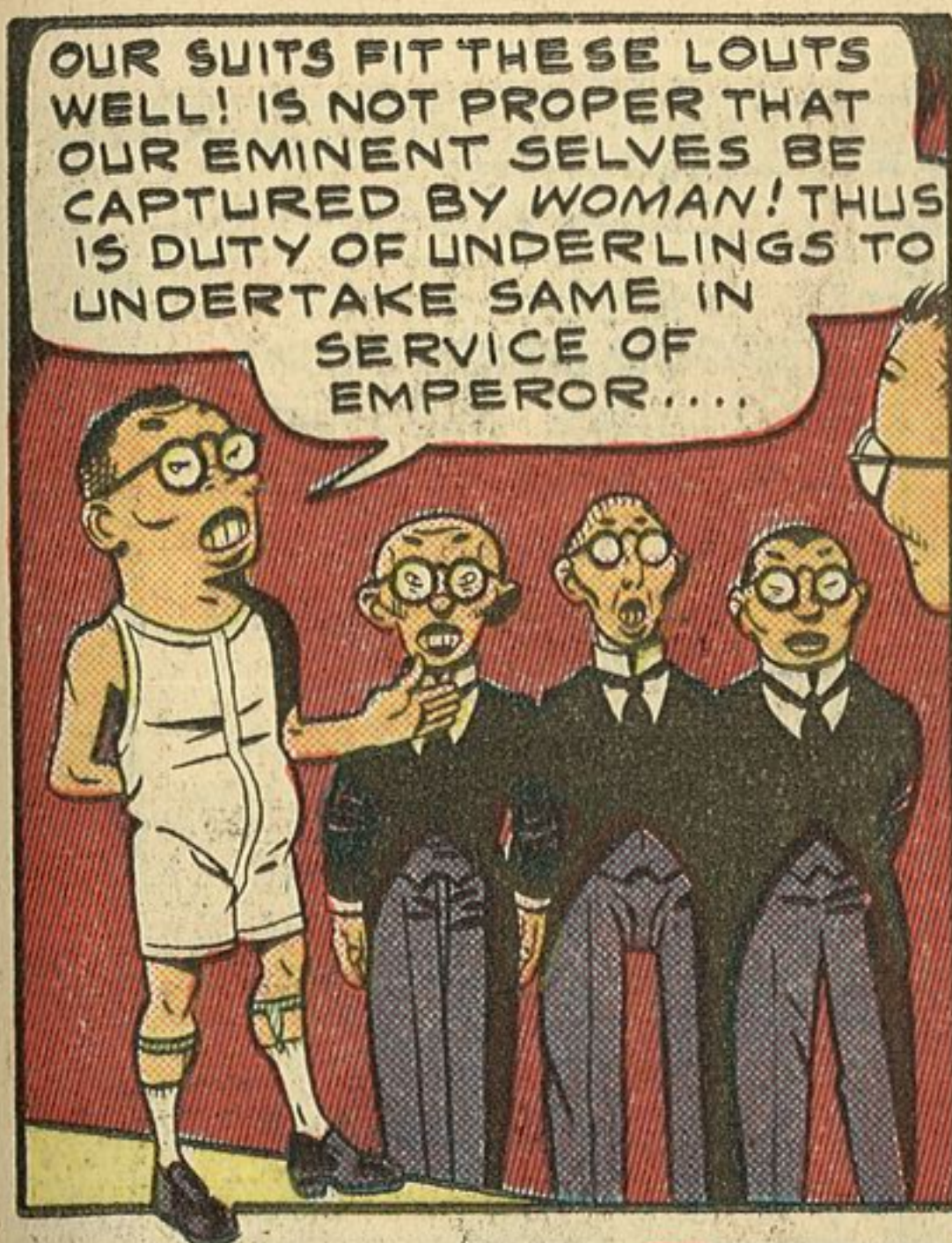
READY?

READY!

READY!

HUP!



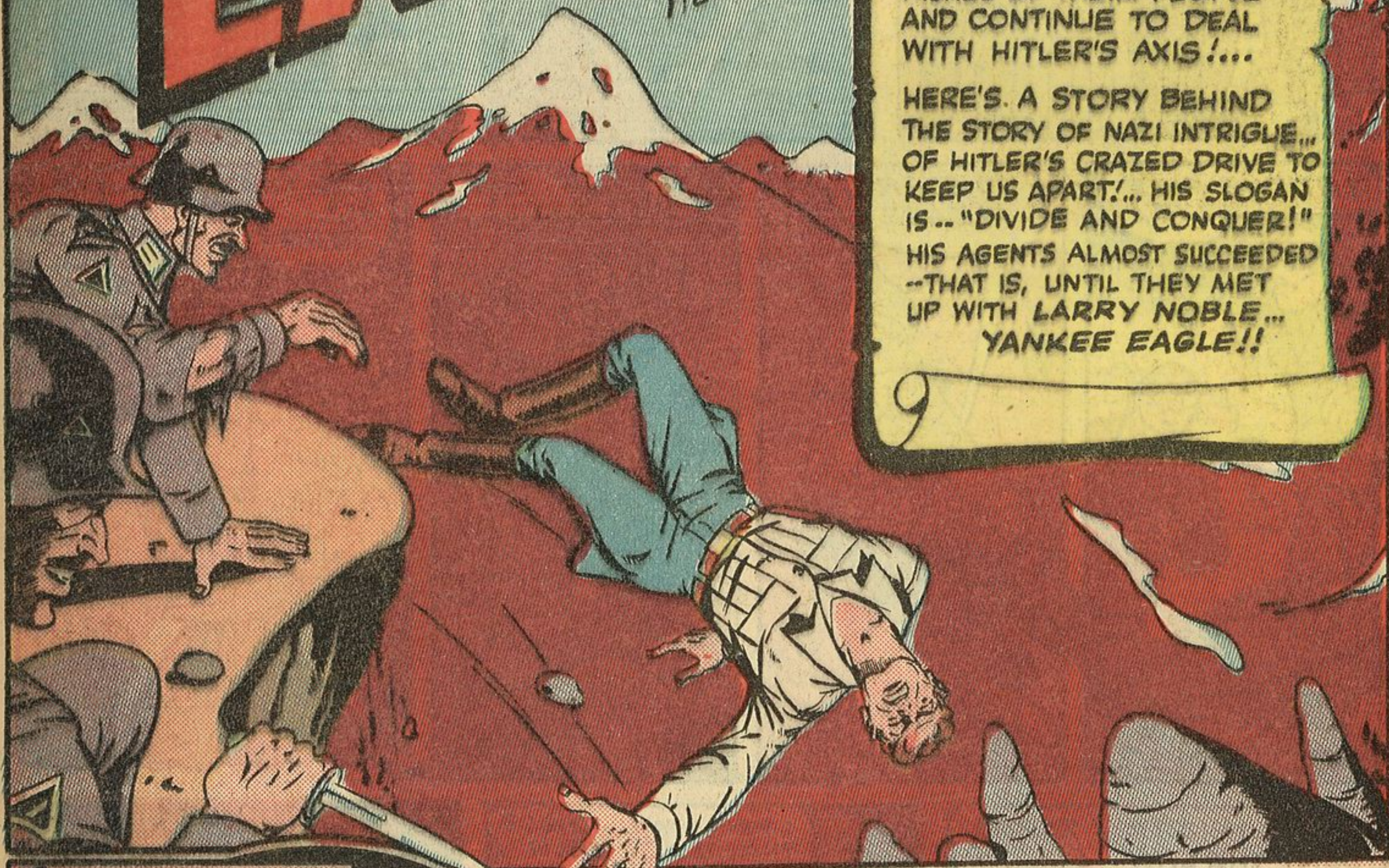


YANKEE EAGLE

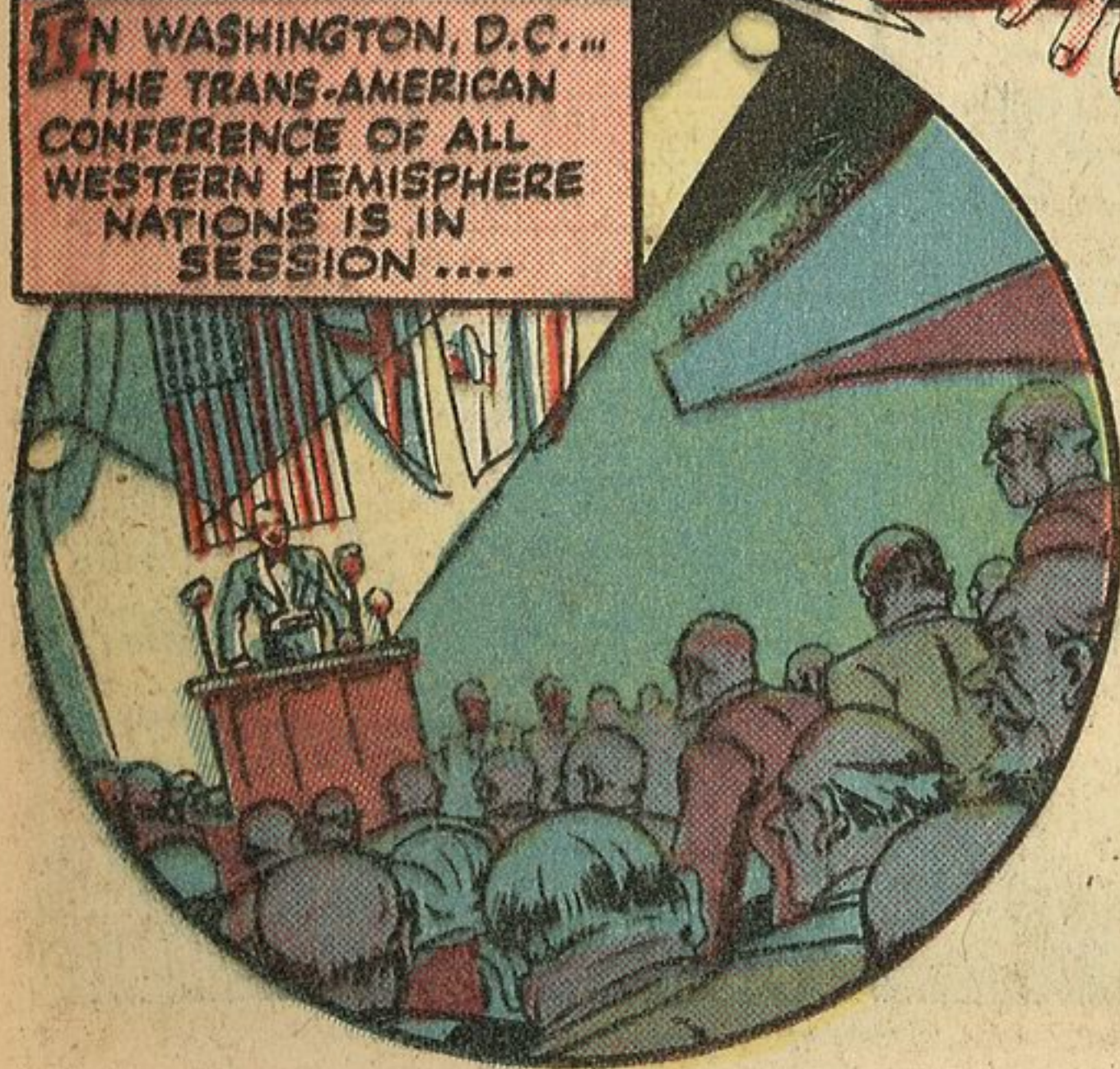
by
HENKEL

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY! ... WE ALL KNOW OF THIS SHINING PROOF OF AMERICA'S SINCERITY IN ITS DEALING WITH OUR SISTER REPUBLICS OF SOUTH AMERICA ... BUT, IN TWO COUNTRIES, THE GOVERNMENTS DEFY THE WISHES OF THEIR PEOPLE AND CONTINUE TO DEAL WITH HITLER'S AXIS!...

HERE'S A STORY BEHIND THE STORY OF NAZI INTRIGUE... OF HITLER'S CRAZED DRIVE TO KEEP US APART!... HIS SLOGAN IS -- "DIVIDE AND CONQUER!" HIS AGENTS ALMOST SUCCEEDED -- THAT IS, UNTIL THEY MET UP WITH LARRY NOBLE...
YANKEE EAGLE!!



IN WASHINGTON, D.C. ... THE TRANS-AMERICAN CONFERENCE OF ALL WESTERN HEMISPHERE NATIONS IS IN SESSION



SEÑOR DIEGO OTILLA, CHAIRMAN, CONCLUDES HIS WELCOMING SPEECH... AND SPRINGS A SURPRISE ON THE DELEGATES ...

... AND NOW, I HAVE A TREAT FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN! A GREAT AMERICAN, A TRUE FRIEND OF DEMOCRACY... THE HONORABLE WENDALL HALL WILL NOW ADDRESS YOU!



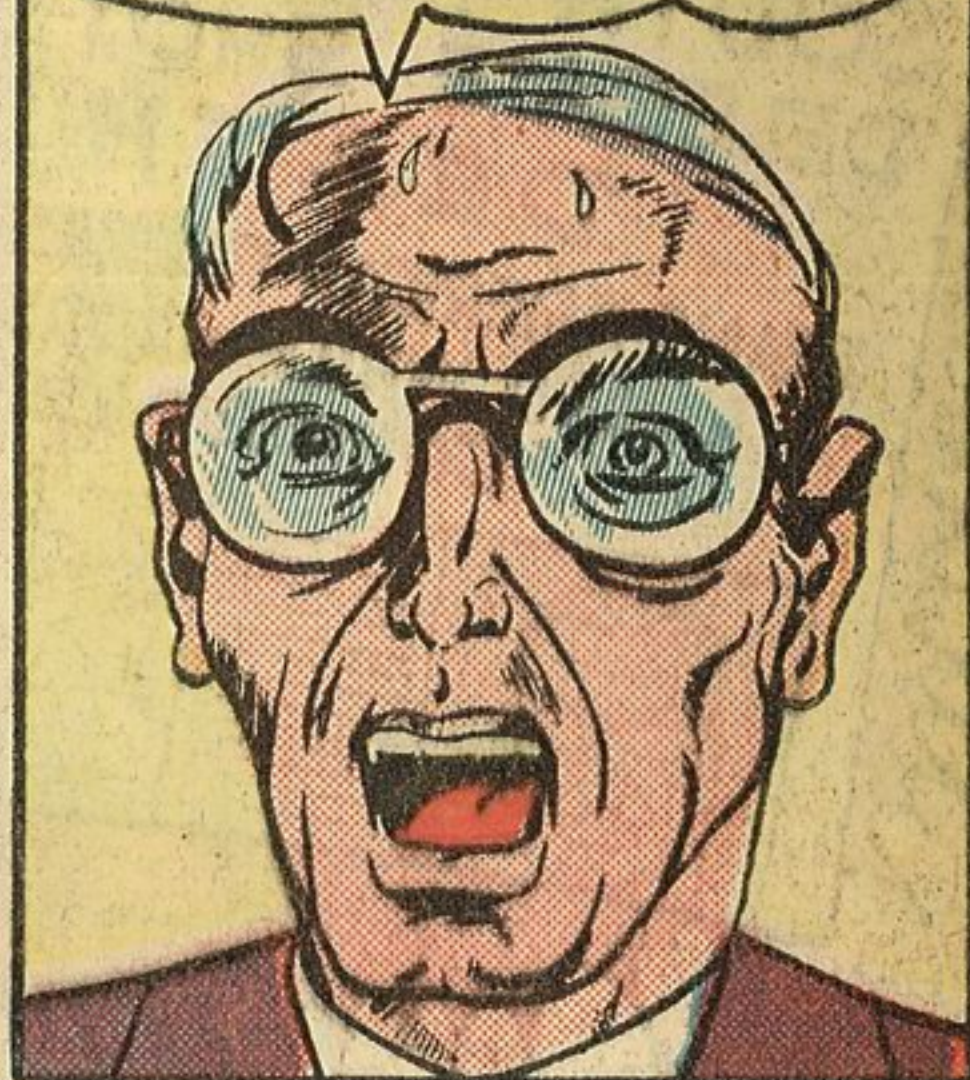
THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS
OF MANY LANDS! ... WE
ARE HERE ASSEMBLED
TO GIVE VOICE TO OUR
FEELING FOR PEACE AND
DEMOCRACY AMONG
NATIONS!



FASCISM HAS ENSLAVED
MOST OF THE WORLD, BUT
HERE IN OUR WESTERN
HEMISPHERE, OUR GREAT
COUNTRIES ARE UNITED IN
GRIM DETERMINATION TO
WIN THE WAR!



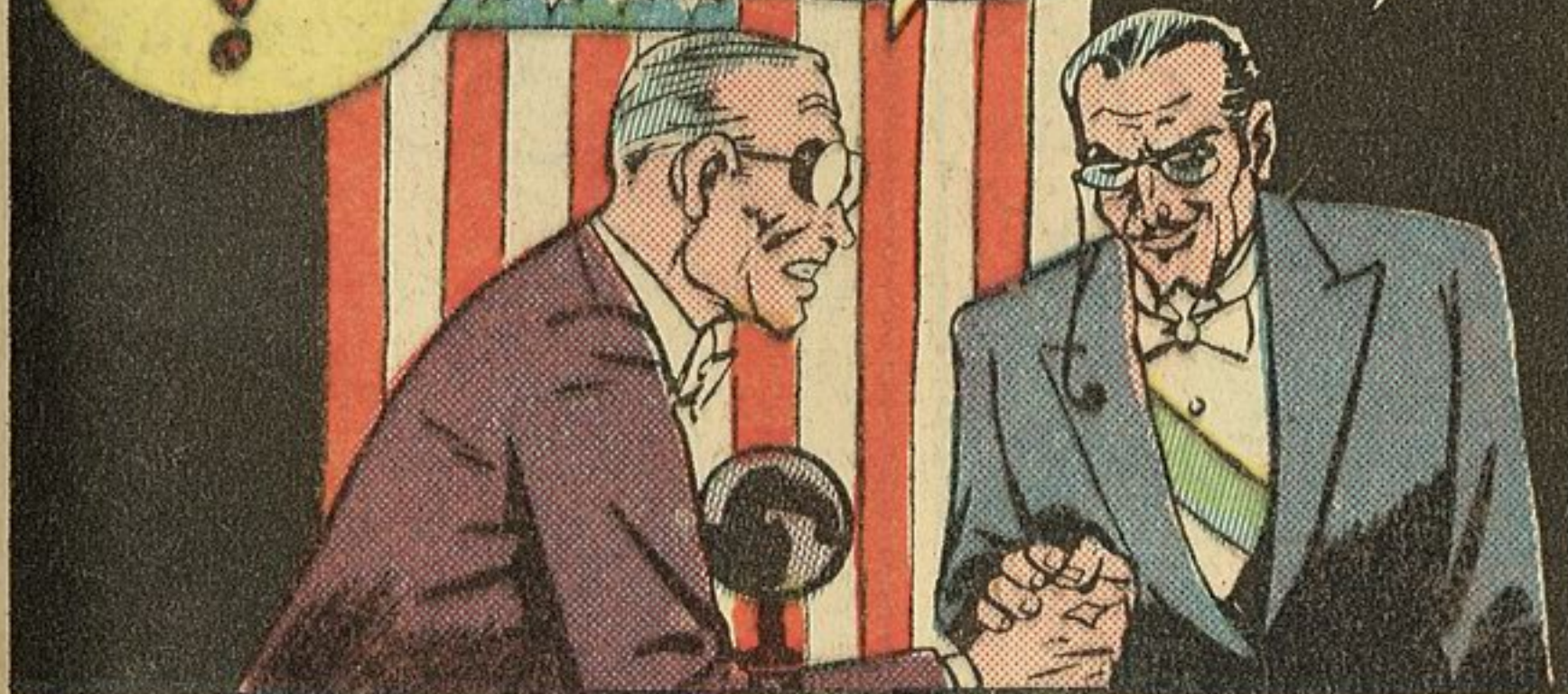
UNITED WE ARE ... EXCEPT
FOR TWO OF OUR NEIGHBORS
WHO STILL DO BUSINESS WITH
HITLER! I ACCUSE THESE
TWO OF BEING TRAITORS
TO ALL TRANS-AMERICA!!



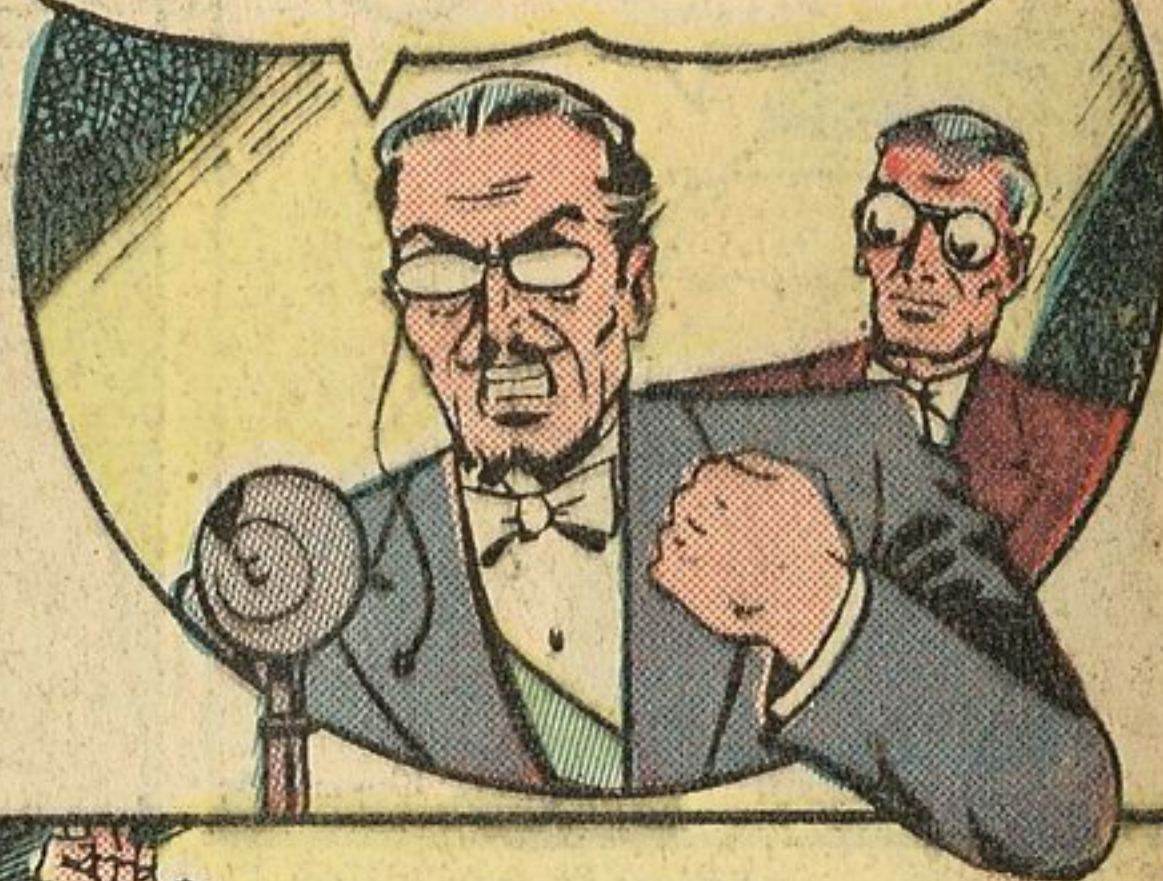
AND
THEN COMES
A DIPLOMATIC
BOMBSHELL

DELEGATES, I WISH TO
INTRODUCE SEÑOR JOSE
ISBIO! SPEAK, SEÑOR
ISBIO! ... WE ARE ALL
WAITING EAGERLY!

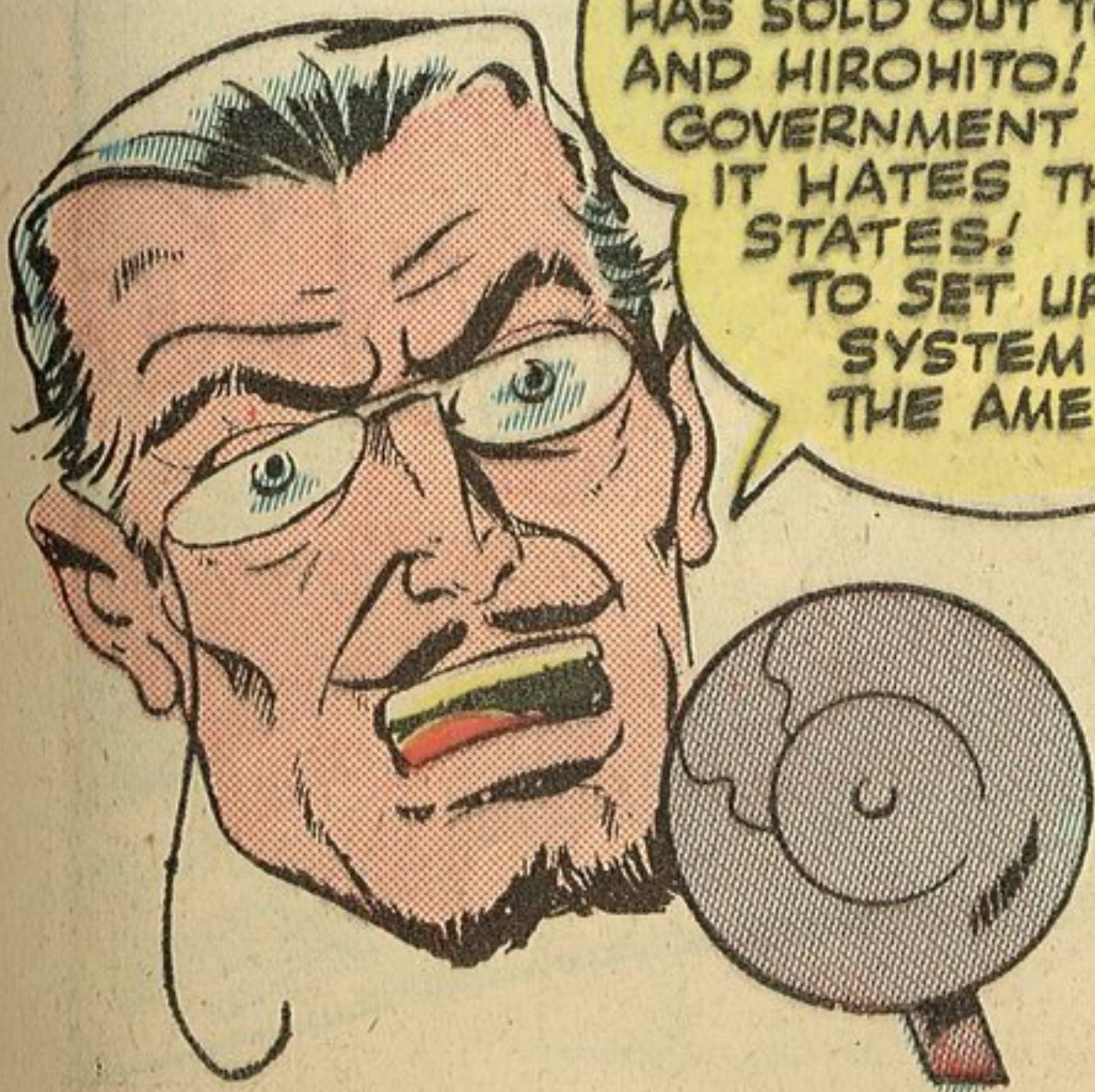
GRACIAS,
SEÑOR
HALL!



DELEGATES, I SPEAK FOR
THE PEOPLE OF MY COUNTRY
WHO HATE FASCISM! MY
PEOPLE BEG ME TO TELL
YOU OF THEIR REAL FEELING
FOR THE UNITED STATES!

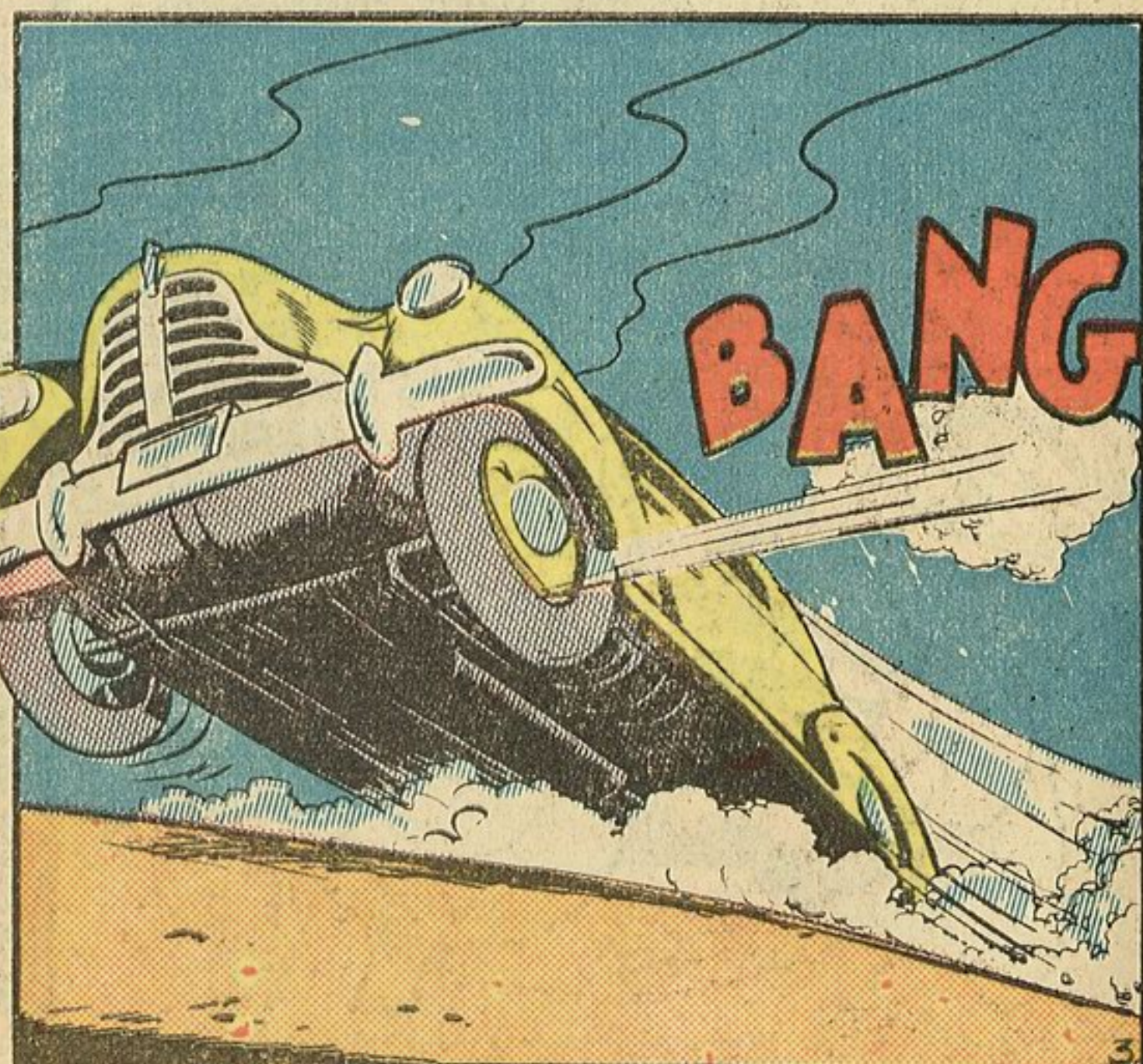
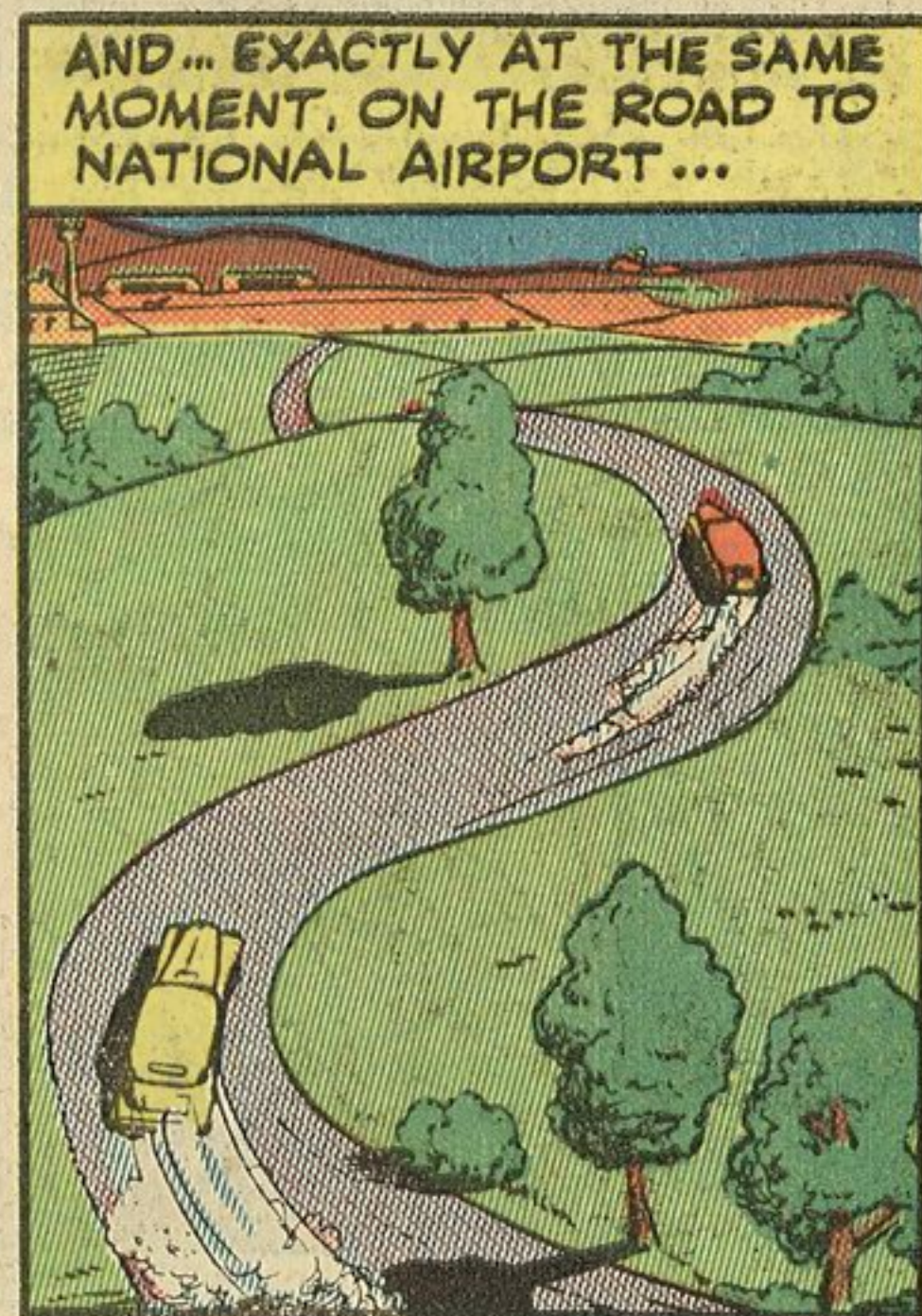
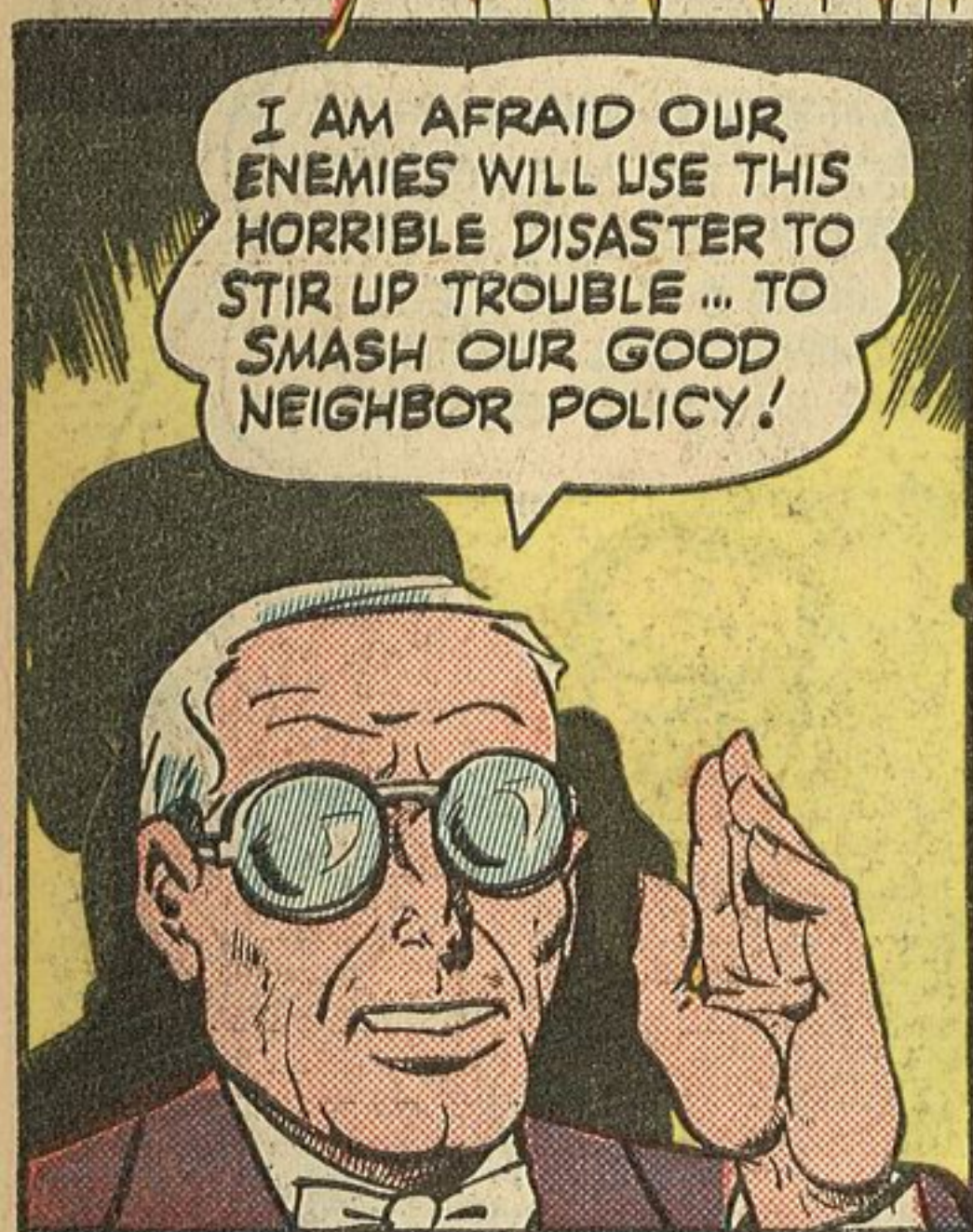
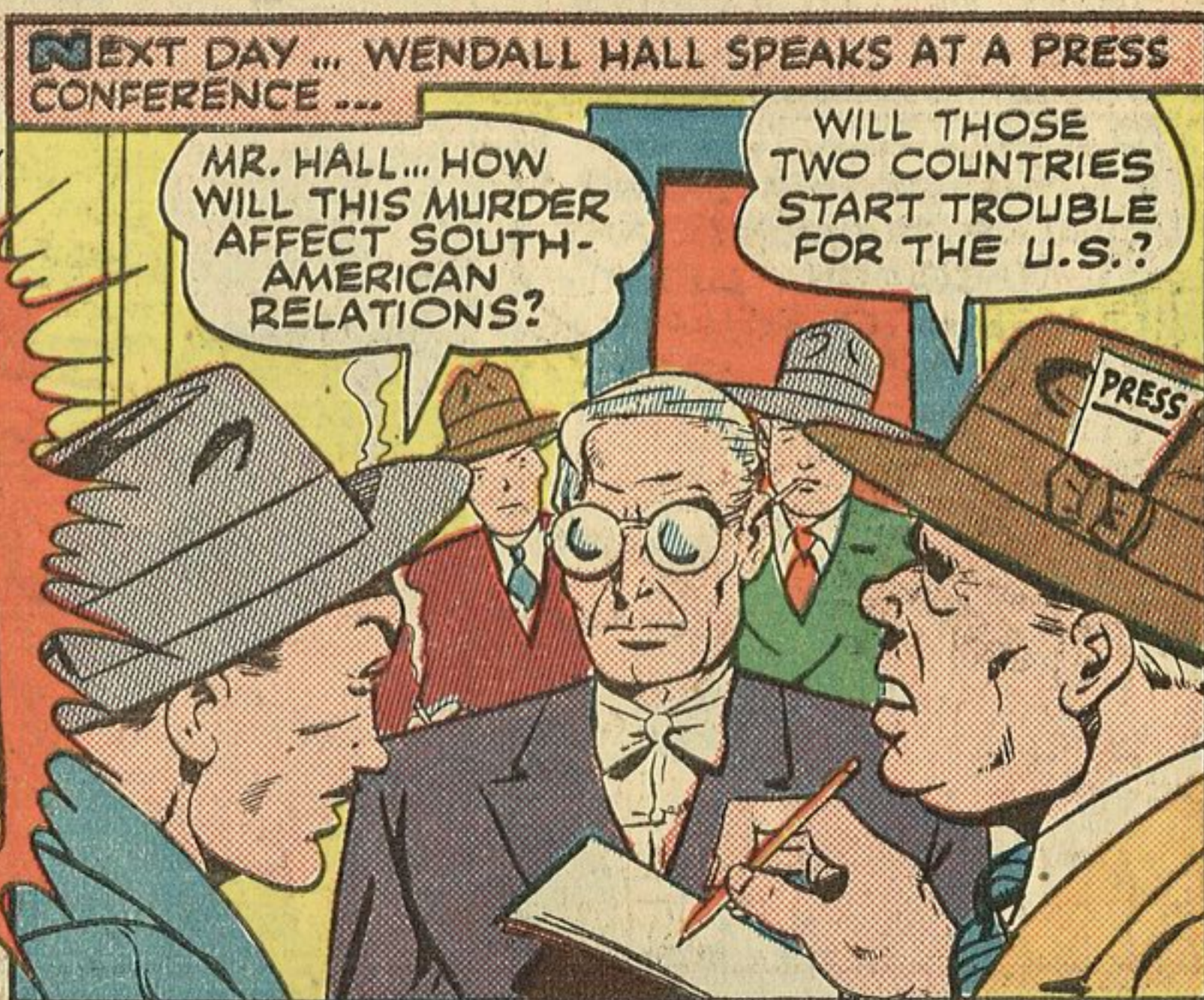


WE LOVE FREEDOM!
BUT OUR GOVERNMENT
HAS SOLD OUT TO HITLER
AND HIROHITO! OUR
GOVERNMENT IS FASCIST!
IT HATES THE UNITED
STATES! IT IS ACTING
TO SET UP A NAZI
SYSTEM IN ALL
THE AMERICAS!

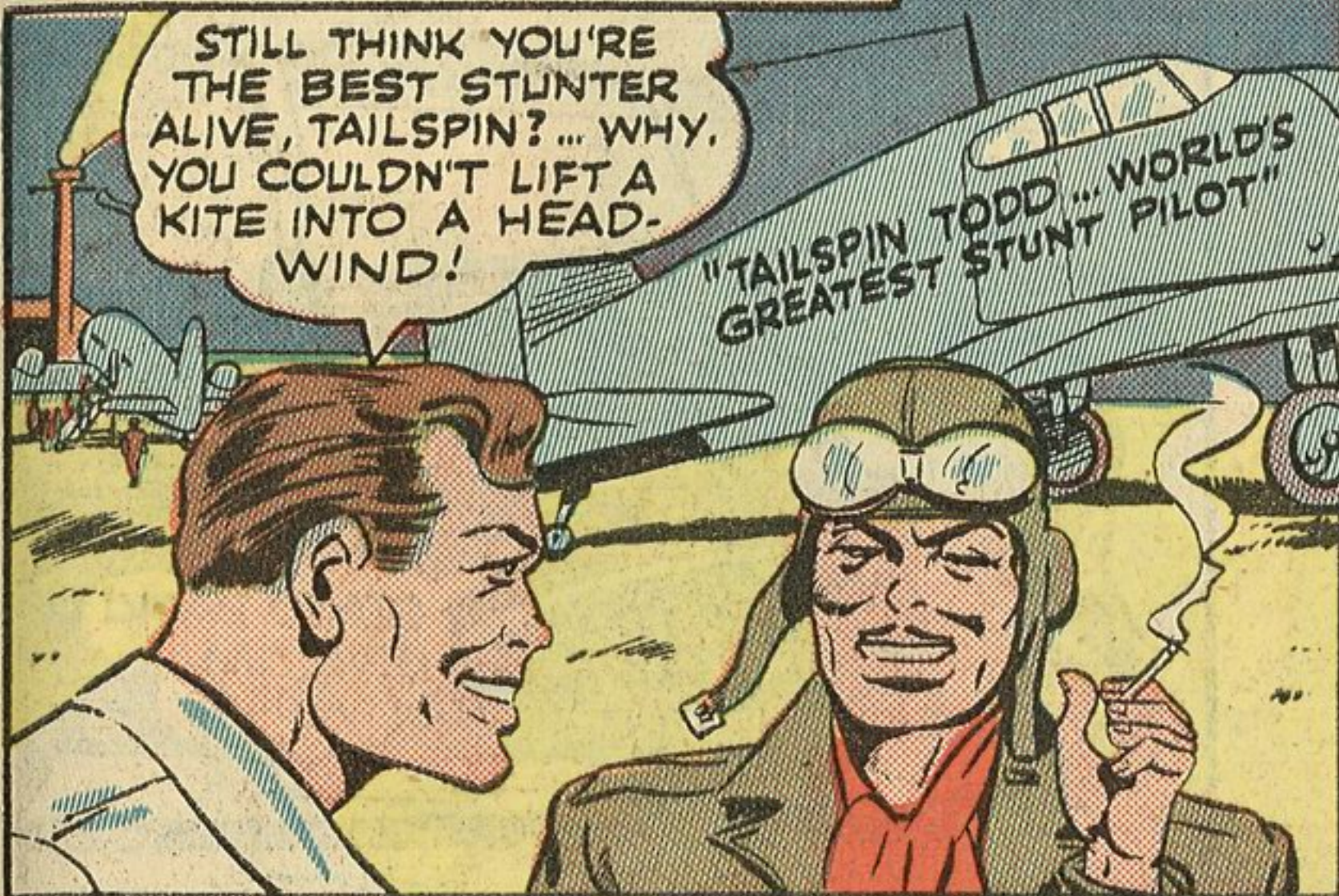


LISTEN TO ME,
DELEGATES! STOP
THESE SCHEMING
TRAITORS BEFORE..
AGGHHH!





MEANWHILE ... AT NATIONAL AIRPORT ... LARRY NOBLE, EX-STUNT MAN, PAYING HIS OLD FRIEND A VISIT, ENGAGES IN SOME GOOD-NATURED RIBBING ...

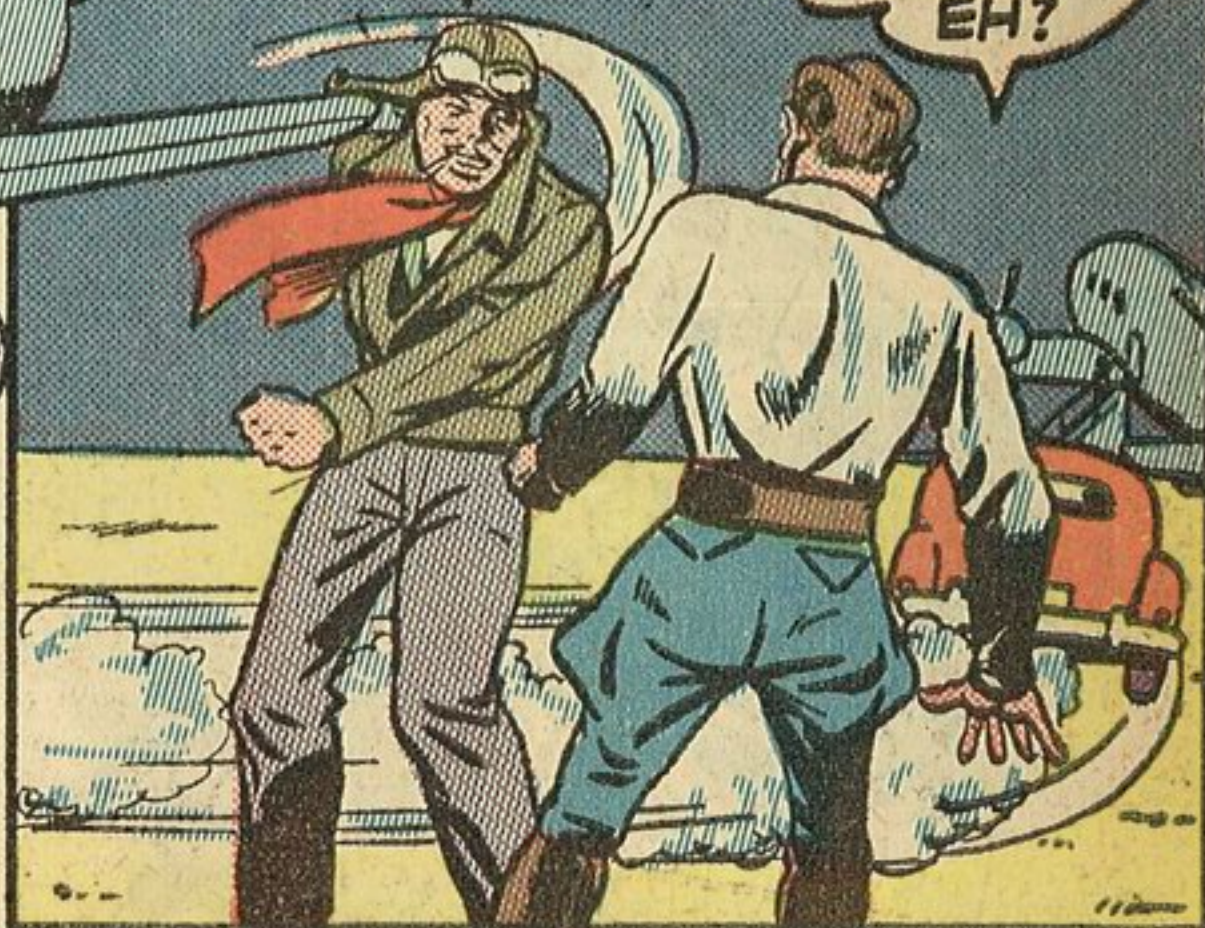


STILL THINK YOU'RE THE BEST STUNTER ALIVE, TAILSPIN? ... WHY, YOU COULDN'T LIFT A KITE INTO A HEADWIND!

"TAILSPIN TODD ... WORLD'S GREATEST STUNT PILOT"

YEAH? ... LISTEN, LARRY, OLD PAL ... IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE KIDDING, I'D BUST YOU ONE, SEE! ... LIKE THIS! --

HEH-HEH! SAY! LOOK, TAILSPIN!! ... THOSE TWO BIRDS ARE IN AN AWFUL HURRY, EH?



STOOPEED YOU! WE MUST GET SEATS ON THEES PLANE! ... EET EES IMPORTANT!

SORRY, SIR! ALL SEATS HAVE BEEN TAKEN! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR TOMORROW'S PLANE!

WE CANNOT STAY IN THEES COUNTRREE! ... THE F.B.I. IS HOT AFTER US, RAFIRO!

SI! ... IF THEY CATCH US, EET EES TOO BAD! WAIT! I HAVE IDEA! ... THE LEETLE PLANE! ...

I HAVE PROPOSITION FOR YOU! FLY US TO QUILA IN SOUTH AMERECCA AND WE PAY YOU PLENTY GOOD, NO?

I NEED DOUGH! MAYBE THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY! ...

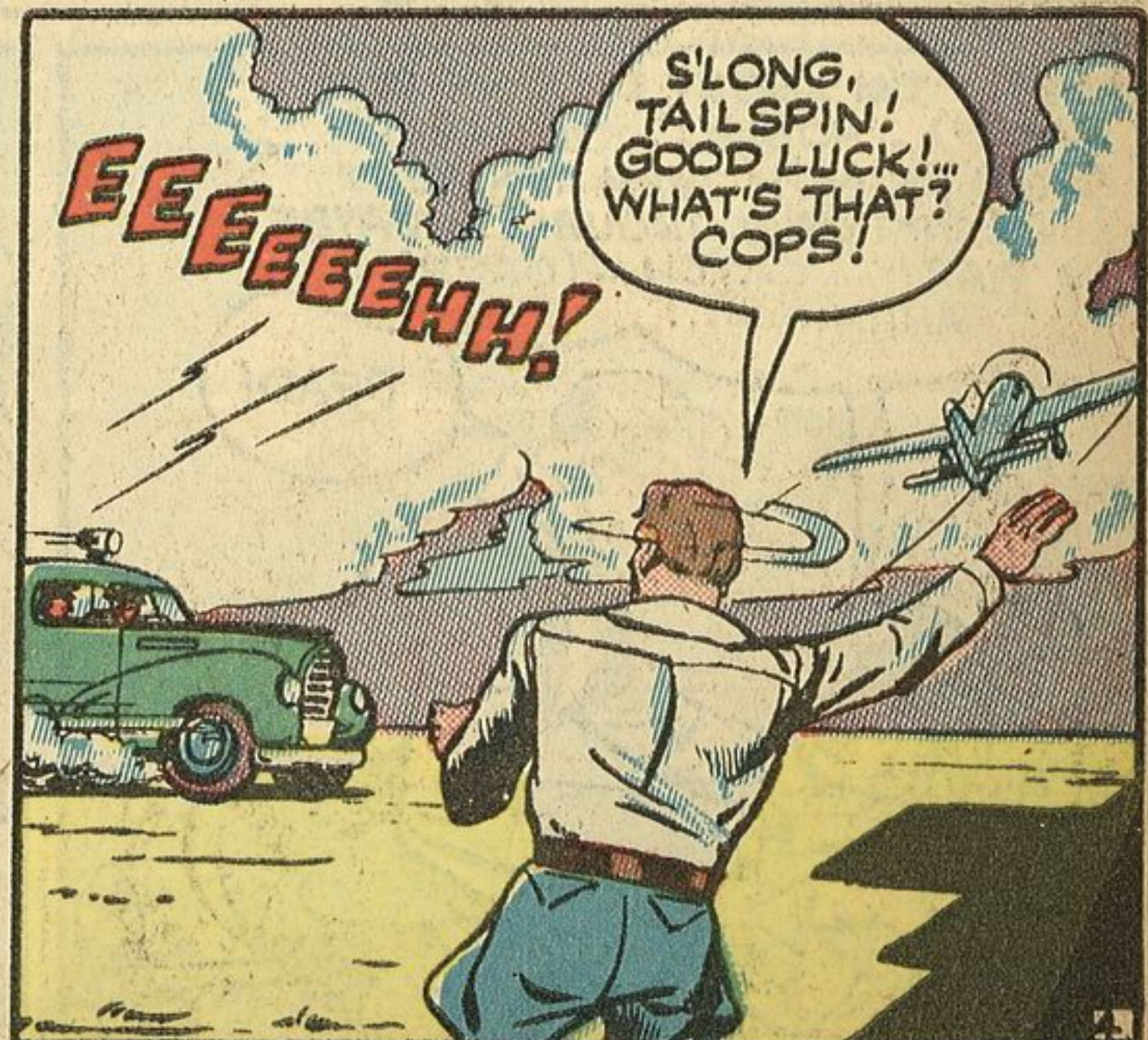
HUH? ... SOUTH AMERICA? THAT'S QUITE A TRIP!

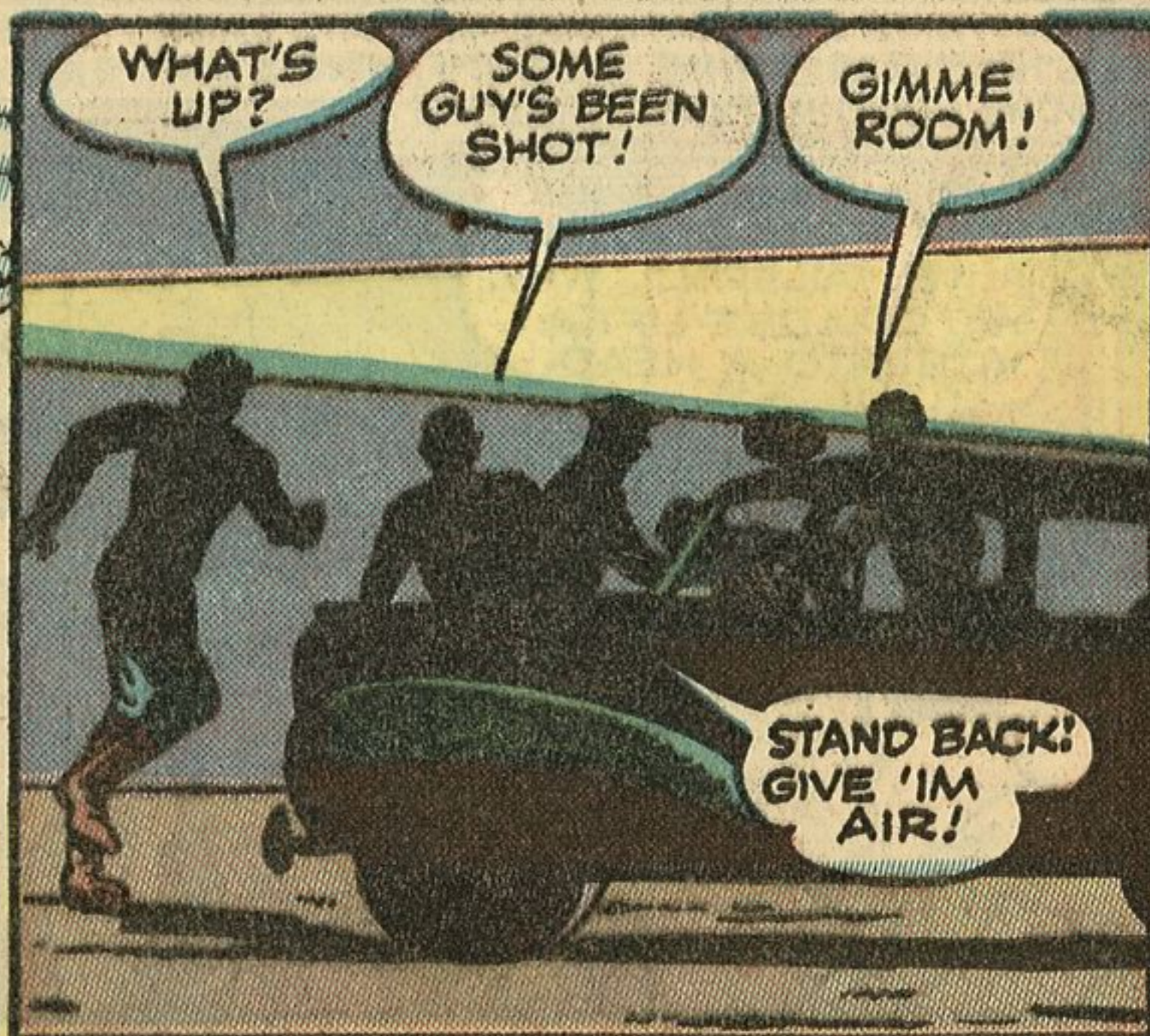


HURREE, PLEASE! LET US BE OFF!

THIS IS A BIT OUT OF MY LINE, LARRY, BUT I SURE NEED THAT DOUGH! SEE YOU SOON!

SURE ... SURE, TAILSPIN! HAPPY LANDINGS!





WHAT'S UP?

SOME GUY'S BEEN SHOT!

GIMME ROOM!

STAND BACK! GIVE 'IM AIR!

'LO, NOBLE... JUST THE GUY I WANT! DID TWO MEN TAKE OFF IN A PLANE LATELY?.. TOUGH-LOOKING CUSTOMERS?

TWO MEN?... YES... A MINUTE AGO... BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA... AND IN AN AWFUL HURRY!

SOUTH AMERICA!... THAT CLINCHES IT! THOSE TWO ARE THE MURDERERS OF SENATOR ISBIO AND THEY'RE MAKIN' FAST TRACKS FOR HOME! SAM TRENT OF F.B.I. WAS TRAILING THEM... THEY GAVE HIM THE WORKS! HE'S... HE'S...

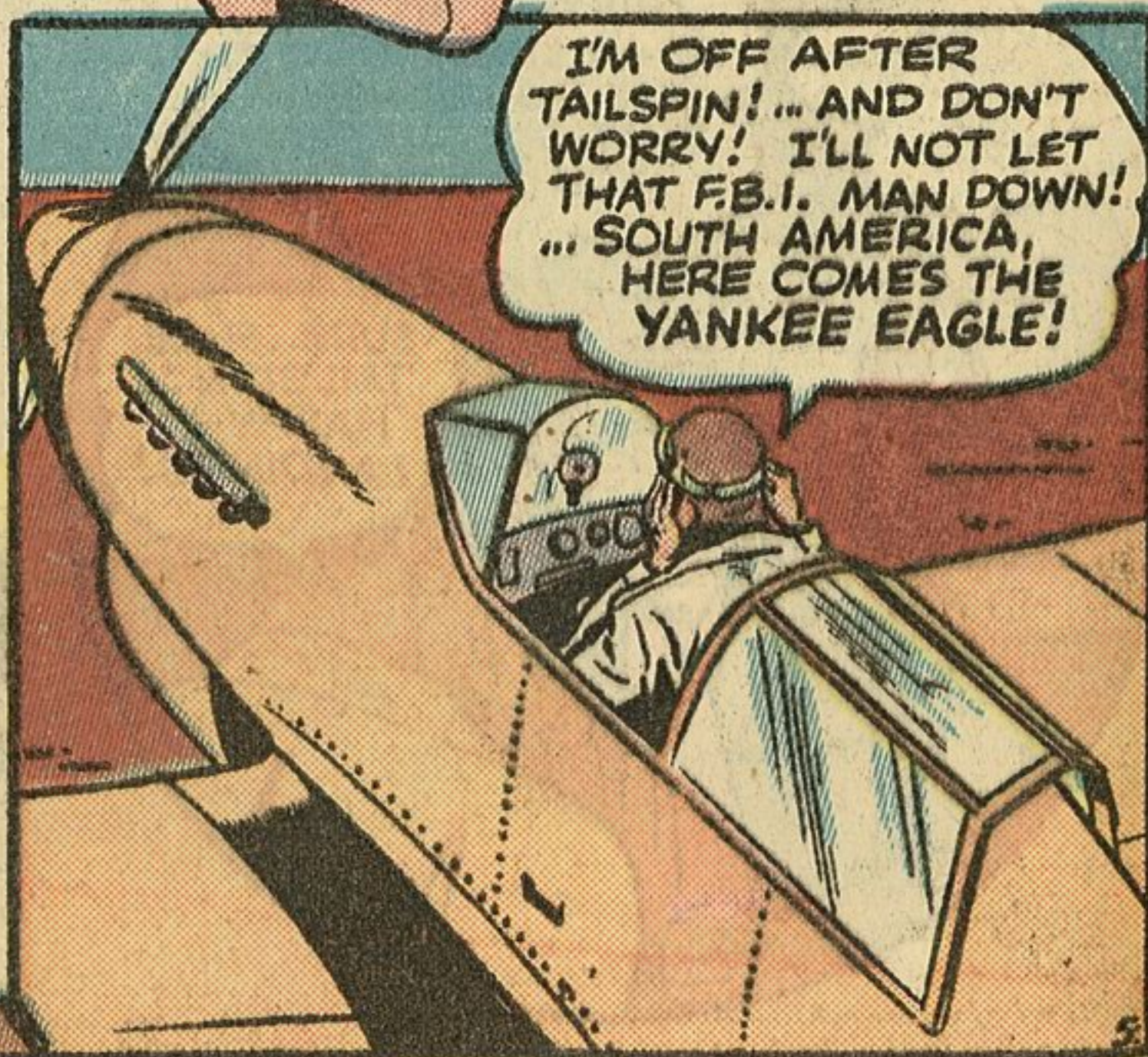


YES... I'M ABOUT D-DONE FOR! (GASP)... NOBLE!... YOU MUST CATCH UP WITH THEM... PREVENT INTERNATIONAL TROUBLE... MAYBE WAR!... CATCH... (GASP)... AHHHHHHH...

DEAD!



I'M OFF AFTER TAILSPIN!... AND DON'T WORRY! I'LL NOT LET THAT F.B.I. MAN DOWN!... SOUTH AMERICA, HERE COMES THE YANKEE EAGLE!



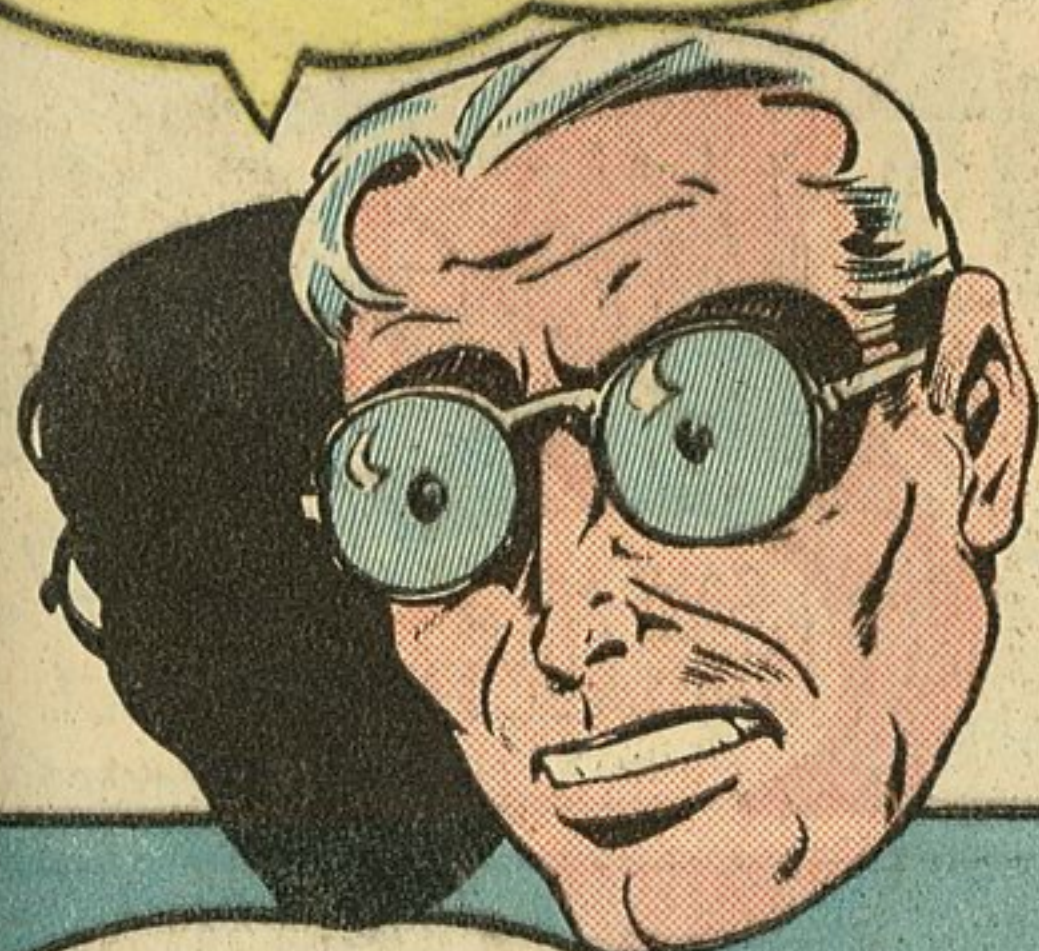
DIPLOMATIC WIRES HUM... AMBASSADORS SCURRY TO AND FRO, CARRYING THREATS AND PLEAS FOR PEACE...



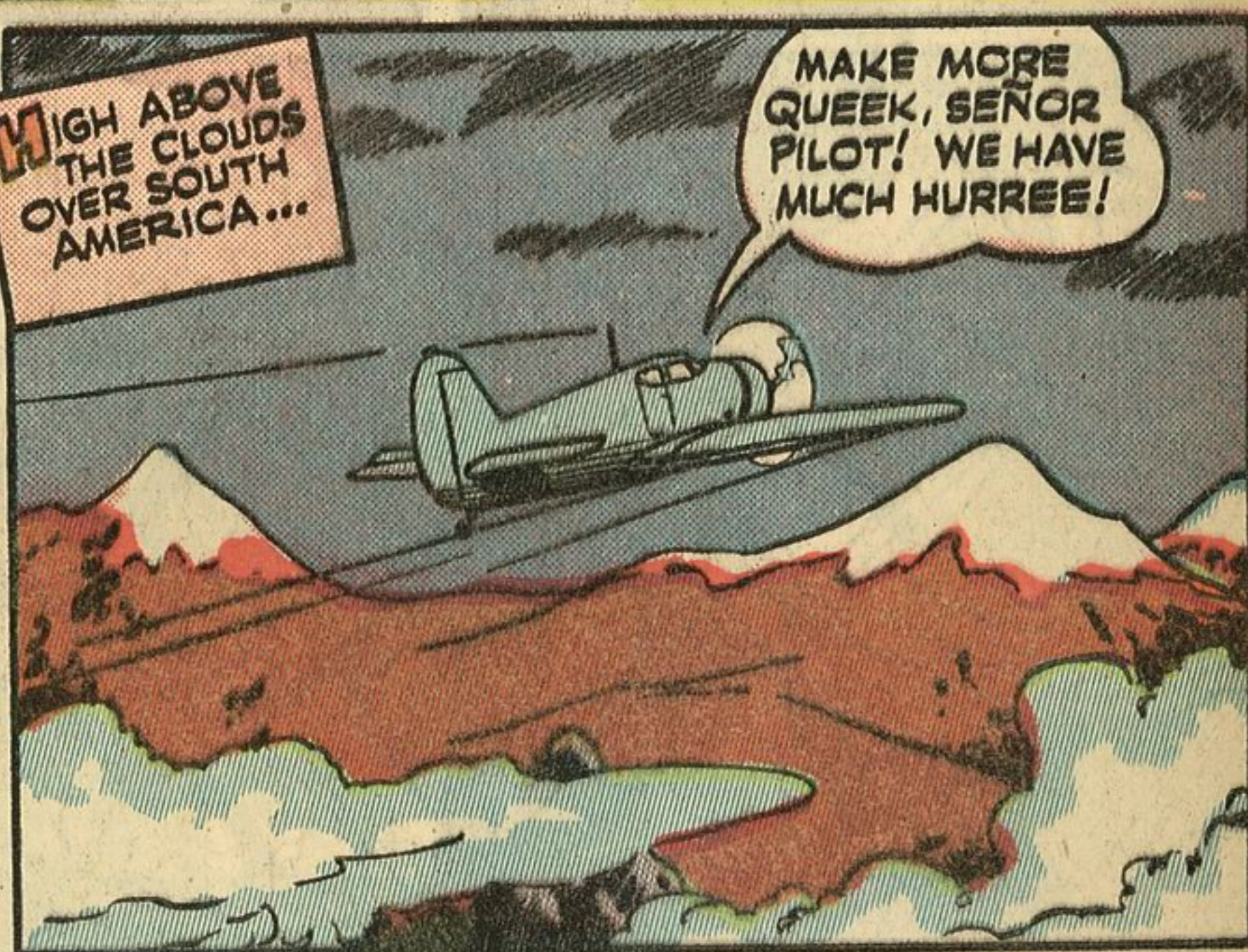
...THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION IS CAREFULLY DISCUSSED...



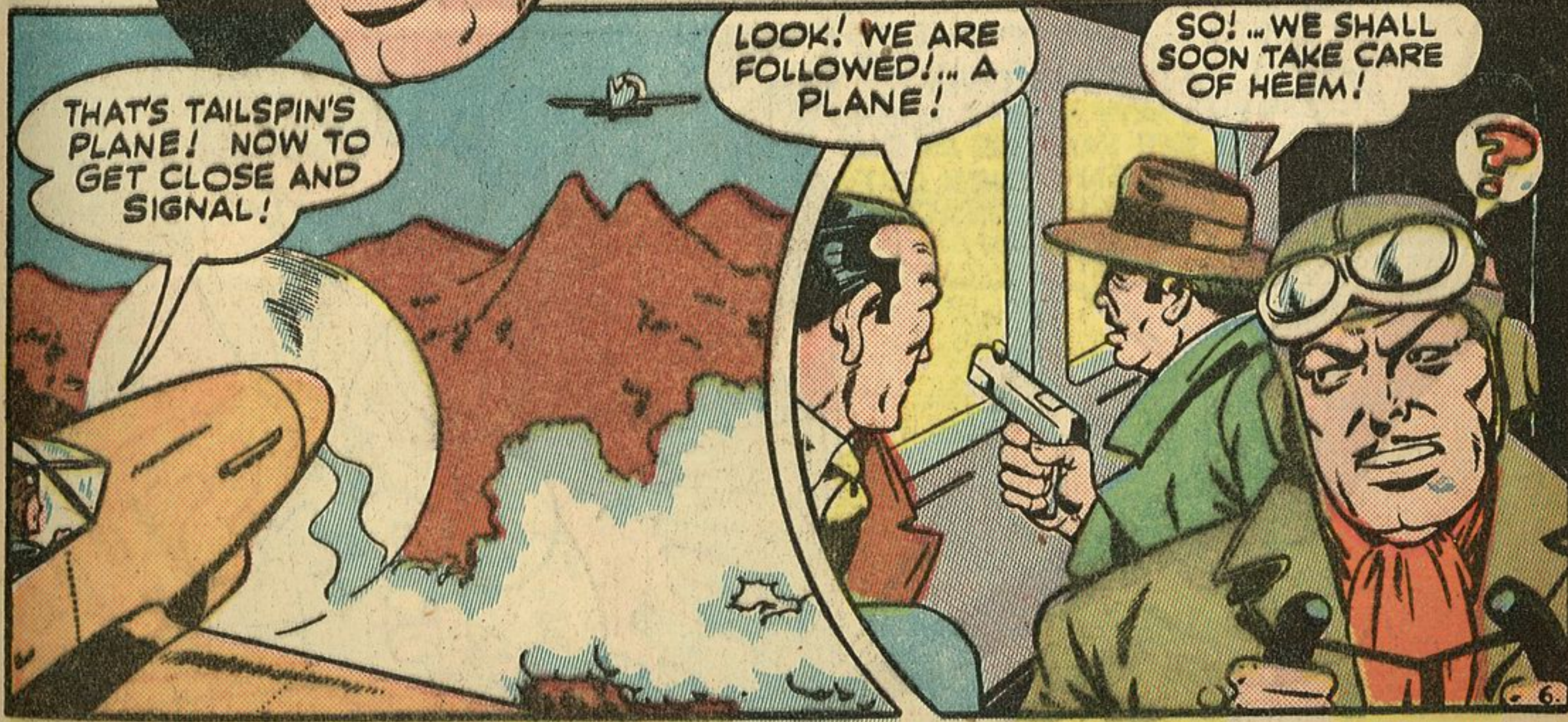
HITLER IS USING THIS MURDER FOR PROPAGANDA AGAINST US! SENATOR ISBIO WAS MURDERED IN OUR COUNTRY! WE HAVE TO CATCH THOSE TWO KILLERS AND THUS PROVE TO OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS THAT IT WAS NOT AN AMERICAN ACT... BUT A FILTHY SCHEME OF THE AXIS!

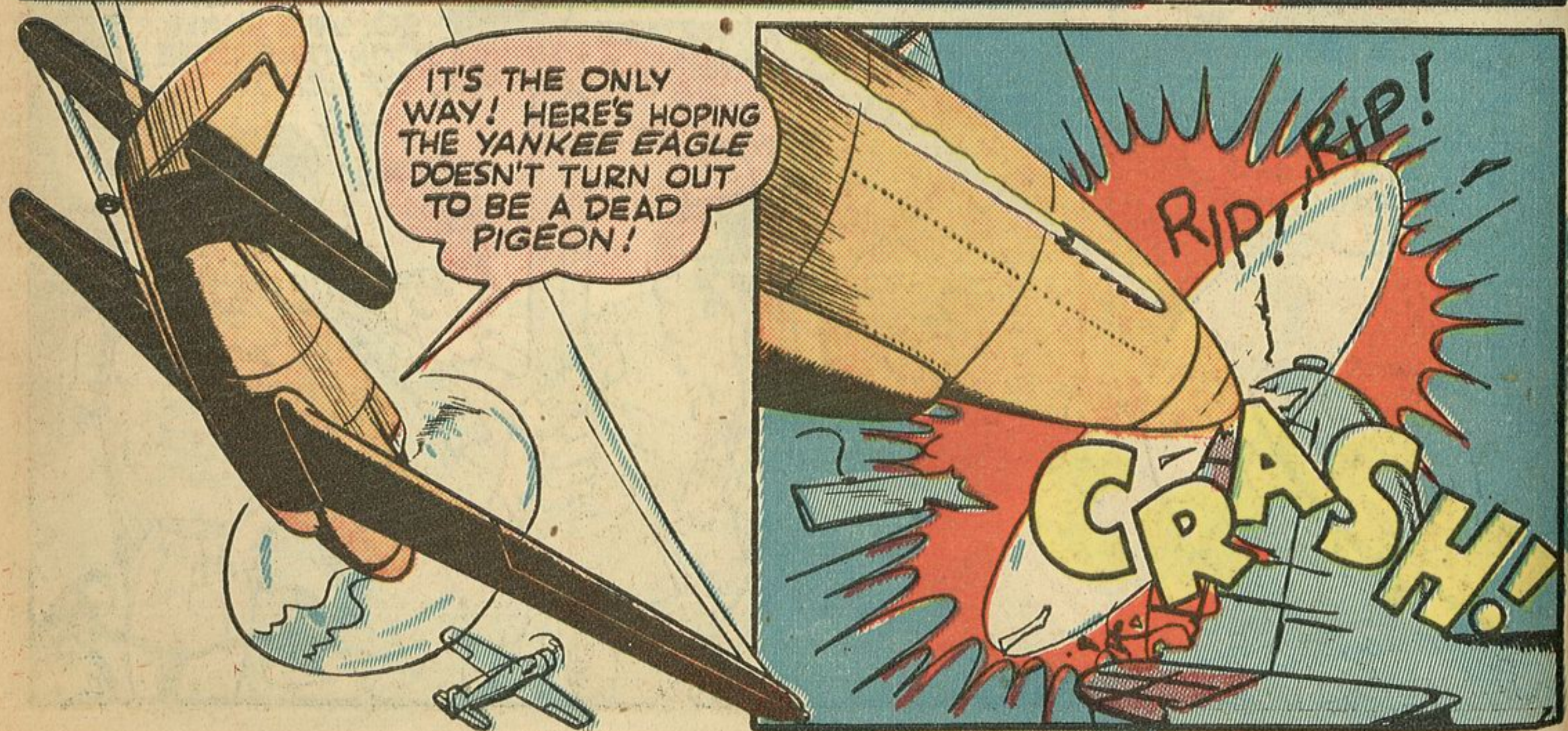


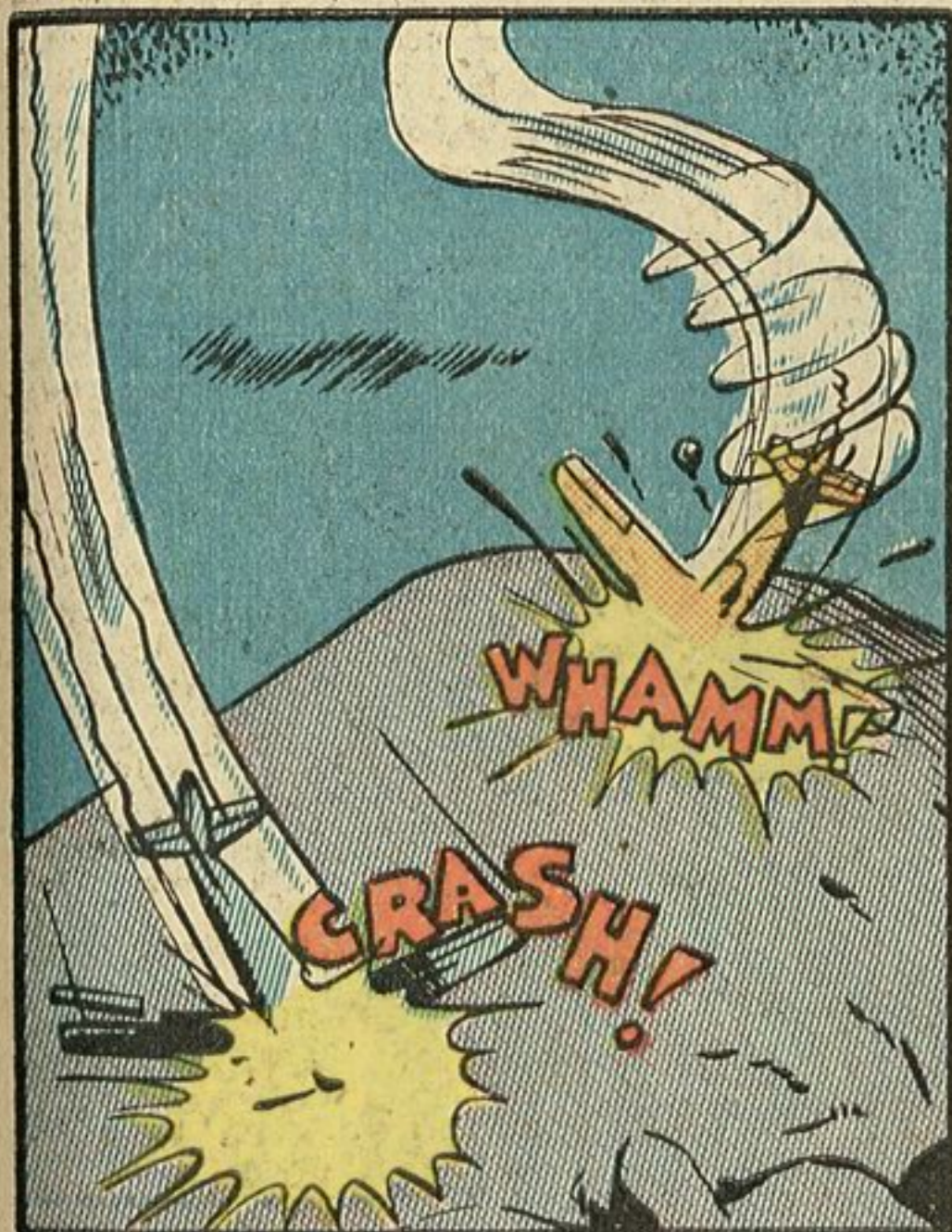
HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS OVER SOUTH AMERICA...



THAT'S TAILSPIN'S PLANE! NOW TO GET CLOSE AND SIGNAL!







WILD DODNAGE

BLACK X
SEEKS--AND FINDS
ADVENTURE
IN *India!*



INDIA--OLD AND MYSTERIOUS--
RULED BY STRANGE GODS AND
STRANGER SUPERSTITIONS INDIA
MAY INFLUENCE UNITED NATIONS'
--VICTORY OR DEFEAT!--

ON A STREET IN GANPATORE,
NORTH INDIAN METROPOLIS...
AN APPOINTED MEETING ---

I AM RAM
DASS --YOU
ARE ---

SALAAM, SAHIB!
YES, I AM TO
CONDUCT YOU TO
THE VEILED
PROPHET!

ALMS!
ALMS!
ALMS!

MIND HIM NOT,
RAM DASS, SAHIB!
HE IS BUT ONE OF
GANPATORE'S
MYRIAD
BEGGARS!

BUT-- AS THE TWO ENTER THE
BUILDING, FROM UNDER THE
BEGGAR'S HOOD PEERS THE
FACE OF --- **BLACK X!!** --
MASTER SPY OF THE ALLIES !!!

ONE IS SKURN -- GERMAN
AGENT! I'VE TRAILED HIM
HALFWAY AROUND THE
WORLD!

STAY
HERE,
BATU!



THEY'VE GONE
IN -- BUT HOW
CAN I FOLLOW
THEM? THE
DOOR'S
GUARDED!



ALMS, GREAT
WARRIORS!
CHARITY FOR
A POOR
BEGGAR!

AWAY! BEG
FROM THOSE
WHO PITY
YOU!



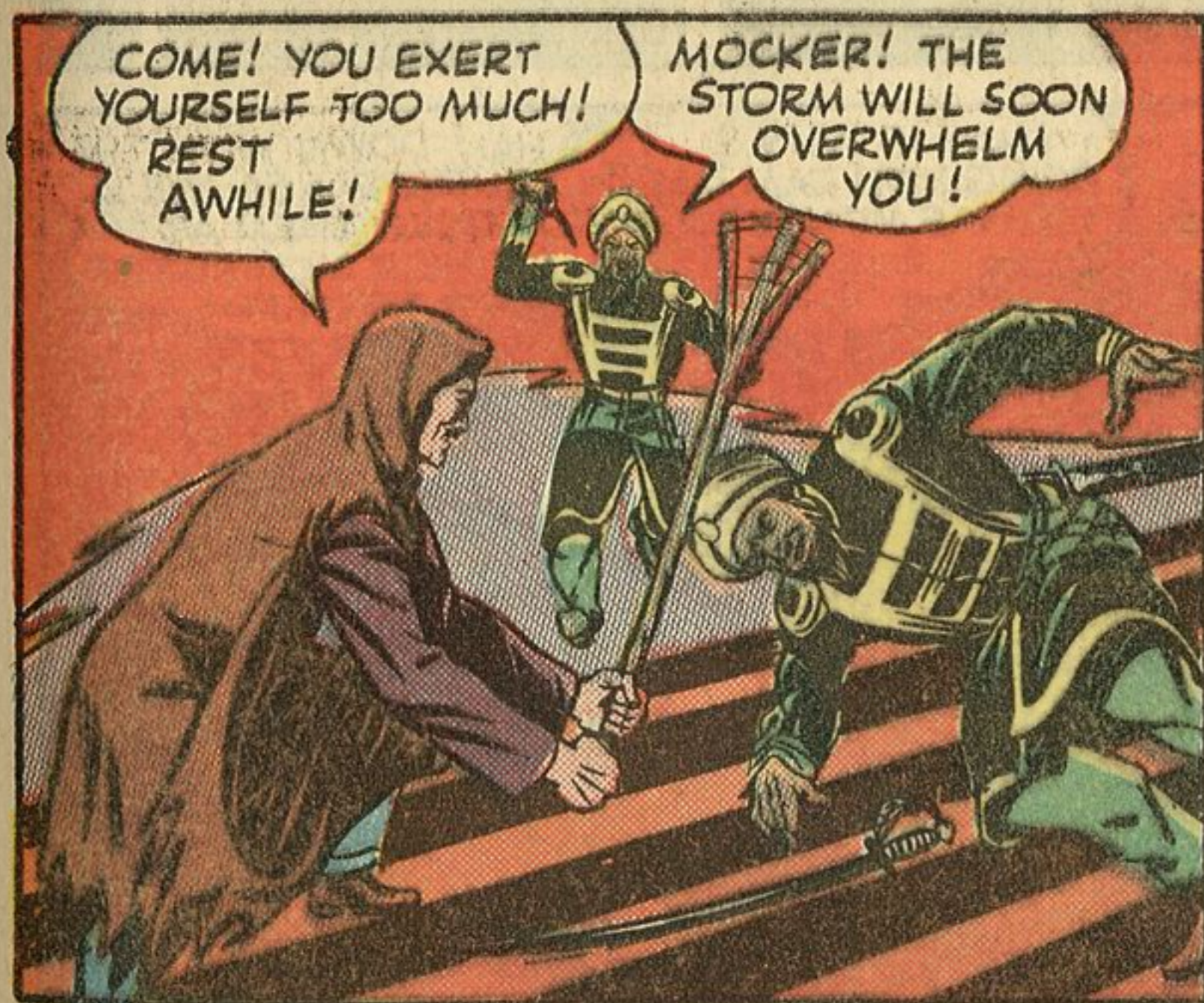
PERHAPS THOSE
WHO ENTERED
WILL HELP
ME WITH A
COIN ---

BACK! AWAY
OR I'LL SLICE YOU
IN HALF!



WHAT? WOULD YOU
SOIL YOUR STEEL WITH
THE BLOOD OF
A BEGGAR?

A HUNDRED
DEVILS! I CAN'T
GET PAST HIS
GUARD!



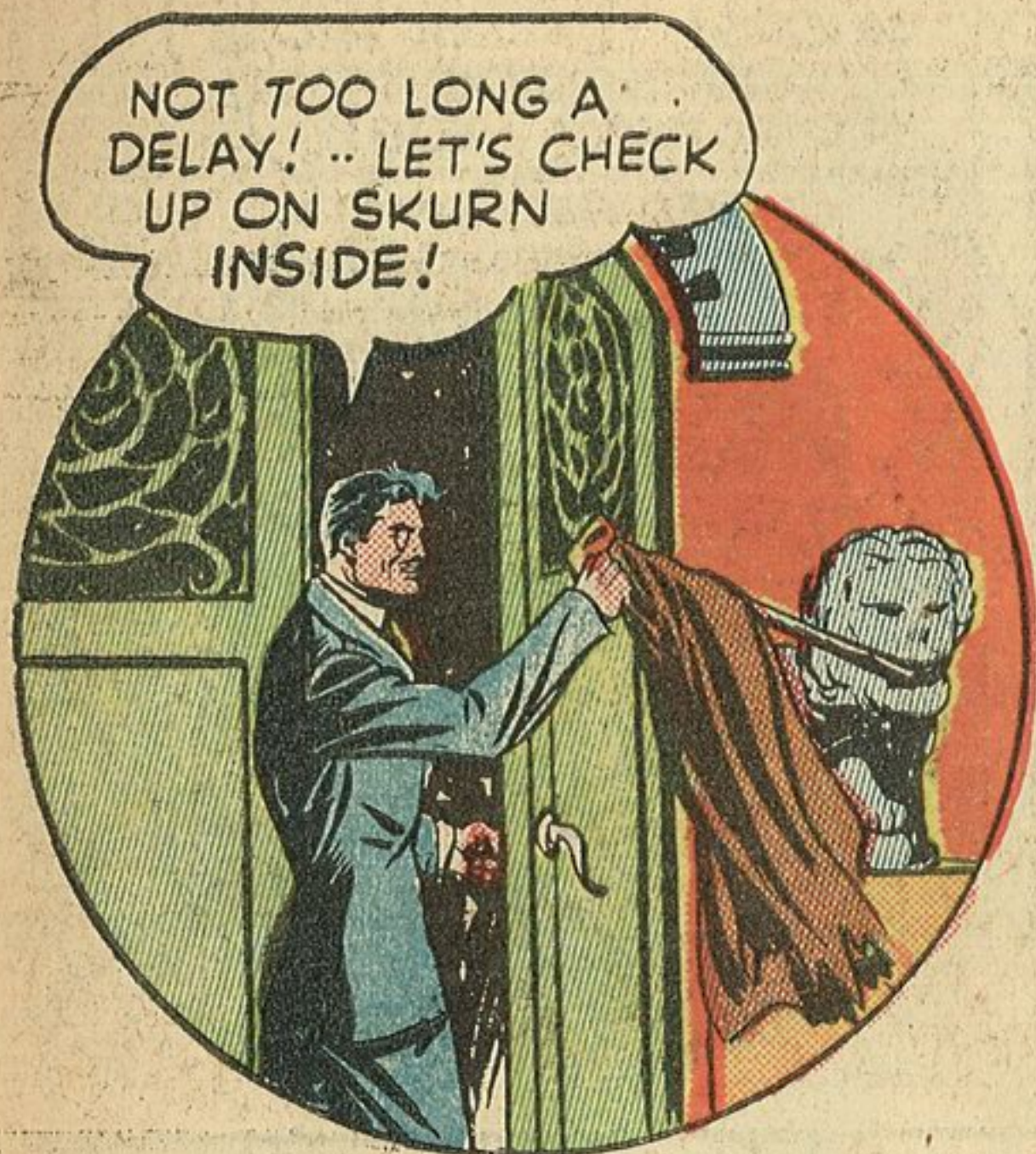
COME! YOU EXERT
YOURSELF TOO MUCH!
REST
AWHILE!

MOCKER! THE
STORM WILL SOON
OVERWHELM
YOU!

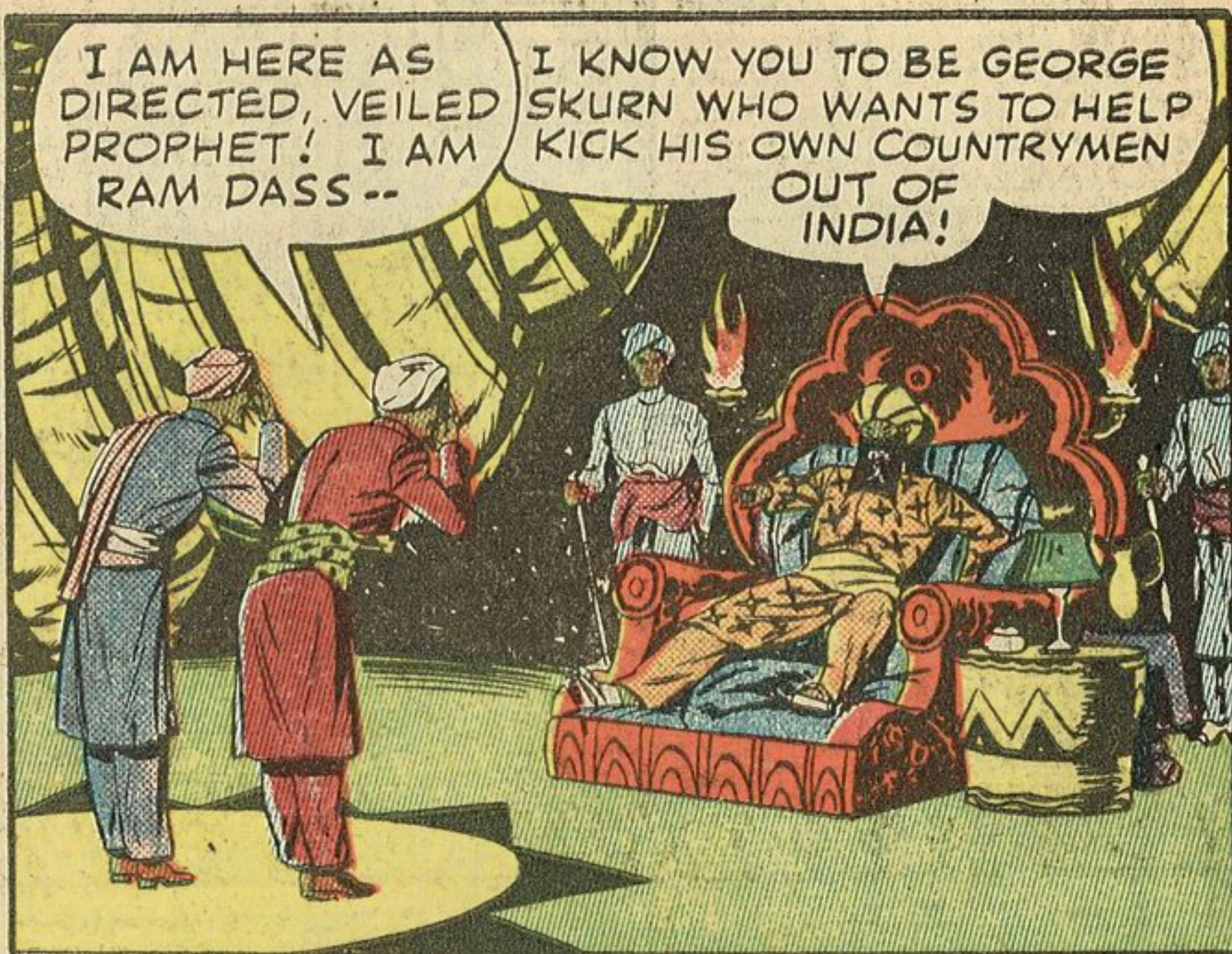


HOW CAN THERE
BE A STORM IF
THE **WIND** IS
GONE?

HUFF!



NOT TOO LONG A DELAY! .. LET'S CHECK UP ON SKURN INSIDE!



I AM HERE AS DIRECTED, VEILED PROPHET! I AM RAM DASS --

I KNOW YOU TO BE GEORGE SKURN WHO WANTS TO HELP KICK HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN OUT OF INDIA!



WHY, THEN, WAS I TOLD TO MASQUERADE AS AN ORIENTAL?

BECAUSE THE LIFE OF A WESTERN - EUROPEAN - OR AMERICAN - WOULD NOT BE WORTH A COPPER WHERE I SHALL LEAD YOU!



THE VEILED PROPHET.. AND A STRANGER WITH HIM!

ATTENTION! ALL OF YOU!



EACH OF YOU REPRESENTS A DIFFERENT REBEL FACTION OF INDIA! YOU WISH TO COMBINE AS THE ALLIES STRIKE EASTWARD AGAINST JAPAN, AND ATTACK THEIR ARMIES FROM BEHIND! GOOD! BUT WHY HAVE YOU HESITATED?

FOR LACK OF PAY -- TO OUR FOLLOWERS!



THAT IS WHY I BRING YOU RAM DASS! HE HAS MONEY TO PAY A HUGE REBEL ARMY!

HAI! DOWN WITH THE EUROPEANS! WE'LL STRIKE THEM AT THEIR MOMENT OF TRIUMPH!

THE MONEY IS DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE REBEL CHIEFS... BUT--IN THE MIDST OF THE EXCITEMENT...



BLACK X STEALS A SPECIMEN OF THE TREASURE!

LOOK! THOUSANDS OF RUPEES! CRISP, NEW BANK NOTES!

I SHALL SUMMON MY WARRIORS -UNDER ARMS- TODAY!



THEN --A STARTLING DISCOVERY! BLACK X, FOR THE MOMENT, IS SO INTERESTED THAT HE FORGETS TO KEEP GUARD!

CLEVER GERMAN COUNTERFEIT MONEY! SKURN GOT HOLD OF THEM TO BUY AN UPRISING AT THE VERY MOMENT OF OUR COUNTER ATTACK ON JAPAN!



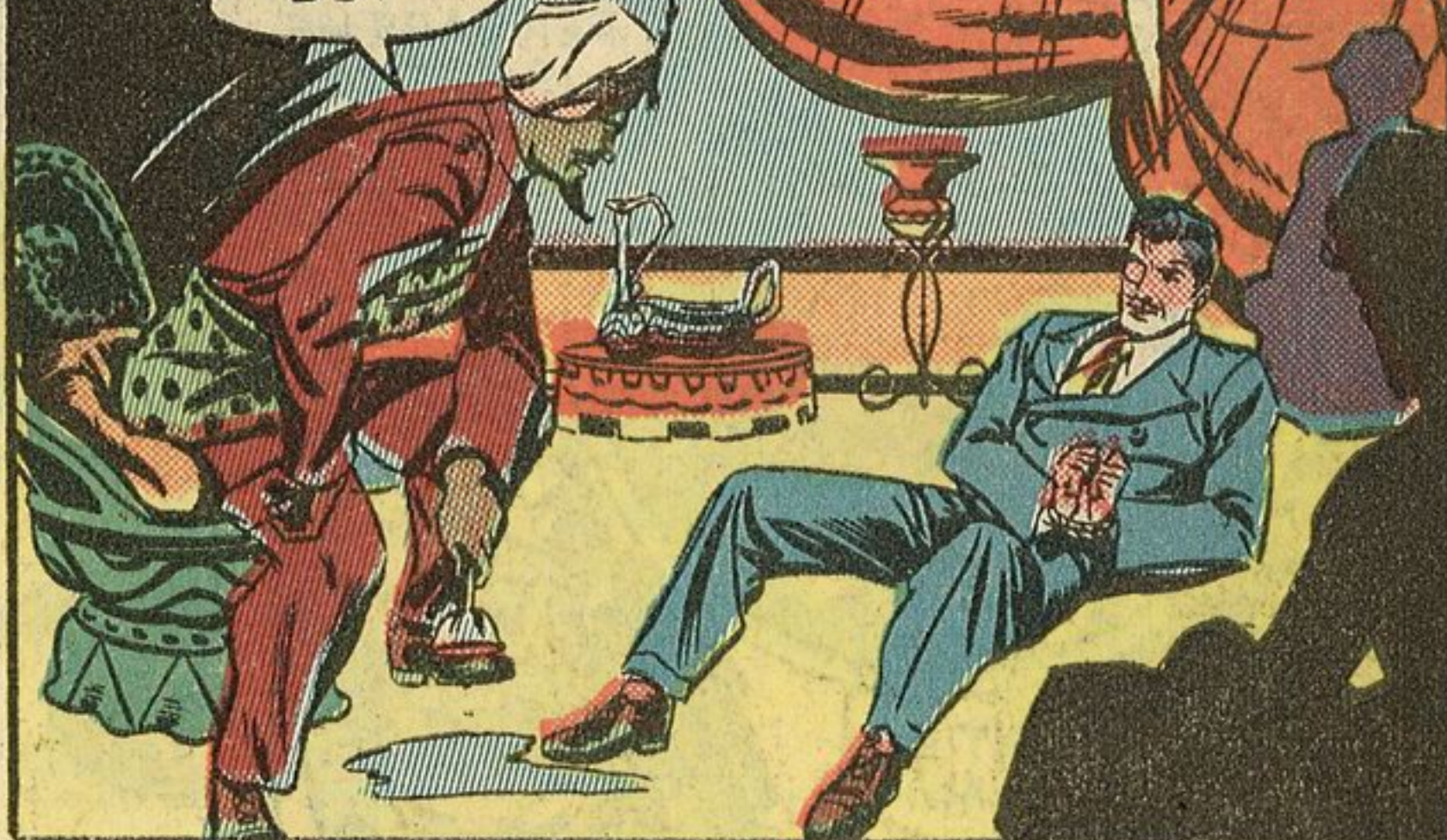
MASTER! I HAVE FOUND A LURKING SPY!



WHEN BLACK X RECOVERS ..

BLACK X, I BELIEVE! WE HAVE A DISTINGUISHED GUEST AMONG US!

HELLO, SKURN! --YOU MASQUERADING SWINE!



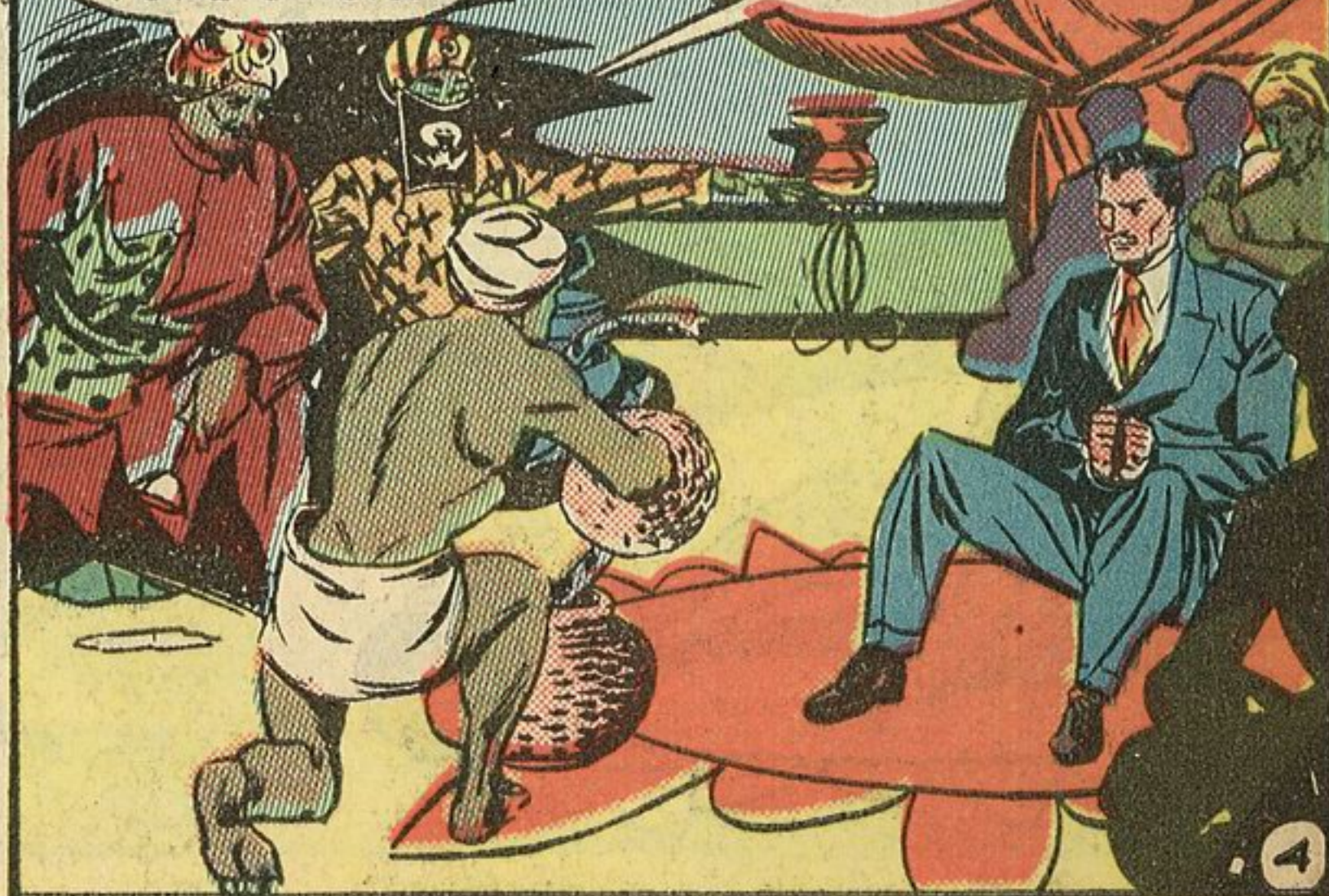
LET HIM DIE AT ONCE - BY TORTURE! THESE REBEL CHIEFS HATE ALL FOREIGNERS!

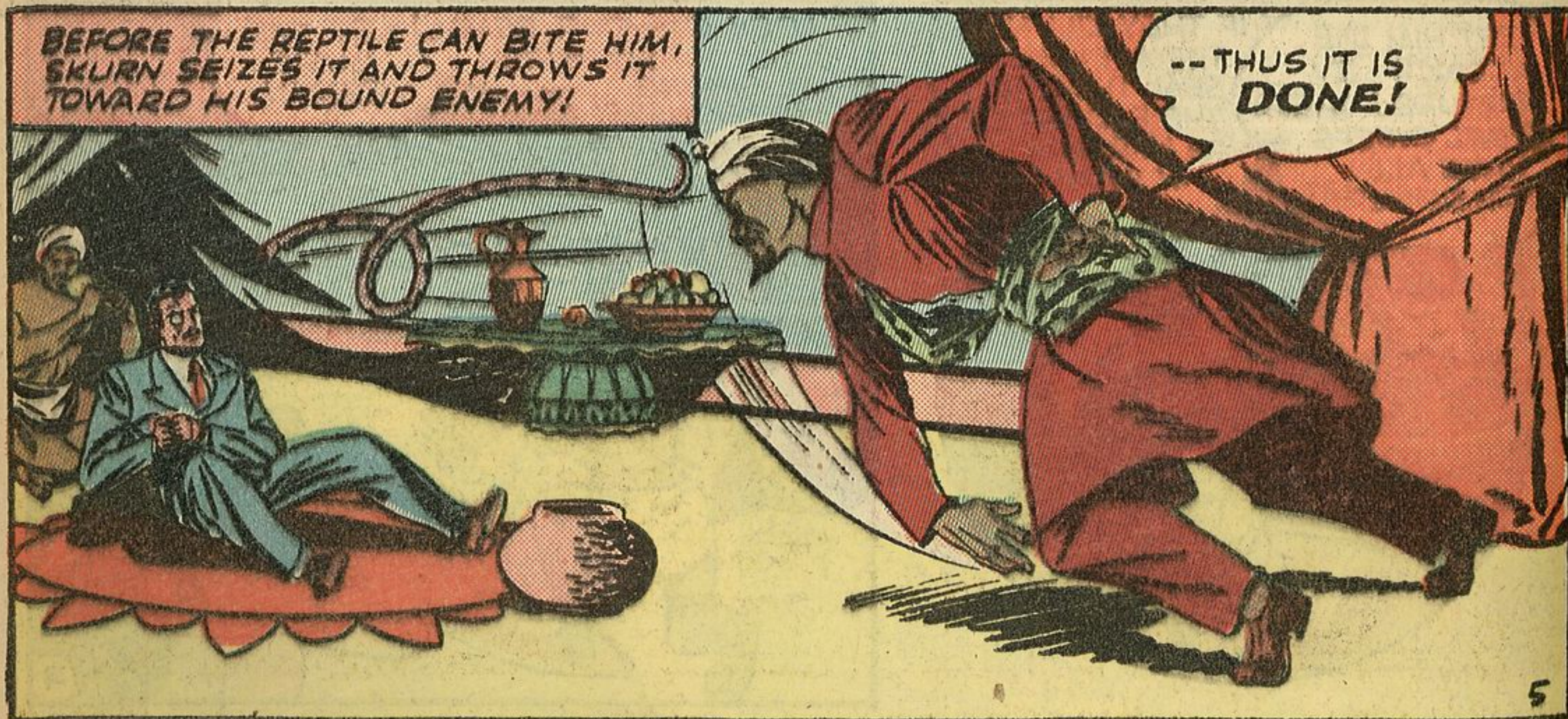
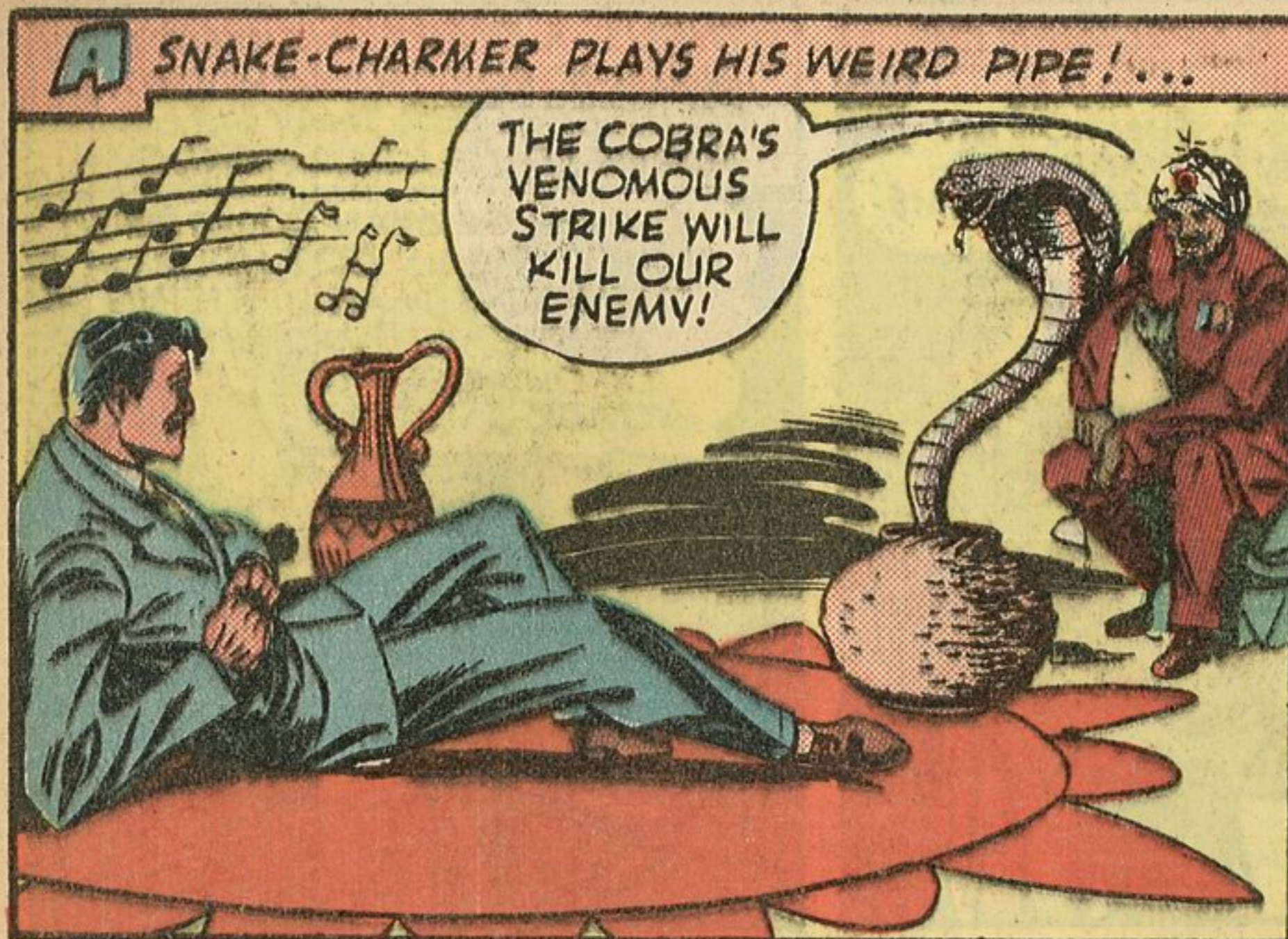
IF THEY KILL HIM, THE ACT WILL SEAL THEM TO THE PROJECT OF AN UPRISING IN INDIA!



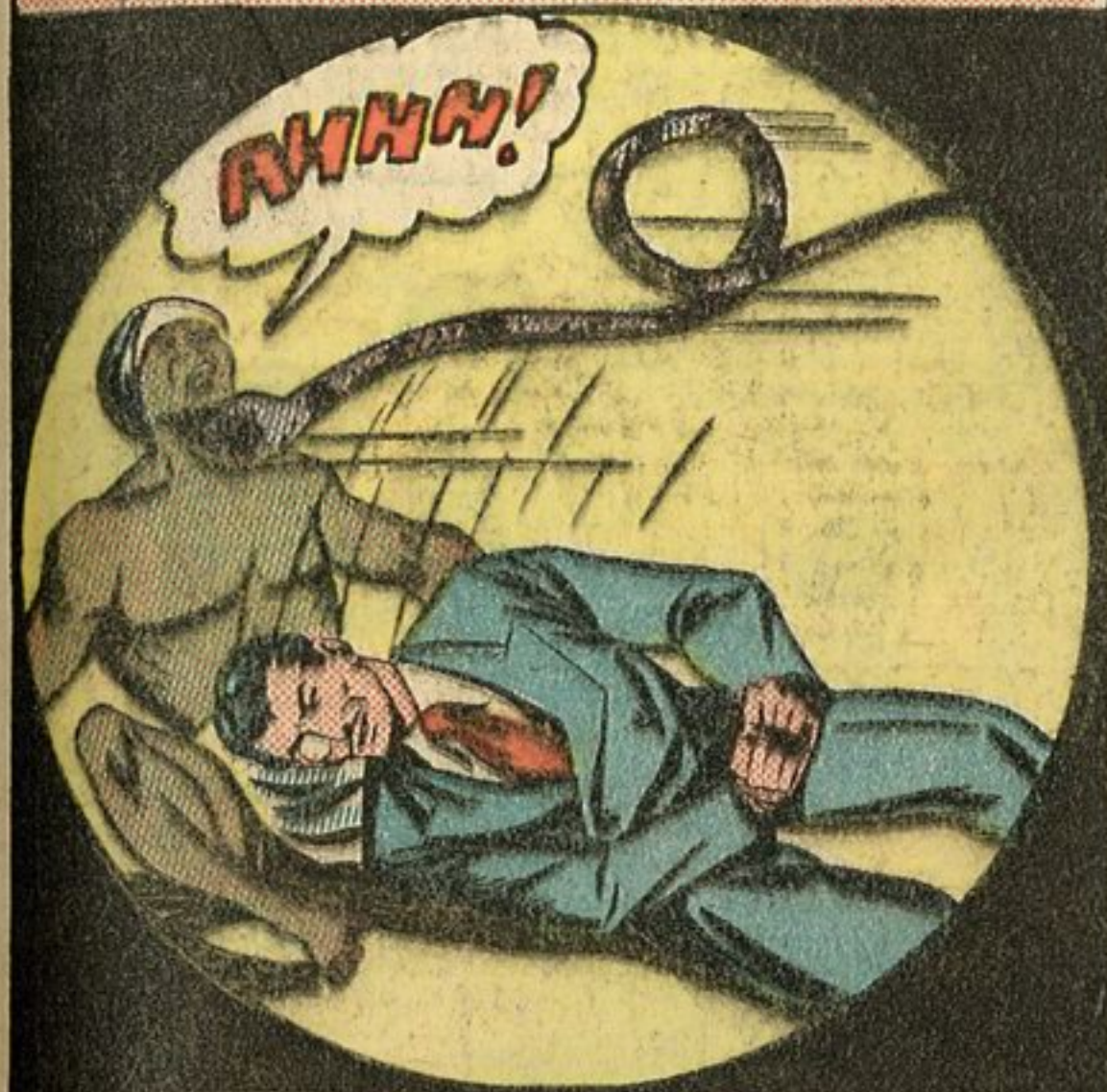
LOOK ON YOUR DEATH, BLACK X! SO PERISH ALL SPYING FOREIGNERS!

LET THE MUSIC BEGIN!





BUT BLACK X, THOUGH BOUND,
THROWS HIMSELF SIDEWAYS,
AND -----



THE COBRA SLAYS
HIM WHO PIPED TO
IT! AN OMEN!

NOT SO! THE CAPTIVE
SHALL DIE BY ANOTHER
METHOD!



IT IS THE WILL OF
THE GODS! IF WE
KILL HIM, THEY'LL
TURN AGAINST
US!

NO! HE MUST
NOT ESCAPE!
OR WE SHALL
BE LOST!



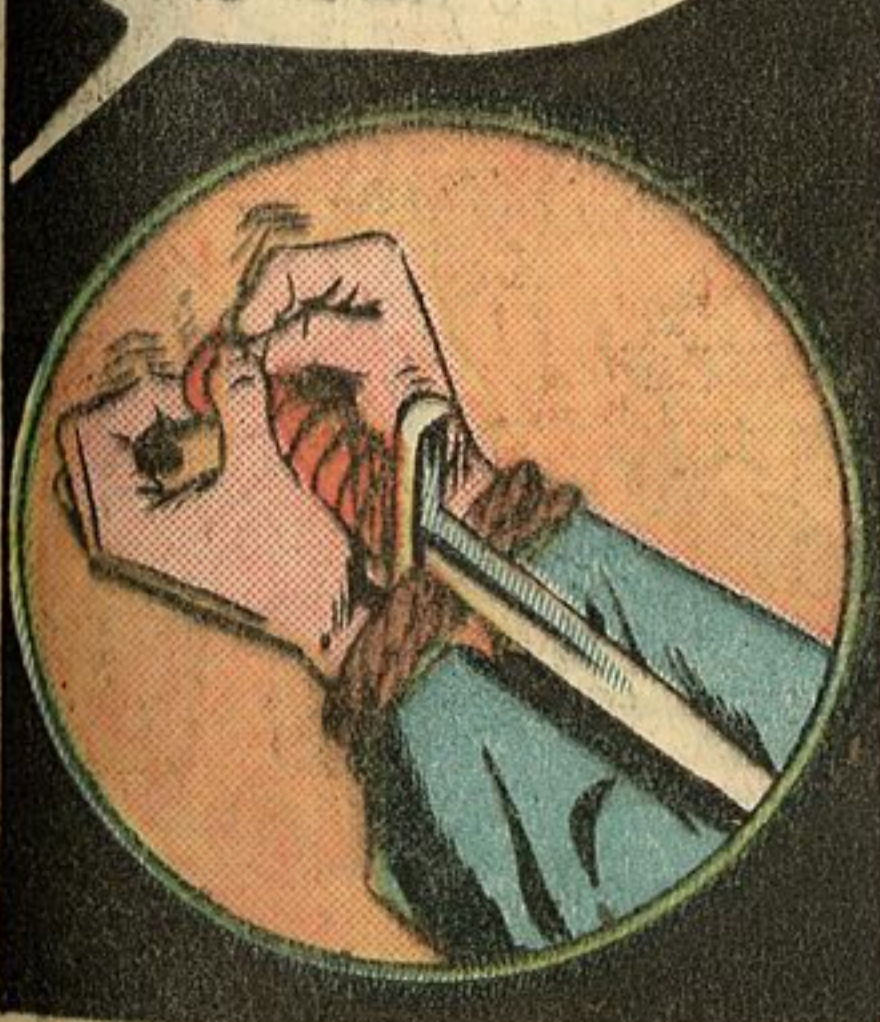
WHILE THE ARGUMENT RAGES, BLACK X
IS UNWATCHED, AND ---

GIVE US A SIGN
FROM THE GODS
TO SAY THAT YOU
ARE RIGHT,
VEILED
PROPHET!

IF I HAVE A CHANCE
TO INFLUENCE THOSE
SUPERSTITIOUS
LEADERS TO
HELPING
ME ---



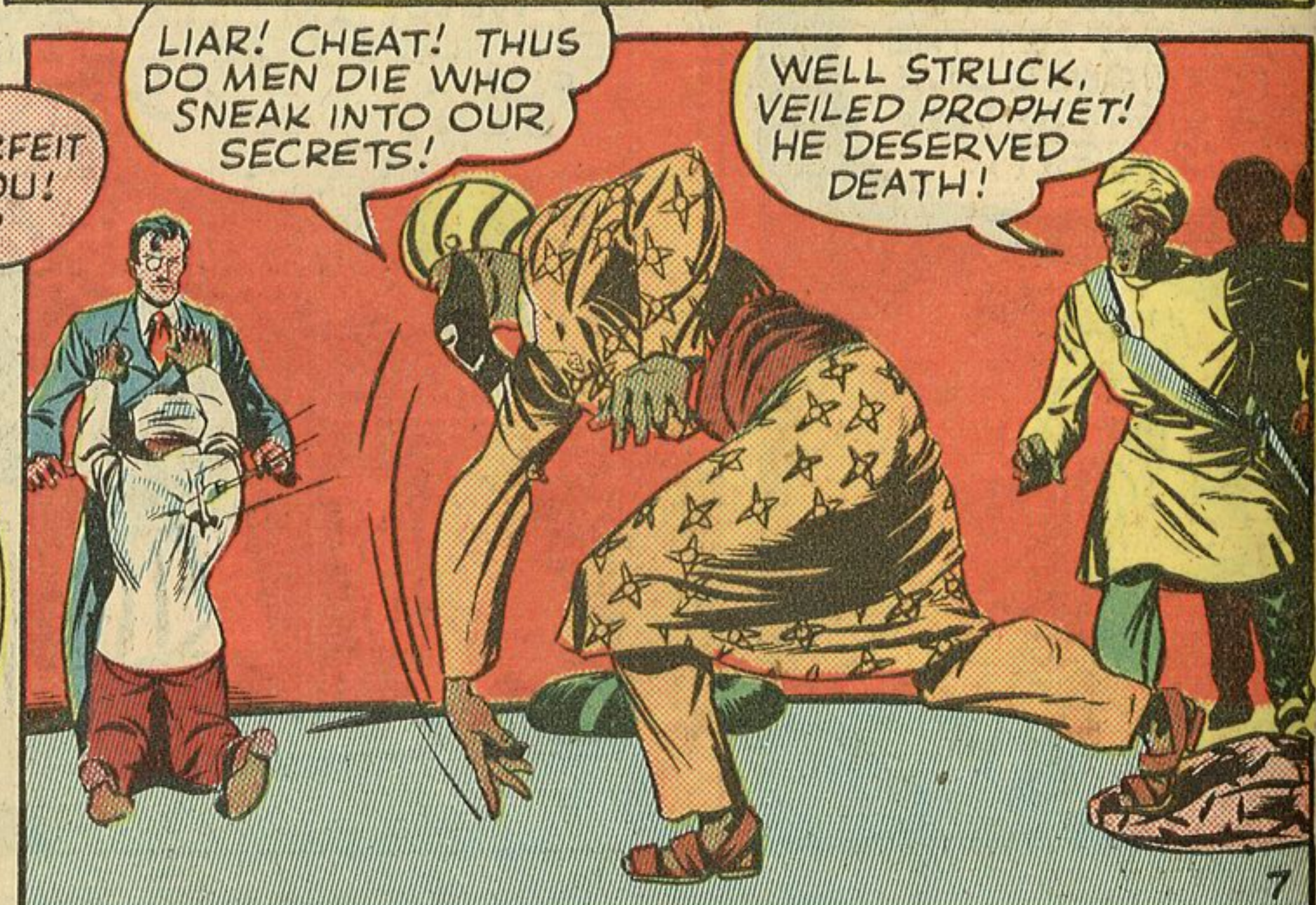
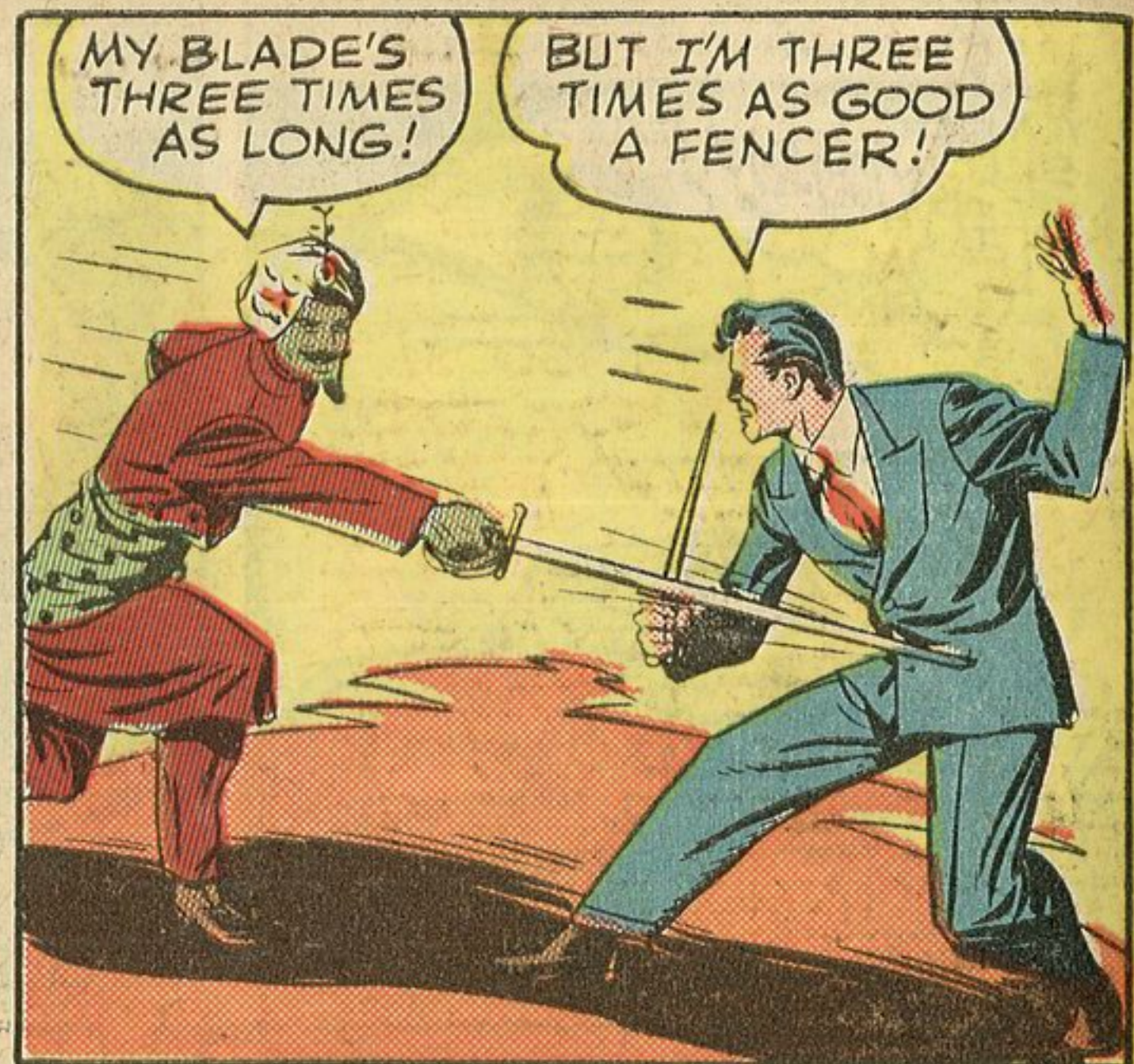
WHY ASK ME FOR
A SIGN? LET THE
FOREIGNER GIVE
A SIGN THAT HE
IS RIGHT!



VERY WELL! I'M
FREE! HOW'S THAT
FOR A
SIGN?

ANOTHER MIRACLE!
I FEAR TO OFFEND
HIM!

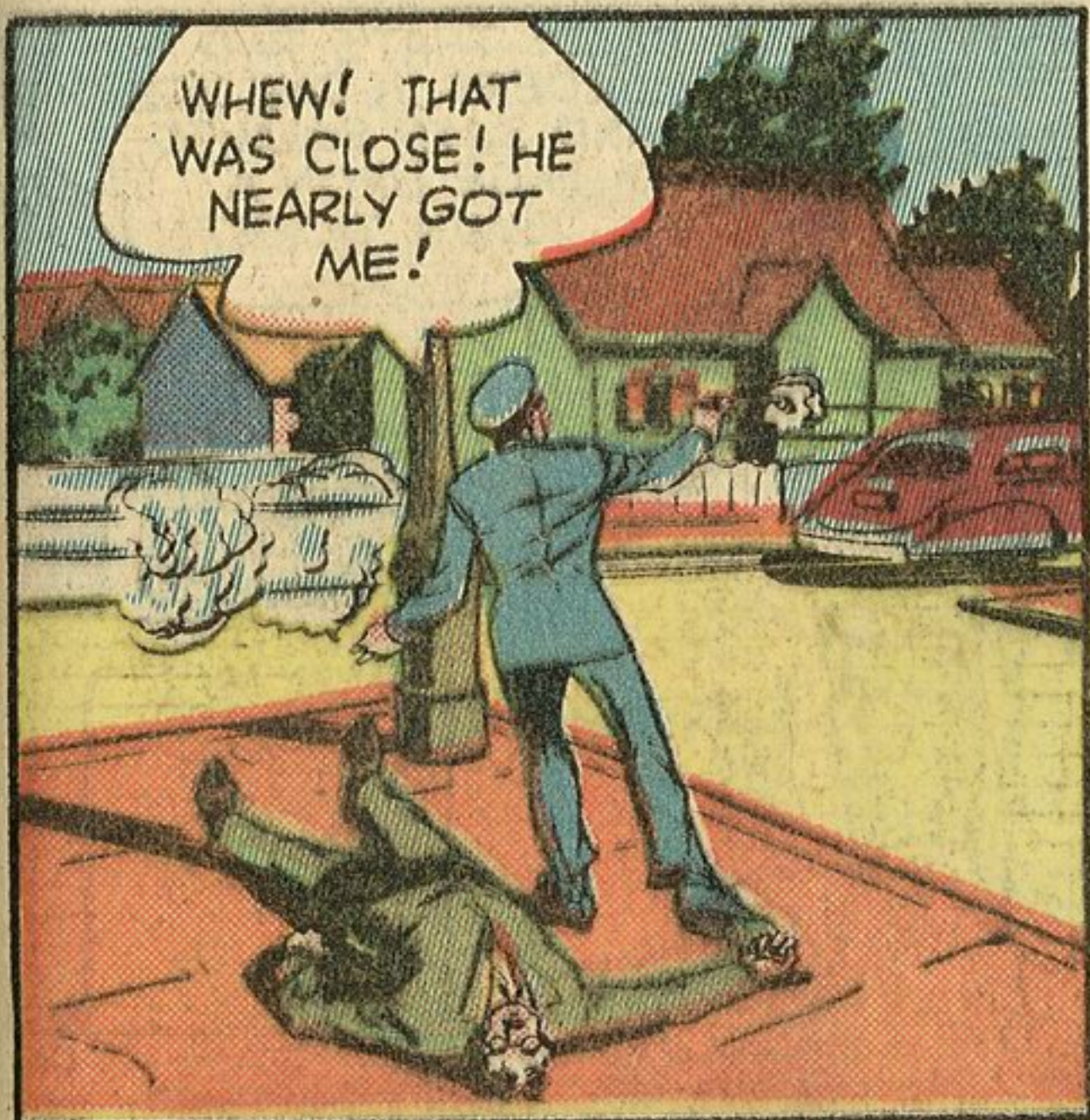
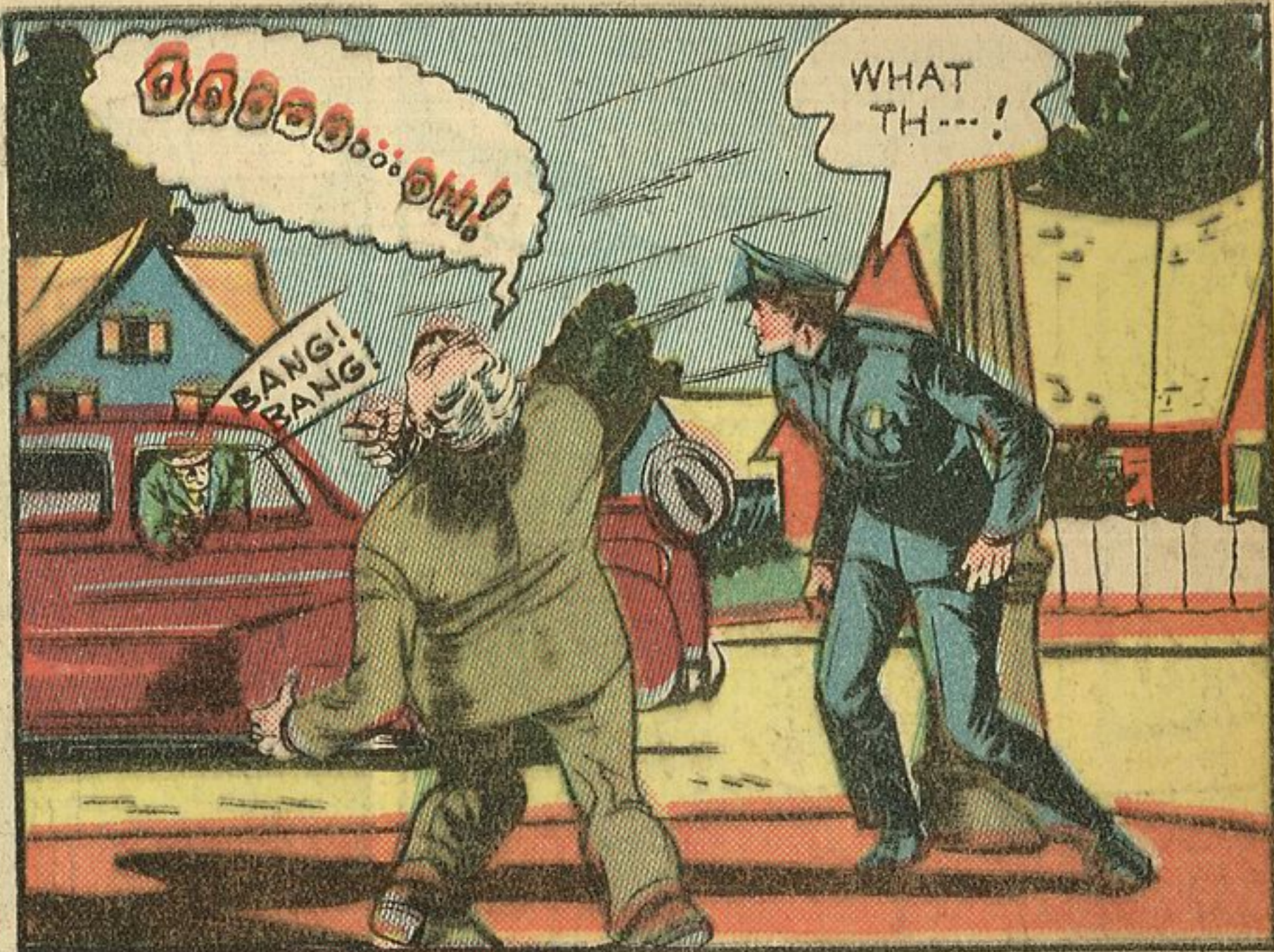
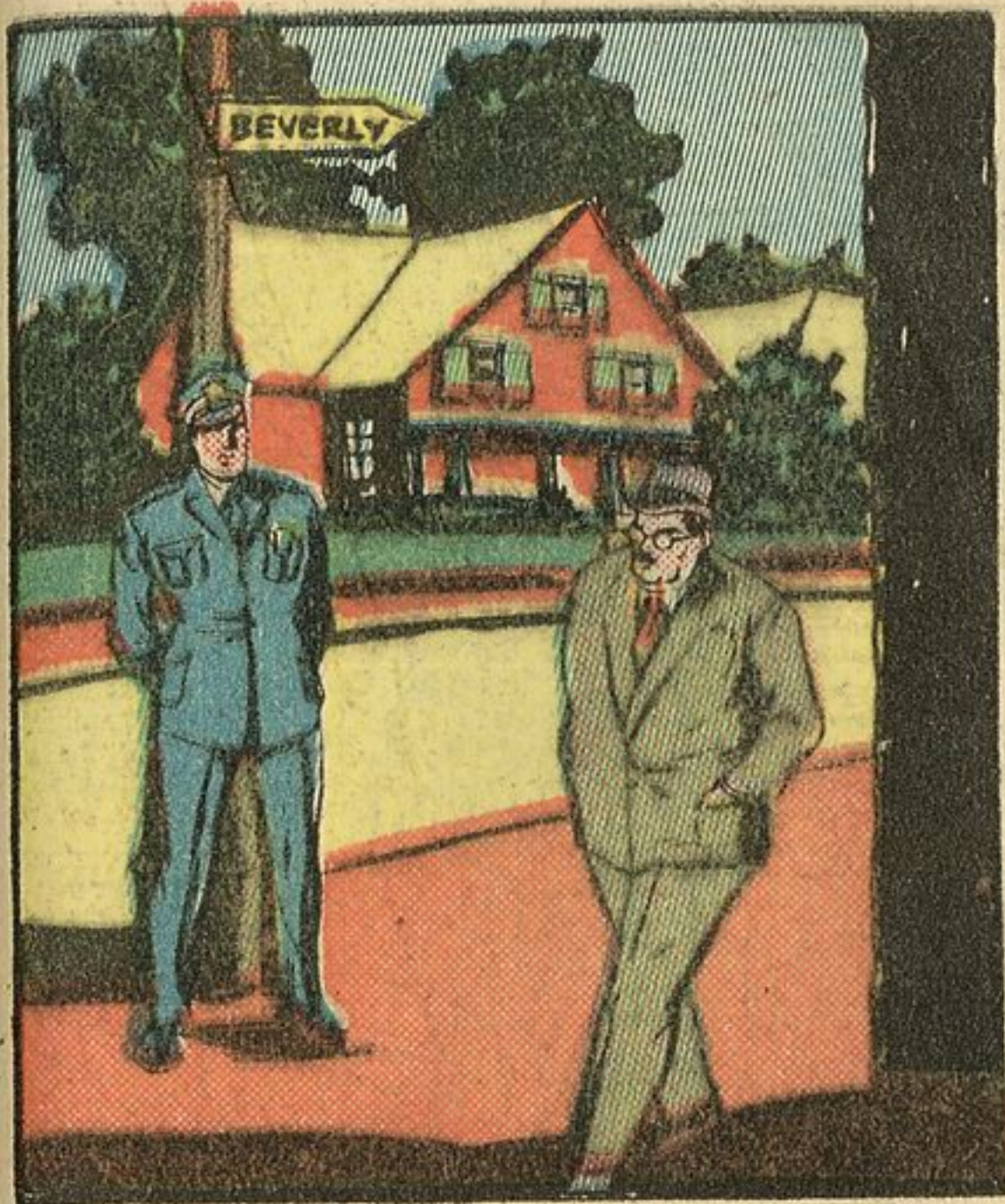








A \$200 PAWN TICKET WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF TWO PEOPLE! ROOKIE RANKIN WAS AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER UNTIL HE ALMOST BECAME THE THIRD VICTIM! THEN HE STEPPED IN AND SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN DRAGON!!



HE'S DEAD! I'LL GET THE BODY TO THE MORGUE!



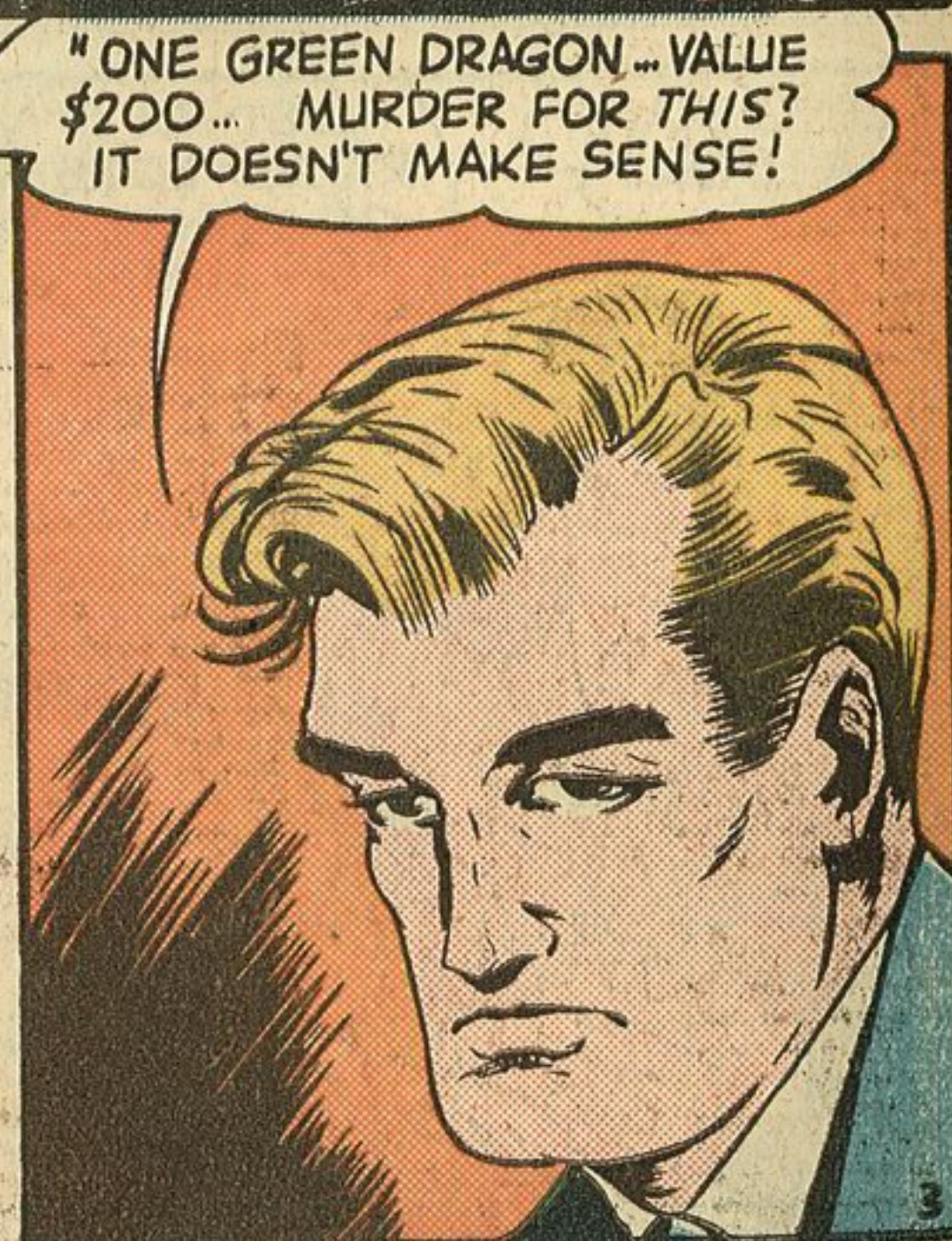
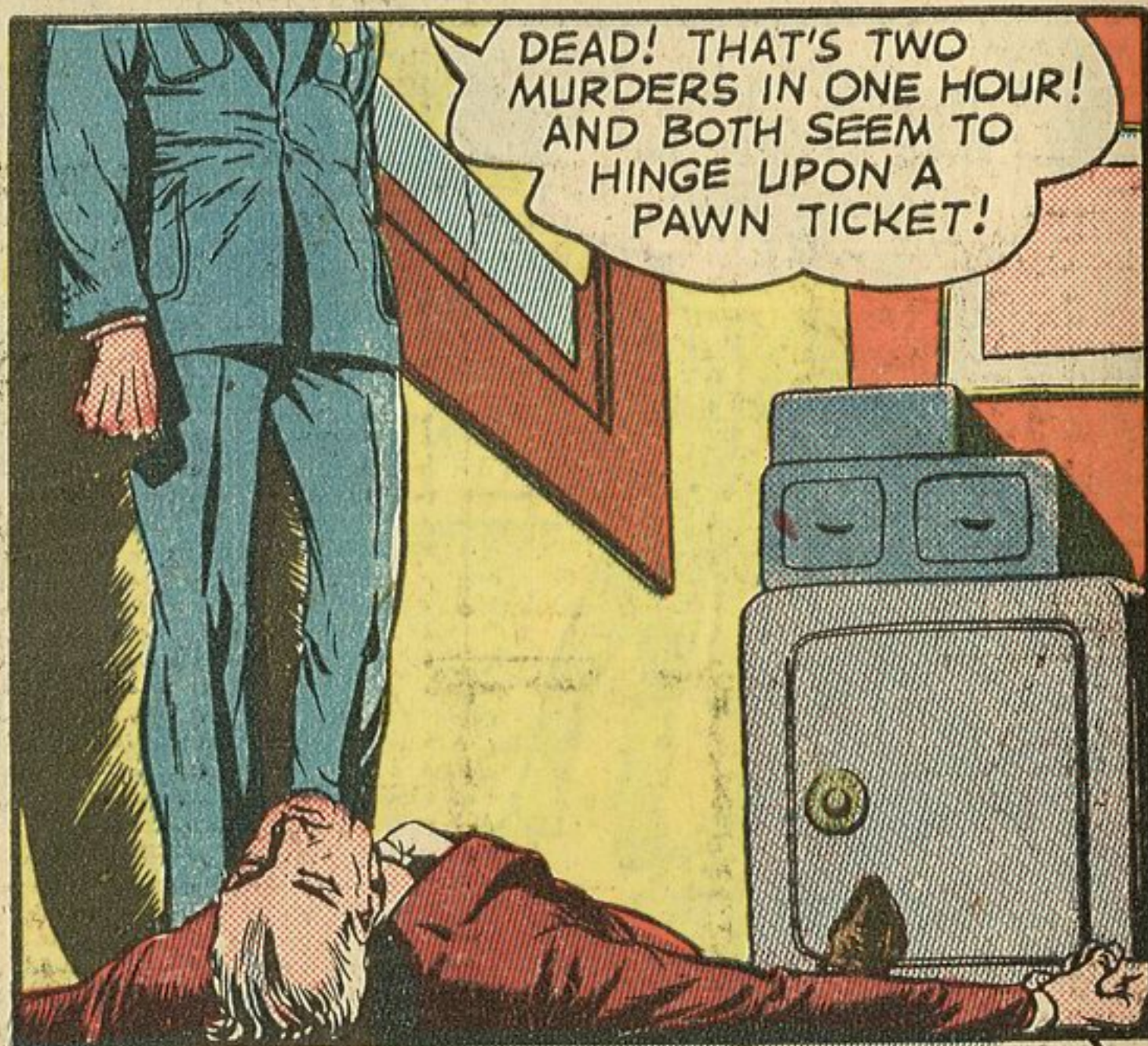
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT HIM, DOC?

THE MAN'S AN ASIATIC - THAT'S ALL I FOUND, THIS BILLFOLD, BUT NO IDENTIFICATION!

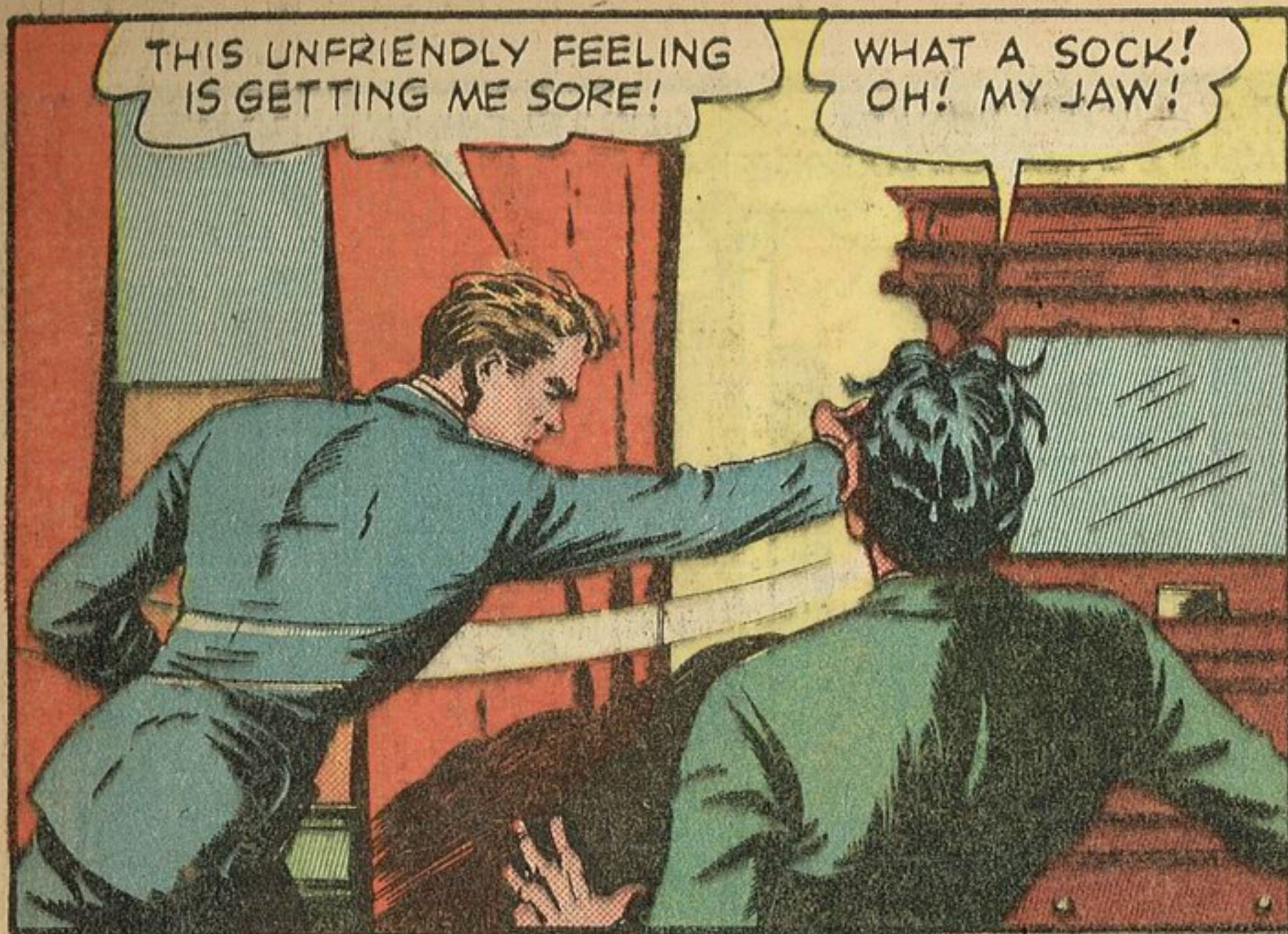


SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS! BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE WITH THAT MUCH MONEY CARRY THIS PAWN TICKET AROUND?









THIS UNFRIENDLY FEELING
IS GETTING ME SORE!

WHAT A SOCK!
OH! MY JAW!

NOW, WE'LL BRING
THIS BUSINESS OUT
INTO THE LIGHT!

OKAY,
COPPER!
YOU
WIN!



LIGHT-FINGER LEFTY!!
THE JEWEL THIEF! SO
YOU'VE GONE IN FOR
HOUSE-BREAKING
NOW!



NAH! I'M NO CHEAP CROOK!
I WAS TRYING TO CUT MYSELF
IN DIS MOB'S RACKET!



NOW WE'RE
GETTING
SOME PLACE!



OKAY, LEFTY!
YOU'D BETTER
GIVE ME THE
DOPE!

SURE... DAVE ANKARA AND
HIS GANG PULLED THE
VAN STEDEN JEWEL
ROBBERY LAST WEEK!



ARE YOU LINING UP
WITH THIS GANG?

NAH! I THOUGHT
MAYBE I COULD
LIFT A FEW OF
THE STONES!



HANDS UP AND
MAKE IT
SNAPPY!



IT'S DAVE'S
GANG!



IT'S CURTAIN'S
FOR YOU,
COPPER!

HELLO, BOYS!
ARE YOU LOOKING
FOR TROUBLE?



--OR DID YOU
COME IN TO
PLAY?

GRAB 'EM, ROOKIE!
I GOT DIS GUY! I
DON'T LIKE DESE
FOREIGNERS -- CUTTIN'
IN ON US LOCAL
BOYS!



PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER, BOYS! WE HAVE A LITTLE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

YOU AIN'T GOT NOTHING ON US! LEAVE US ALONE!



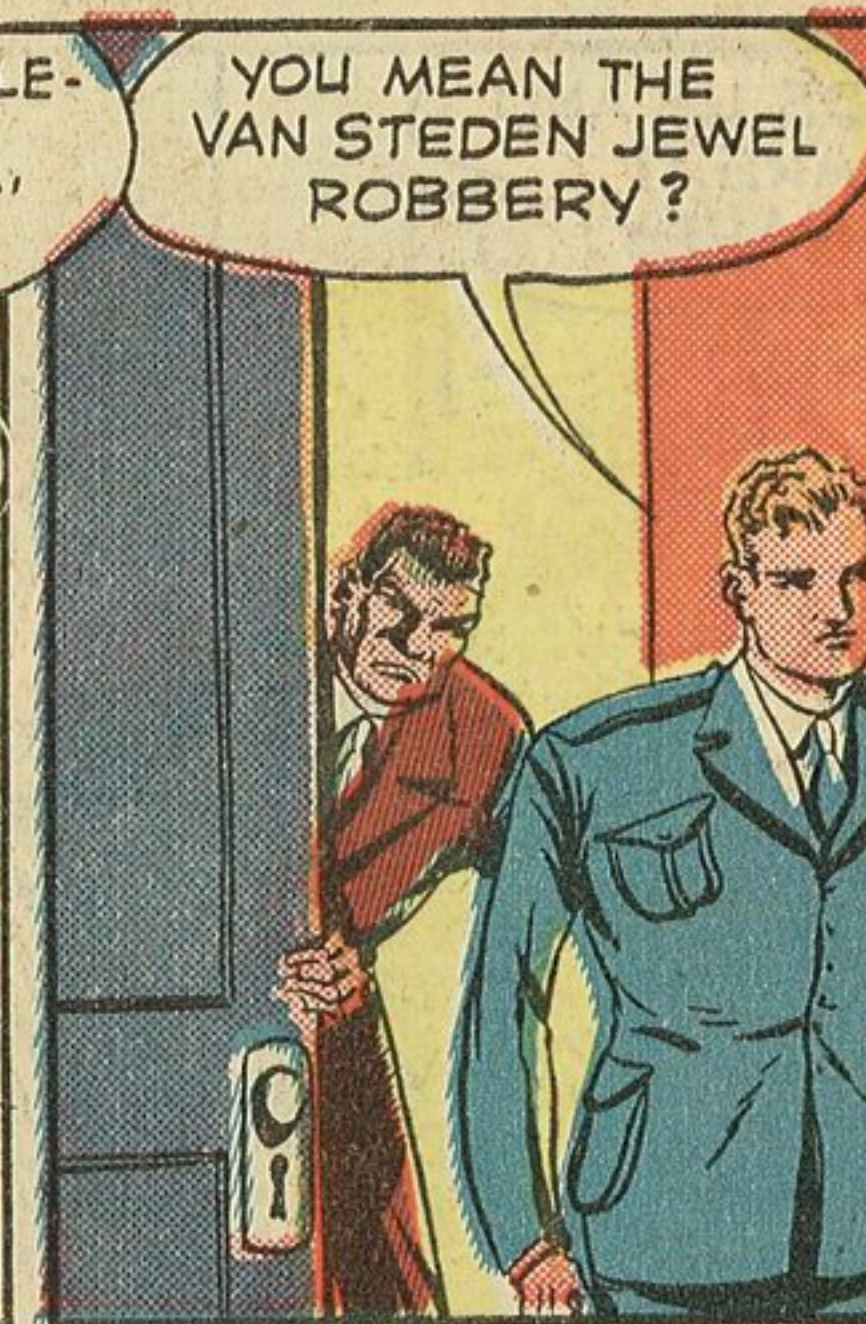
YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS! WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU, AND YOUR BOSS IS IN JAIL!

DAT'S GOOD! SERVES 'IM RIGHT!



WHAT'S YOUR QUARREL WITH THE BOSS?

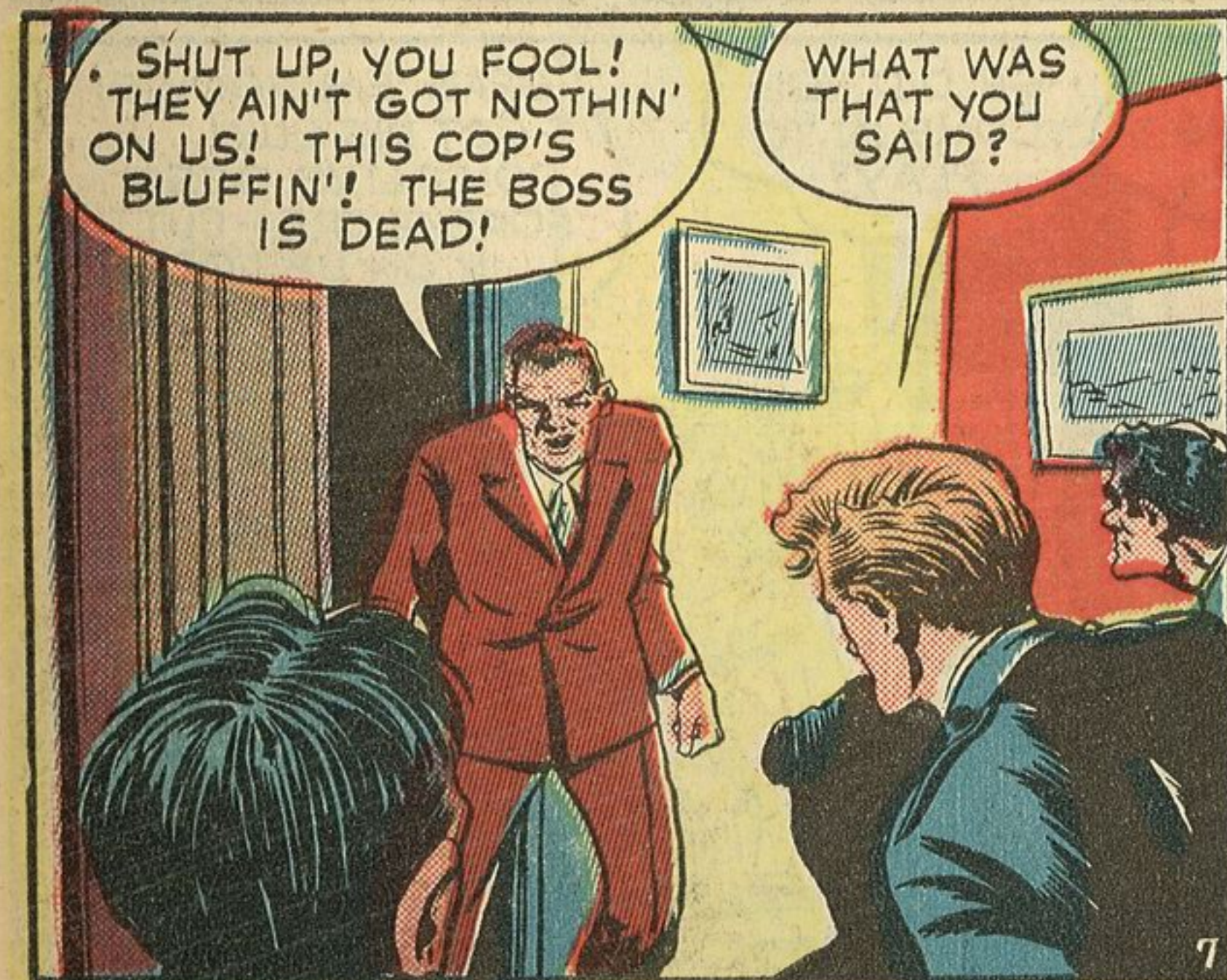
HE CAN'T DOUBLE-CROSS US AND GET AWAY WIT' IT!



YOU MEAN THE VAN STEDEN JEWEL ROBBERY?

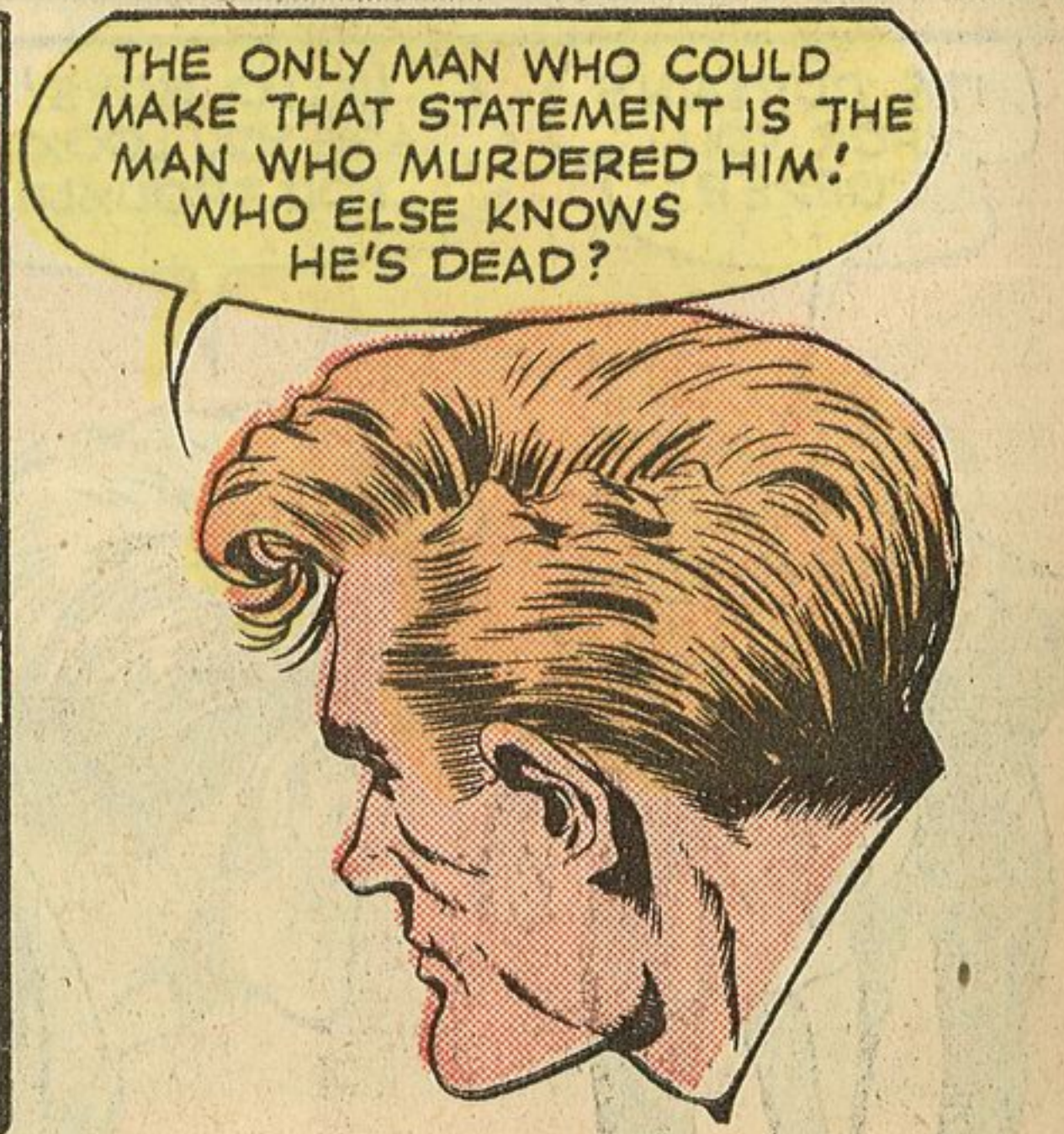


SURE! WE DID TH' JOB -- BUT HE LAMMED WIT' TH' JEWELS!



SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! THEY AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON US! THIS COP'S BLUFFIN'! THE BOSS IS DEAD!

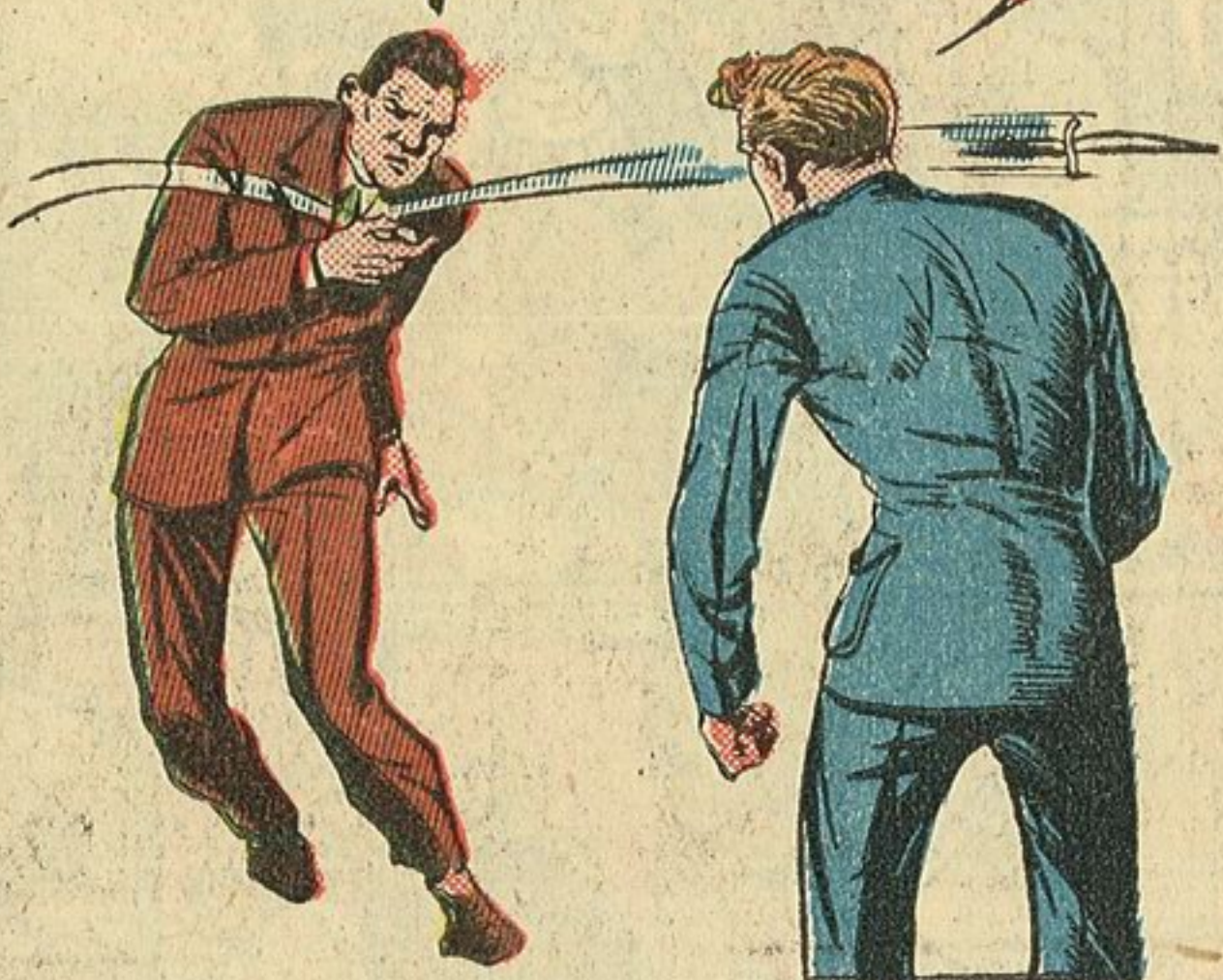
WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?



THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD MAKE THAT STATEMENT IS THE MAN WHO MURDERED HIM! WHO ELSE KNOWS HE'S DEAD?

NOSEY COP!
HE KNOWS TOO
MUCH!

THAT'S WHAT I'M
THINKING ABOUT
YOU!



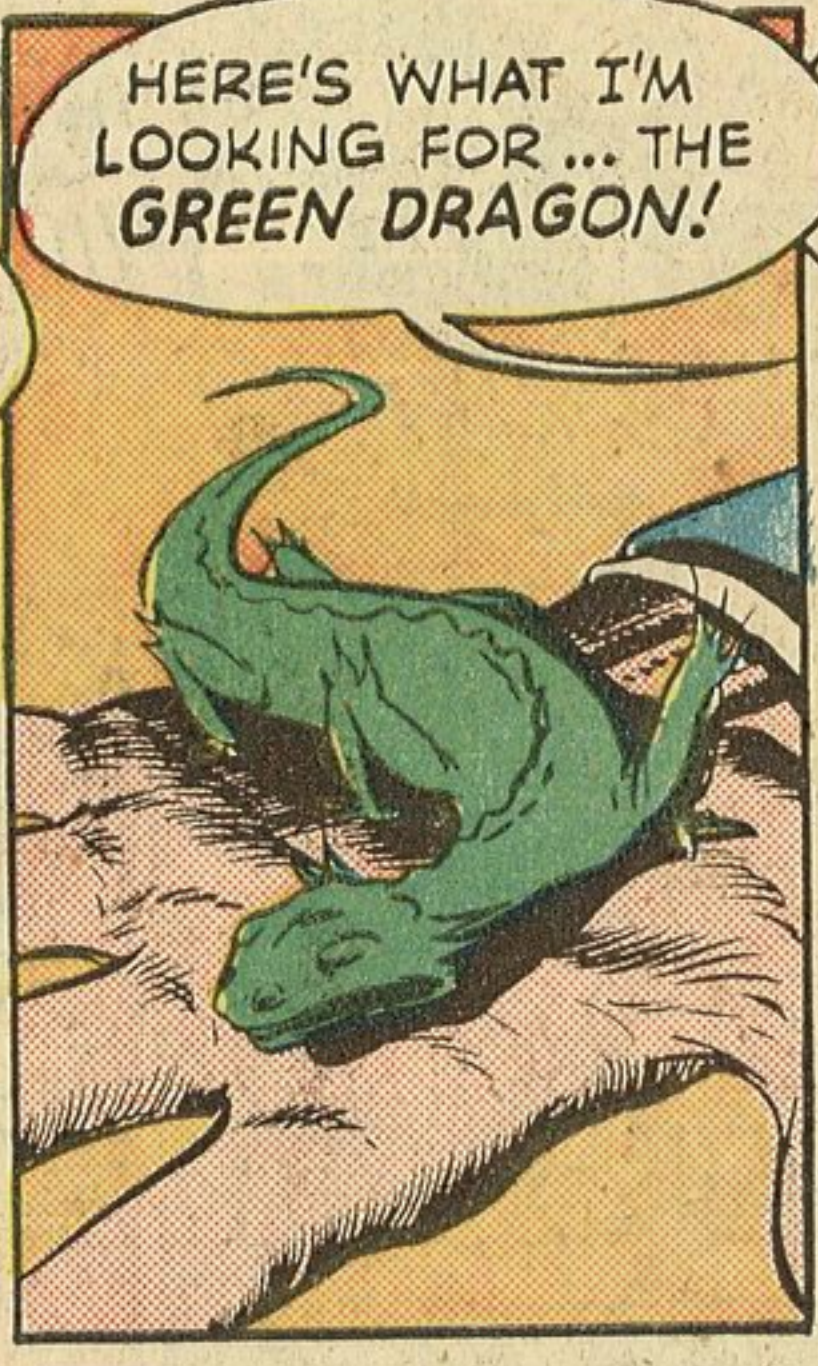
IT'S A GOOD THING I WAS AN
ALL-AROUND ATHLETE WHEN I WAS
A BOY! IT TAKES A TRIPLE-THREAT
MAN TO HANDLE A DOUBLE-
CROSSER LIKE YOU!

UGH!



WHO--WHO'S
DEAD?

DAVE ANKARA!
YOUR LITTLE
FRIEND HERE
GOT SORE ABOUT
BEING CUT OUT, AND
BUMPED HIM
OFF!



HERE'S WHAT I'M
LOOKING FOR ... THE
GREEN DRAGON!



THE VAN
STEDEN
DIAMONDS!

PRETTY CLEVER!
YOUR BOSS HID
THESE IN THE
GREEN DRAGON
AND THEN
PAWNED IT!



SMART, AREN'T YOU?...
YOU BUMPED OFF DAVE--
THEN YOU REDEEMED THE
GREEN DRAGON WITH
BULLETS AND KILLED
THE PAWNBROKER!



BUT YOU FORGOT
THE INTEREST! YOU'LL
PAY THAT IN THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR -- ON A DOUBLE
MURDER CHARGE!



I WONDER WHAT
BECAME OF LIGHT-
FINGER LEFTY? I
HAVEN'T HEARD
OF HIM FOR A
LONG TIME!

SO LONG,
ROOKIE!

Archie O'TOOLE

THAT TOUGH-AXLE
AMBASSADOR JUST LANDED
ON A CRUISER AND IS DUE
HERE
ANY
MINUTE!

YOU
SAID
IT,
SIRE!

WE'RE
AT
OUR
WITS'
END!

THE SLIGHTEST
SLIP MEANS
WAR!

HOW'RE
WE TO
HANDLE
HIM?

LET
ME
DO IT!

AND HE'S
LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE,
I S'POSE?

HOW TO
WIN
FRIENDS

I'LL HAVE THAT WAR-MAD
AMBASSADOR COO-ING LIKE
A DOVE-OF-PEACE IF I
FOLLOW THE
LESSONS
IN THIS
BOOK.

"OBEY YOUR IMPULSES,"
SAYS THIS CHAPTER.
"BE YOURSELF AT
ALL TIMES!"

OOPS!
HERE
HE
COMES
NOW!

HOW TO
WIN AND
CONTROL
PEOPLE

BUT THE
BOOK
SAID....!

SHUX! -NOW HE'S SORE!
WHY DON'T OTHER PEOPLE
GET LITTLE IMPULSES
LIKE ME,
ANYWAY?

MAYBE THEY
DO!

THERE'S
HIS!

ZIP

THE MARKSMAN

TEKI WA
KOREDA!

I'LL GET
YOU, SONDRA, AND
YOUR JAP PALS...
AND I'LL FREE
THESE AMERICAN
PRISONERS,
TOO!

THE
MARKSMAN!

LOOK AT
THEM JAPS
GETTING
KNOCKED
OFF!

商是!

BY FRED GUARDINEER

PROUD OF THEIR EFFICIENT BRUTALITY THE GERMANS PUT A MASTER IN THE PRACTICE OF RUTHLESS EXTERMINATION IN CHARGE OF THEIR HORRIBLE WARSAW PRISON! SO SKILLFUL IN THE ART OF MAKING MEN'S LIVES A LIVING NIGHTMARE WAS COLONEL SONDRA THAT EVEN THE JAPS, NO MEAN HANDS AT SAVAGERY THEMSELVES, BID FOR HIS SERVICES! AH! BUT SOMEONE ELSE WAS BIDDING FOR COLONEL SONDRA... SOMEONE WAS BIDDING FOR SONDRA'S BLACK HEART! A FIRM WILLED AVENGER, KNOWN TO TO THE PLUNDERING CONQUERORS AS THE MARKSMAN, AND THE MOST MERCILESS MONSTER OF ALL THE AXIS BREED MARKED FOR DEATH!



THE WARSAW PRISON FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS WHOSE SO CALLED CRIMES HAVE NOT BEEN GREAT ENOUGH TO WARRANT INSTANT EXECUTION...BUT WHO ARE ALLOWED TO LINGER ON THROUGH DAYS WORSE THAN DEATH...



DOES COLONEL SONDRÄ KNOW WE'VE CAPTURED THIS DOG?

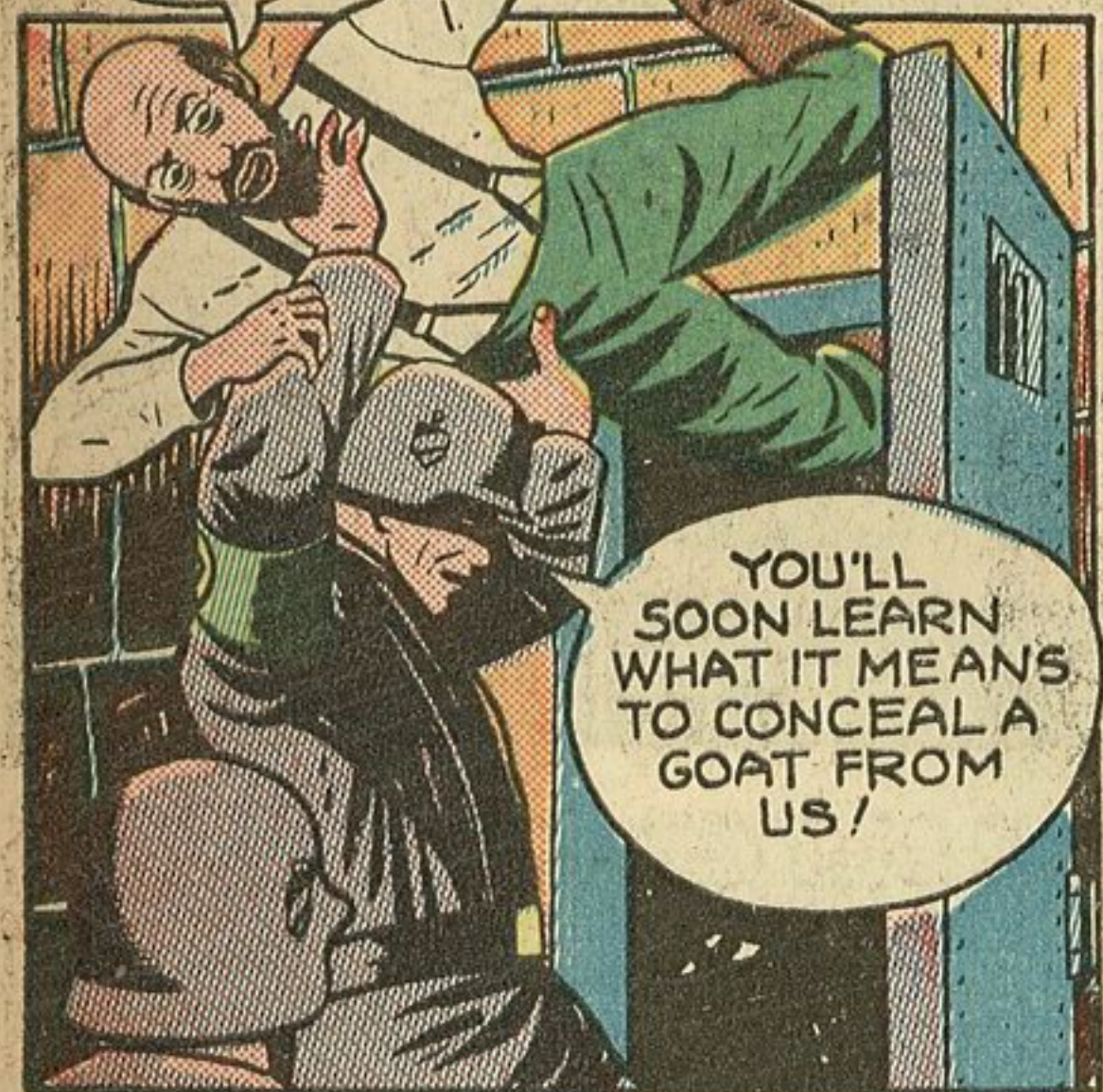
I TOLD HIM! HE IS COMING DOWN TO GIVE HIM HIS PERSONAL ATTENTION!

LET ME GO!



THE PRISONER FOUGHT LIKE A MADMAN, COLONEL SONDRÄ!

HE DID, EH? I'LL KNOCK THAT OUT OF HIM!



WHEN WE GIVE AN ORDER THAT ALL LIVE-STOCK MUST BE SURRENDERED TO US IT IS NOT FOR A POLISH PIG TO QUESTION IT!

BUT MY GRAND-SON WAS ILL... HE IS A BABY... WE NEEDED MILK FOR HIM!



OH-H-H!

THIS IS WHAT YOU NEED... AND THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL GET...UNTIL THERE ISN'T A WHOLE BONE IN YOUR BODY AND YOU PRAY FOR DEATH!



MEANWHILE, THE MARKSMAN PAYS A CALL IN A PEASANT HOME ON WHAT WAS ONCE HIS OWN VAST ESTATE...

THEY TOOK MY FATHER PRISONER! THE GUARD SAID THEY WOULD TAKE HIM TO THE WARSAW PRISON WHERE COLONEL SONDRAS WOULD FINISH HIM / OH... IT'S TOO AWFUL... JUST FOR KEEPING A GOAT!

SONDRA HAS RUN OUT OF IMPORTANT PRISONERS! HE IS DEVOTING HIMSELF TO POOR PEASANTS NOW!



I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO BRING YOUR FATHER BACK TO YOU AT ONCE... BUT THIS I PROMISE YOU... HE SHALL NOT DIE AT THE HANDS OF COLONEL SONDRAS! THAT BEAST HAS TORTURED AND KILLED ENOUGH POLES / HIS TIME HAS COME!



TH - THE MARKSMAN -



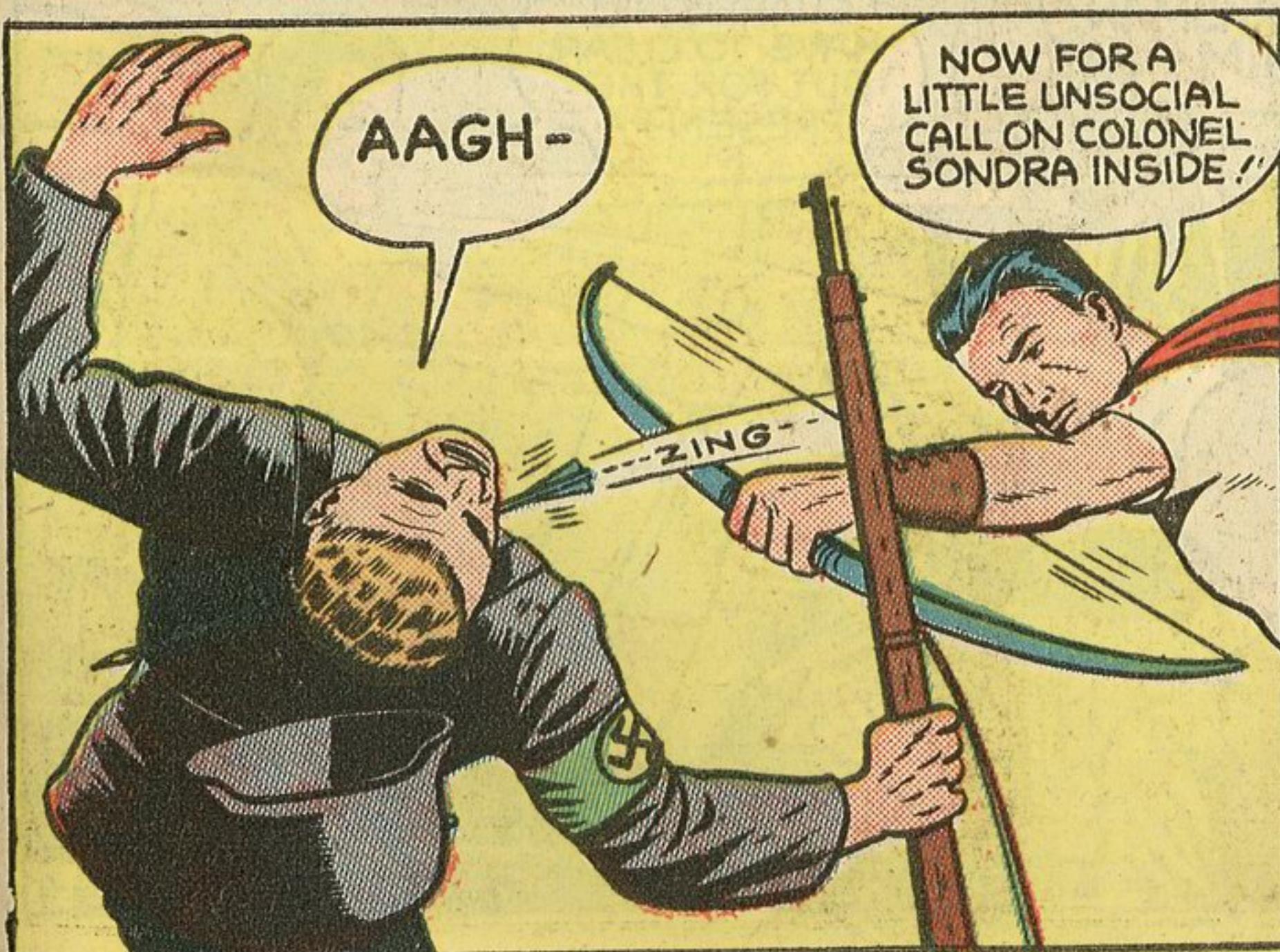
COLONEL SONDRAS HEADQUARTERS ADJOINING THE PRISON...

WHO'S AROUND THAT CORNER? COME OUT OR I'LL FIRE!



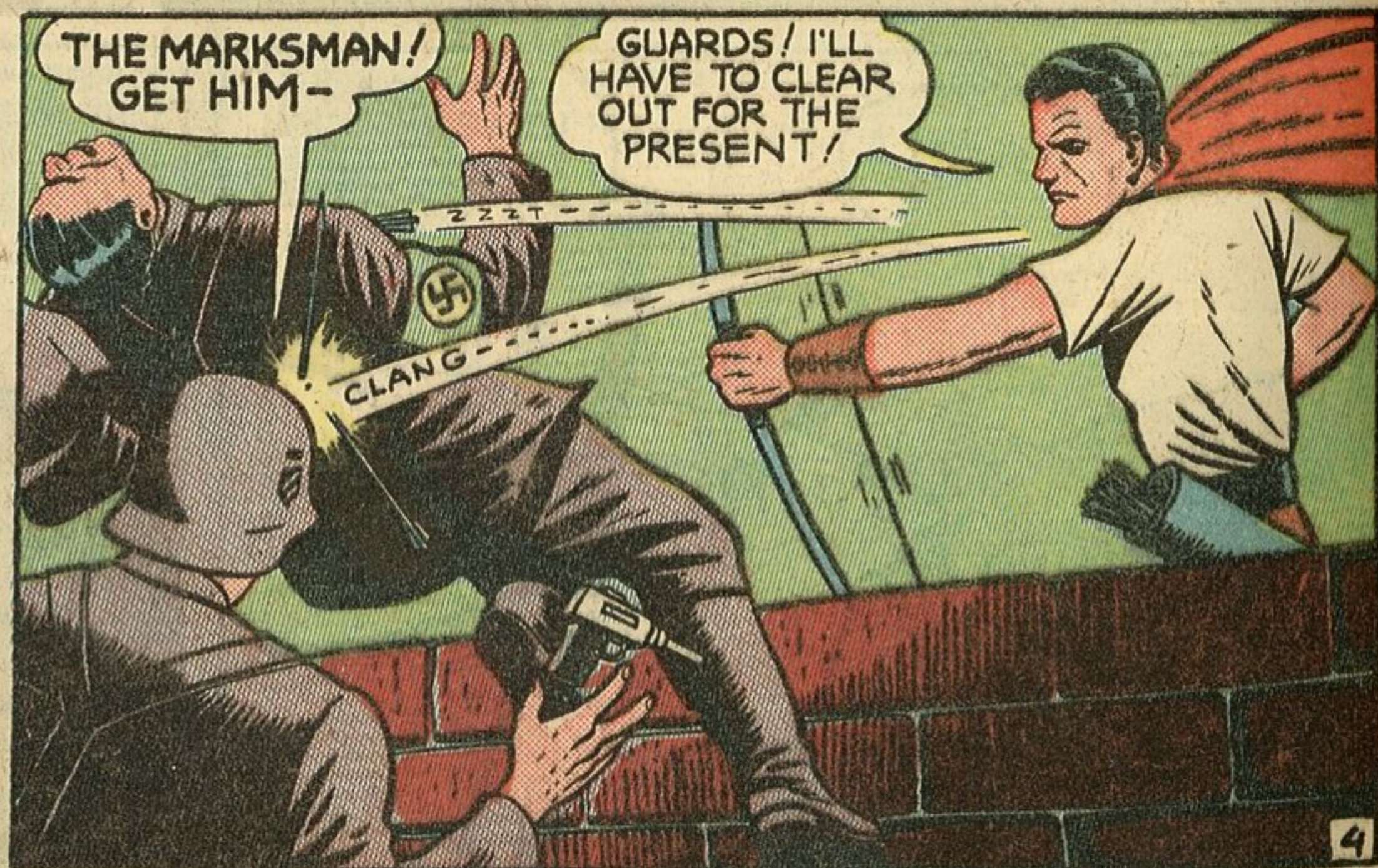
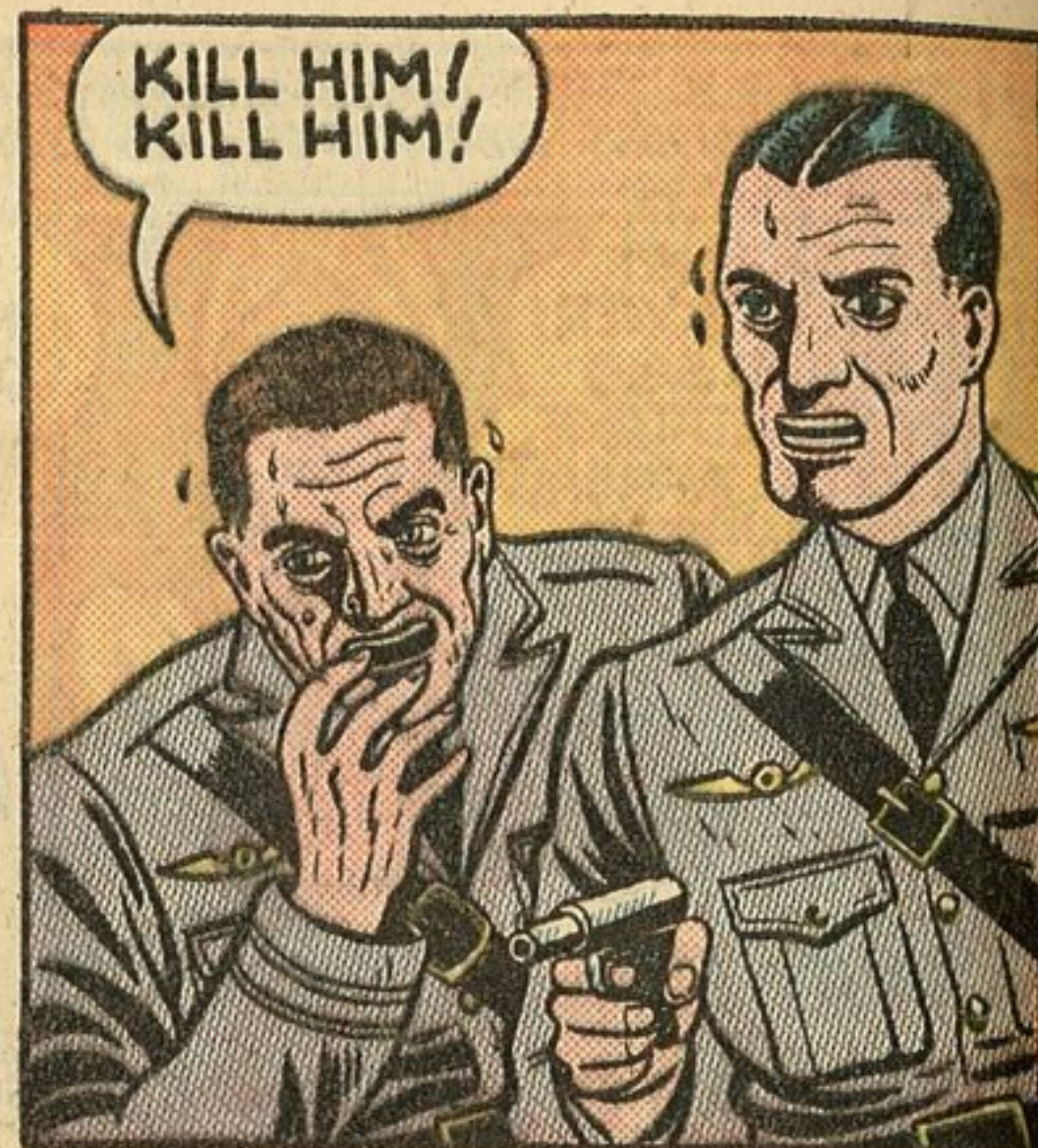
AAGH-

NOW FOR A LITTLE UNSOCIAL CALL ON COLONEL SONDRAS INSIDE!!



THREE HUNDRED OF THE DOGS DIED THIS WEEK! SPLENDID / IT MAKES ROOM FOR THE NEW ONES!





IN THE OFFICE OF HITLER'S GAULEITER OF WARSAW...

THE MARKSMAN WILL KILL ME IF I STAY HERE / YOU MUST HELP ME / YOU MUST GET ME OUT OF WARSAW!

H'M...IT IS TRUE THAT ONCE THE MARKSMAN DECIDES YOU MUST DIE, IT IS HARD TO ESCAPE HIM...

YOU ARE IN LUCK! THE JAPANESE HAVE REQUESTED ONE OF OUR PRISON EXPERTS FOR A NEW PRISON ON THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA!

OH THANK YOU, THANK YOU!

BUT THE EYES AND EARS OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND ARE EVERYWHERE...

THE MARKSMAN SHALL HEAR ABOUT THIS!

GOOD WORK, STANISLAUS! SONDRA WILL NOT ESCAPE ME!

LATER... AT THE AIRPORT...

HERE COMES SONDRA!

AAGH!

I KNEW HE WOULD ATTEMPT TO KILL ME! GET HIM NOW BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

HE USED A DOUBLE SO THAT MY ARROW WOULD BE WASTED! I MUST ESCAPE THE SOLDIERS NOW... BUT I'LL FOLLOW SONDRA - HE SHALL DIE!

BY DEVIOUS WAYS THE MARKSMAN MAKES HIS WAY
HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD.

TORPEDO COMING
AMIDSHIPS!



AND THEN AFTER BEING TORPEDOED
IN AN AMERICAN FREIGHTER...

FORMOSA!
THIS IS IT
AT LAST!



IT WORKED!
THEY HAVEN'T
NOTICED
ME!

MOVE ALONG,
YOU AMERICAN
DOGS!



WONDER WHAT THESE
YELLOW MONKEYS'LL DO WITH
US NOW!

CAPTURED AMERICAN
SOLDIERS! IF I GET IN
WITH THEM I MAY BE
TAKEN TO SONDRAS
PRISON!

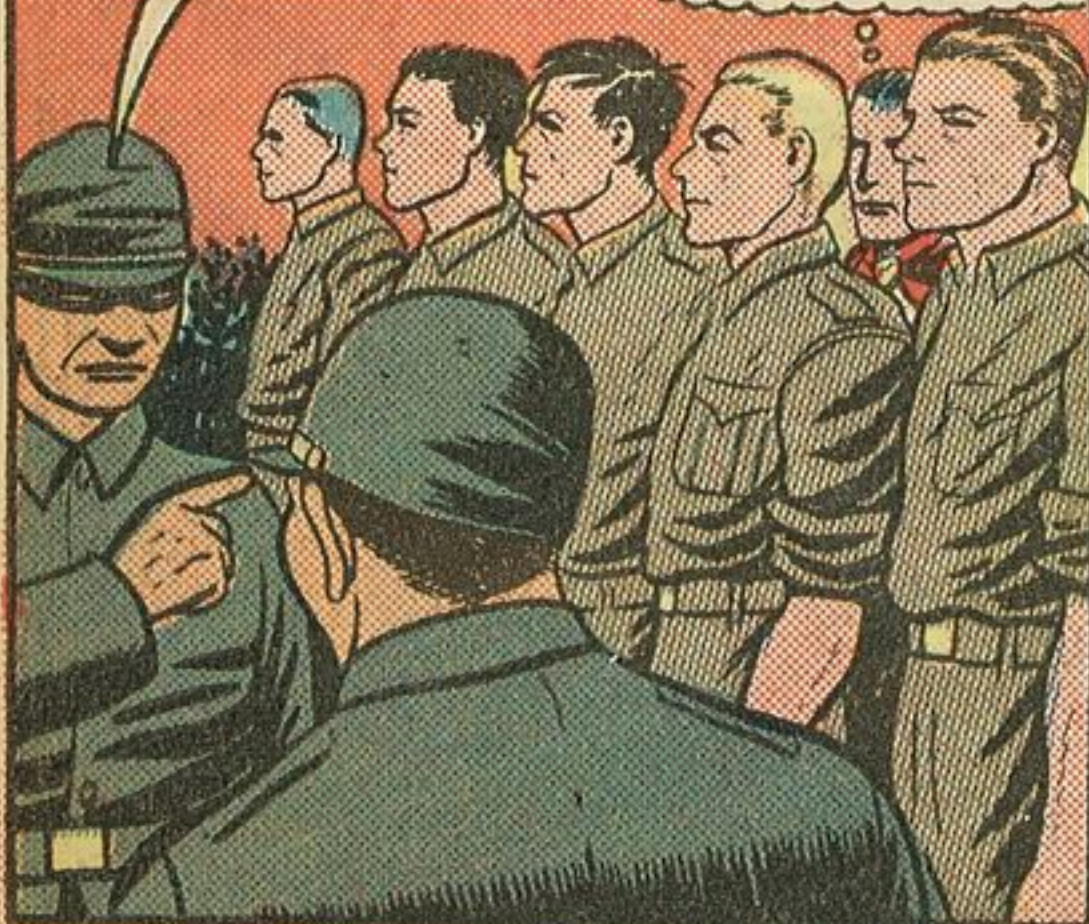


AFTER A LONG WEARYING MARCH...

SONDRA, THE NEW
GERMAN PRISON WARDEN
WILL COME OUT TO INSPECT
THE PRISONERS!

HOW
CONVENIENT!

SO THESE ARE THE
AMERICAN SWINE! I'LL
MAKE THEM WISH THEY
HAD NEVER SEEN THE
DAY THEY DARED TO FIGHT
AGAINST THE AXIS!



THE
MARKSMAN!
HELP!

YOU WON'T
FIND A DOUBLE
AMONG THE JAPS,
SONDRA!



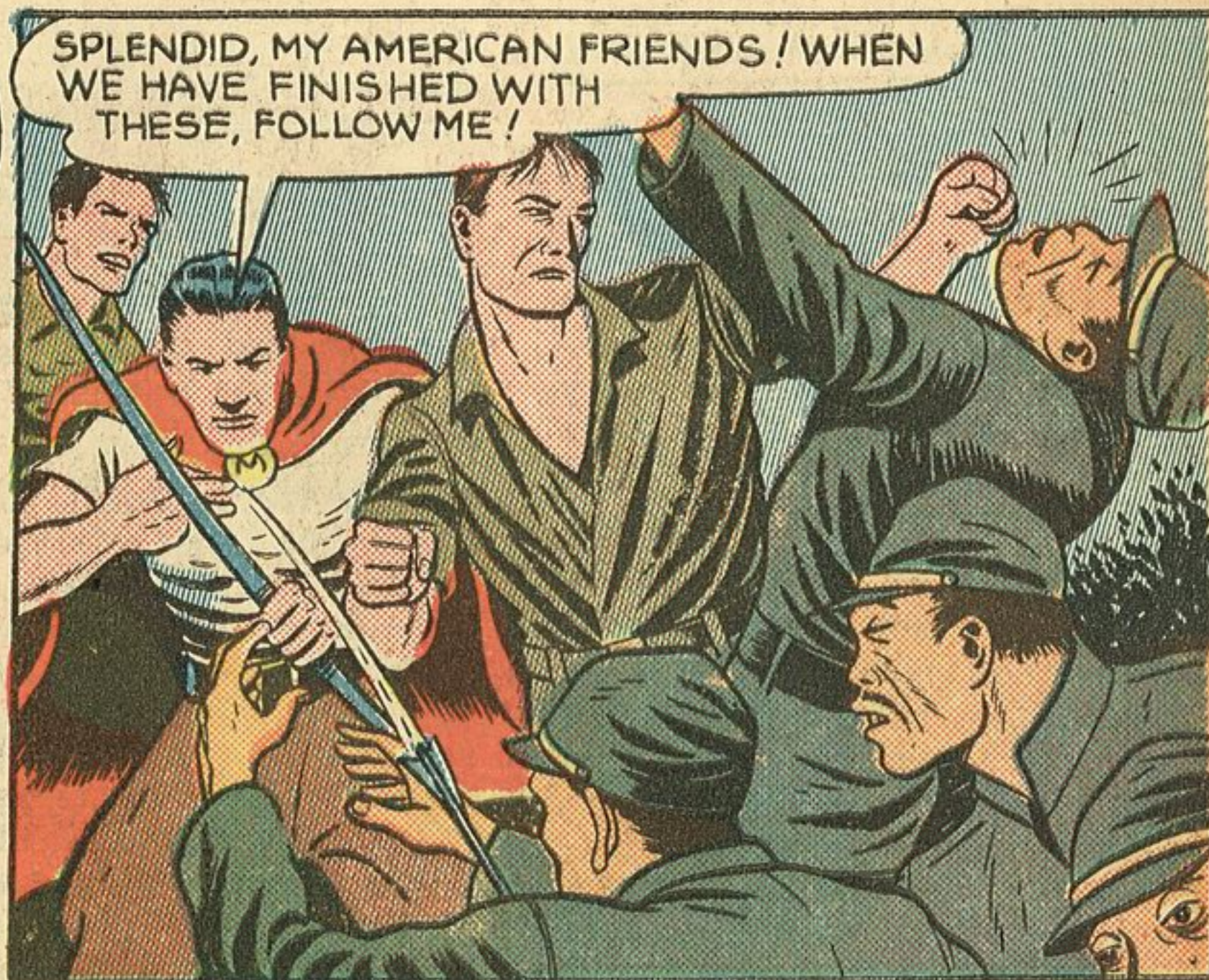


PAYMENT
IN FULL,
COLONEL
SONDRA!

KILL
THAT
MAN!

HEY, FELLERS!
THIS IS OUR
CUE! LET'S
MAKE A BREAK
FOR IT!

-AAAGH!



SPLENDID, MY AMERICAN FRIENDS! WHEN
WE HAVE FINISHED WITH
THESE, FOLLOW ME!



C'MON, BOYS! WE'LL PICK UP A BOAT
DOWN BY THE WATERFRONT!



QUICK, FELLOWS! GRAB
THE BOAT!

WITH THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, THE MARKSMAN PUTS
OUT TO SEA!



IF WE CAN ESCAPE THEIR PATROLS
WE MAY BE PICKED UP BY AN
AMERICAN NAVAL BOAT.

AFTER MANY DESPERATE DAYS AT SEA...



LOOK! ONE OF OUR
DESTROYERS!

THE MEN ARE PICKED UP BY
AN AMERICAN WARSHIP.



WE OWE YOU A GREAT
DEAL ALREADY, MARKSMAN...
BUT WE CERTAINLY WISH YOU'D
STAY IN THIS PART OF THE
WORLD FOR A WHILE AND
HAVE A FEW CRACKS AT
THE YELLOW HALF OF
THE AXIS!

H'MM!
MAYBE I WILL!
MAYBE I
WILL!!

THE MARKSMAN
HELPS HUMANITY IN
ANOTHER STEP TOWARD
FREEDOM IN NEXT MONTH'S
SMASH COMICS!

THE MOLE MEN

PIZARRO'S cruel march across the wild reaches of Peru several centuries ago left not only its mark of the heartless conquerer; it left one of the most weird races of men ever conceived—the Mole Men.

Scientists, who are plainly baffled by these strange human monstrosities, have the Spaniard Pizarro to thank for furnishing them with an ethnological puzzle. Or at least these same scientists agree that the ancient invader caused the unearthly race to begin its almost inconceivable existence.

But really they have Jimmy Christian to thank for the whole thing, because it was he who discovered the race, at the very bottom of the world.

The thing started last summer, when Jimmy, one of our ace explorers and contributors to modern science, headed an expedition into the unknown country of Icanitzu, in the mountains of Peru. There were a Dr. Holt of Smithsonian, Weber Haine of Columbia, and Cliff Horton, photographer for the party. Plus a half hundred native bearers, pack horses, and a ton of equipment.

The reason for the trek was not to discover a lost race, as it were; it was really Dr. Holt's theory that vast veins of a particularly valuable ore existed in the region of Icanitzu—an ore badly needed in the manufacture of certain war materials. However, Jimmy Christian, usually a jump ahead of older scientists in many things, had the idea that the race we have mentioned did exist in the same region. And, although primarily interested in finding the precious ore, Jimmy still wanted like the dickens to find a "lost" race. It meant one's name on a plaque; it meant certain fame, beloved by scientists.

The party left Lima on the night of June 18th, and made rapid progress until they had reached the foothills of the Bar-

anillo Mountains, one of the steepest and most craggy series of mountains in all South America.

They lost a dozen mules and horses on the trip across the range, and one native who had been astride a mule when the catastrophe—a slide—hit part of the outfit. Fourteen days were required to transport the equipment over the ridge, which reached in places 21,000 feet altitude. Several of the men bled at the nose and ears, and Holt was laid up a day with frosted hands. It was cold at that altitude, intensely cold.

"As I figure it," said Dr. Holt, "we are still about a hundred miles from our objective. How long do you think it will take us to get there?"

Jimmy scanned the terrain before them. "Barring accidents," he replied, "we should make it in four or five days. It looks like pretty easy sailing."

"Then let's get on with it," said Holt. "My hands feel okay now."

The next two days went easy. The country was almost flat. They had some trouble crossing a wide river, because there were few trees from which to cut logs to build a raft. But after scouting three hours they rounded up enough material to throw together a fair raft, and got the equipment over in five trips. The horses and mules swam; the men crossed on the raft.

The morning of the third day they ran into difficulties. A swamp lay before them. Not just a marsh, but a terrible, sucking swamp into which men sank to their knees, and the stock fairly scraped their bellies. The swamp was nearly nine miles across, and they spent the next two days getting across it.

But at last they came to a high, windy mesa overlooking a vast valley, and Dr. Holt breathed a sigh of relief.

"There she is, boys! Down

there somewhere is where we are going. But how are we going to get down?"

It looked impossible. Sheer cliffs rose under them a thousand feet, almost straight, and it looked the same on either hand for many miles. Holt sent two men out, one in each direction from the central point where they had halted. One of them returned in less than an hour.

"A regular stairway about two miles from here," he explained. "Steps cut right out of the solid rock, and leading down into the valley."

"A stairway!" someone gasped. "But who built it?"

Jimmy felt a wave of exultation sweep over him. Maybe the stairway had been cut by his tribe of lost people! He had told Dr. Holt of his hopes to run down the race.

"Maybe you've got something there, son," smiled Holt.

The steps were indeed cut out of the solid rock, and they had little trouble getting everything down. One of the mules stumbled and fell, but regained its feet before crashing into the stock going down below.

According to Dr. Holt's maps, they had reached their destination. What was more important—and unbelievable—was the fact that there were signs of human activities everywhere. Someone had been here before and with crude instruments dug great holes into the cliffs. Hieroglyphics and pictographs decorated several portions of the stone cliffs.

"But who were they?" demanded Dr. Holt in a puzzled manner. "No one has ever heard of a race inhabiting this region. Certainly Pizarro never got in here—"

Again Jimmy Christian smiled to himself. Everything was pointing to success so far as he was concerned about the lost

race. He hoped things worked out as well with the ore.

They did not even have to search for the ore veins; they were evident in many places. Dr. Holt was in his element. But so too was Jimmy. The work of human beings was also evident in many places. Dr. Holt set to work testing the ore and was further rewarded by finding that it was of the finest quality.

"Why, there's enough here to supply all the Allied Nations!" he exulted. "And I believe a plane can land down here, with some little clearing of brush and shrubs."

It looked that way, too. Most of the great valley was quite level, dotted with stunted trees and various growths. The ore could easily be flown out.

Toward the end of the first day, they discovered the entrance to a cave or tunnel not far from where they had made camp. It turned out to be a tunnel and it stretched far back into the side of the mountain.

"Better not try to explore it tonight," someone suggested.

The others agreed that it would be best to wait for daylight.

Next morning, Jimmy set off through the tunnel with Dr. Holt, Weber Haine and Cliff Horton, the latter carrying his camera equipment.

"Never can tell," he grinned. "Maybe some of Jimmy's 'Lost People' will jump out at us and I'd sure hate to miss a good shot."

Haine said, "The only shot I want is with this." He patted the holster concealing his .45 automatic.

The tunnel turned and twisted for miles through the mountain, always going downward at a gentle slope. After two hours the slope increased. By noon the angle was so steep that they almost had to slide to keep from falling.

"Where the heck are we going anyhow?" Haine wanted to know. "This is getting a bit irksome."

"But aren't you interested, Weber?" Jimmy asked him. "This tunnel was built by man!"

There was no question about that; it was man-made, all right, and a good job of tunneling too.

Suddenly they came out in a vast amphitheatre where a semi-gloom revealed objects to some extent. The ceiling was so high that they could not see it. Great stalagmites hung down hundreds of feet, and their torches made weird light refractions in many beautiful colors.

They were admiring the beauty of the scene when a sudden noise startled them. They whirled around. A gasp burst from Dr. Holt.

"Great Heaven! What are they?"

A score of strange man-beasts had appeared as if by magic not fifty feet away. They were huge creatures, with broad shoulders and arms that hung almost to the floor. Star-like growths protruded from their heads. They were making guttural sounds.

Jimmy flashed his light into their faces, ordering that no shots be fired unless they were attacked. The light didn't seem to bother the creatures. They began a slow advance, lurching along like giant apes. When they were within fifteen feet, Jimmy noticed that they had no eyes. Huge gashes for mouths, broad ears and a wide nose, all set against a face that was bestial. But they were stone blind!

Jimmy motioned for his party to retreat quietly. But the creatures heard them. With wild screams they rushed straight ahead.

"Don't shoot!" Jimmy cautioned. "Run!"

They ran, stumbling through the semi-darkness, their weird pursuers gaining on them, and all gibbering like apes. They were fortunate that there was only one way out of the amphitheatre; had there been offshoots, it is hard telling where they might have ended. But after a long chase, they saw ahead a circle of light. They had reached the upper world once more.

Would the Mole Men follow them outside?

They didn't have long to ponder the question. Sounds of pursuit came to them, and after a

moment the score or more of blind creatures burst into view. They came on, seeming to find their way by some telepathic means. When the first ones came into the open, they halted and a heavy silence fell upon them. Dr. Holt shouted to them in the Inca dialect, but nothing happened. Were they deaf also? Did they communicate by means of thought transmigration?

We must leave the story of the Mole Men unfinished at this point. Jimmy Christian promises to root up the origin of this race very soon. And we know that there is a thrilling adventure in store, because we can tell you right now that the Mole Men are startling products of Nature and Jimmy ran into some hair-raising experiences while in their country.

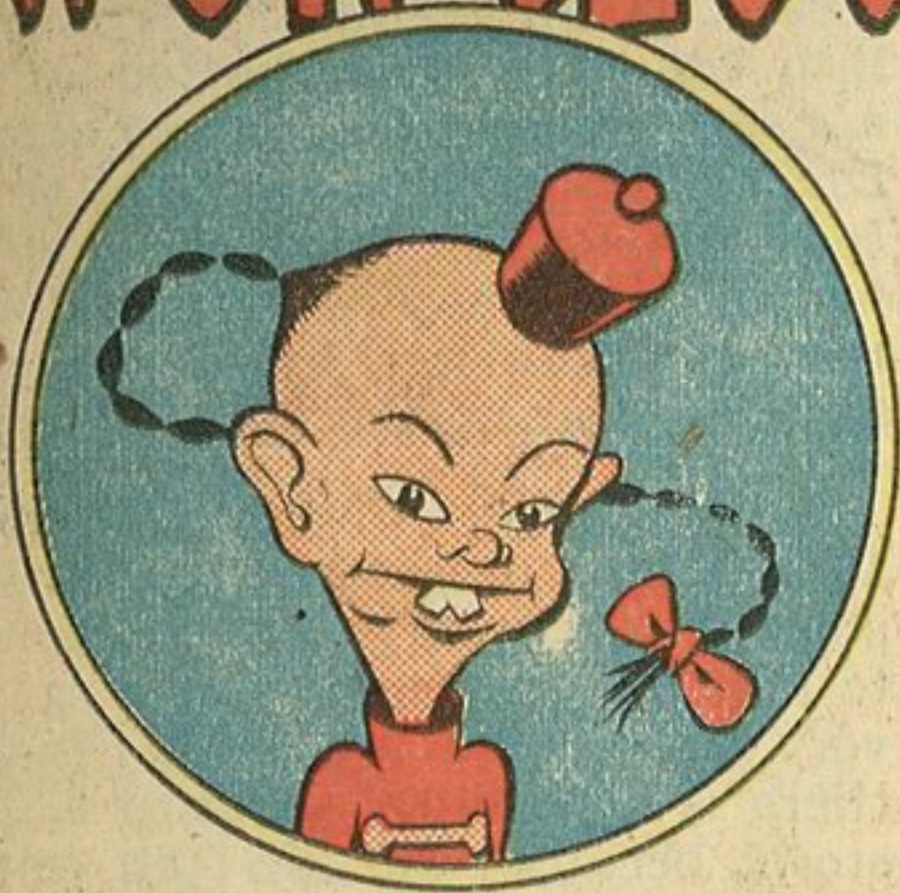
The only thing science knows at this writing about the strange race is that they are descendants of the Incas, thousands of which Pizarro slew in his conquest of Peru. Those who escaped fled to remote parts of the country, underground. Their offspring, generation after generation, were afraid to venture forth to see if the Spaniard was still in power. Many children were born, and the years spent underground brought on universal blindness, such as occurs in fish and animals when kept in the darkness a long time.

Jimmy has an idea to bring several of these people above ground and try to teach them English, in order to learn something of their history, which must go back some 400 years. Science is also interested in learning whether any future offspring (if there are Mole Women) born above ground will come into the world sightless or have normal vision.

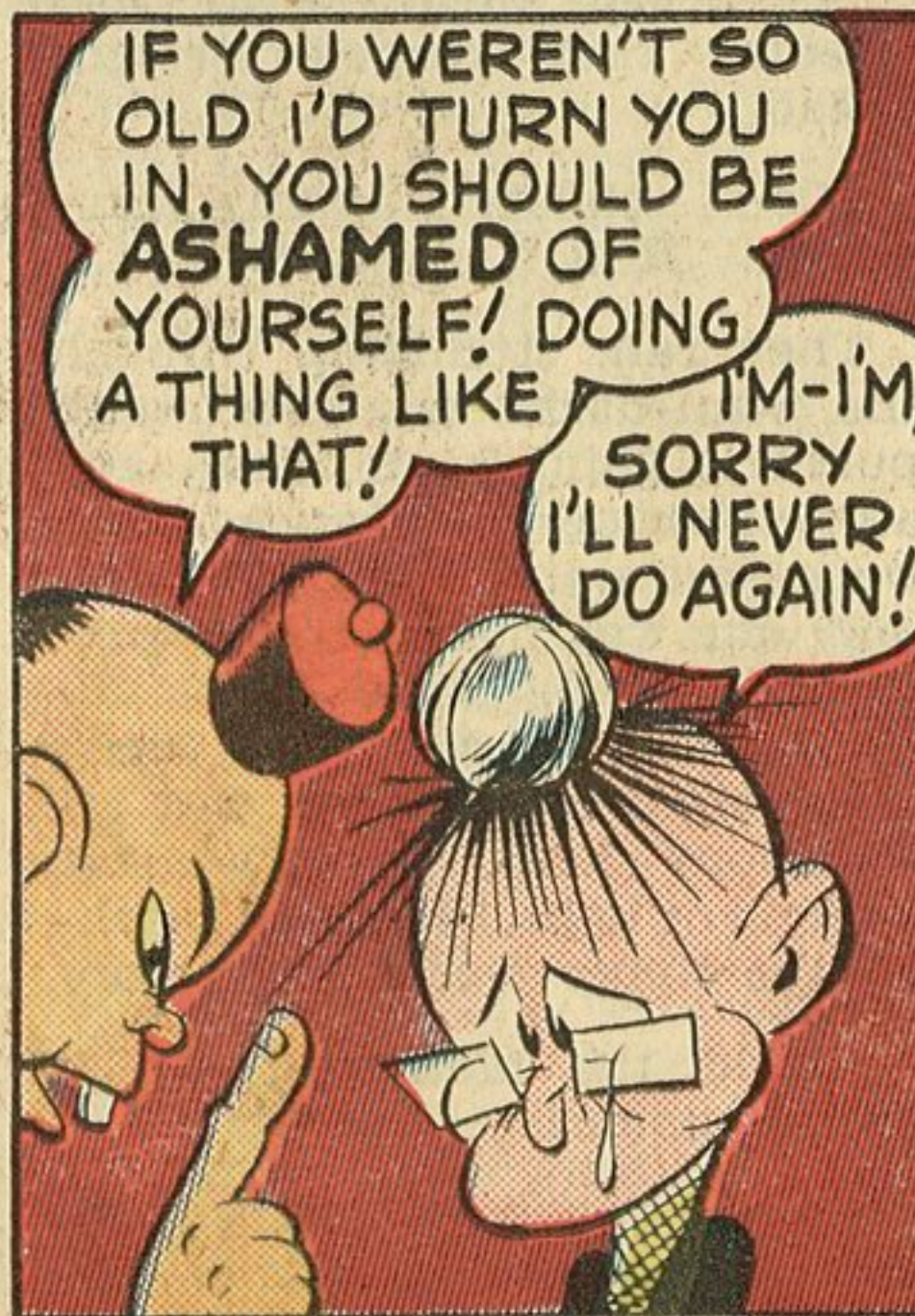
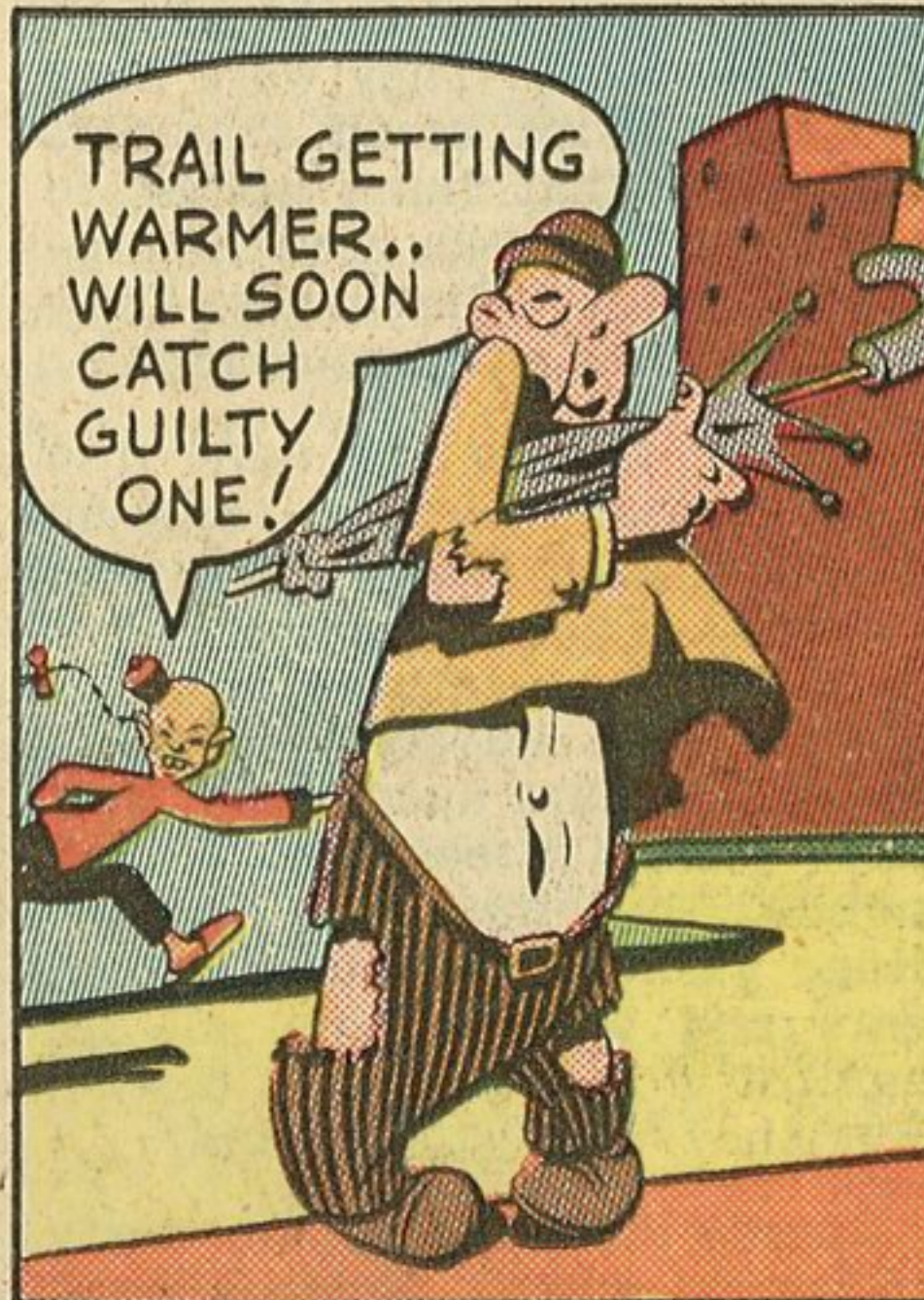
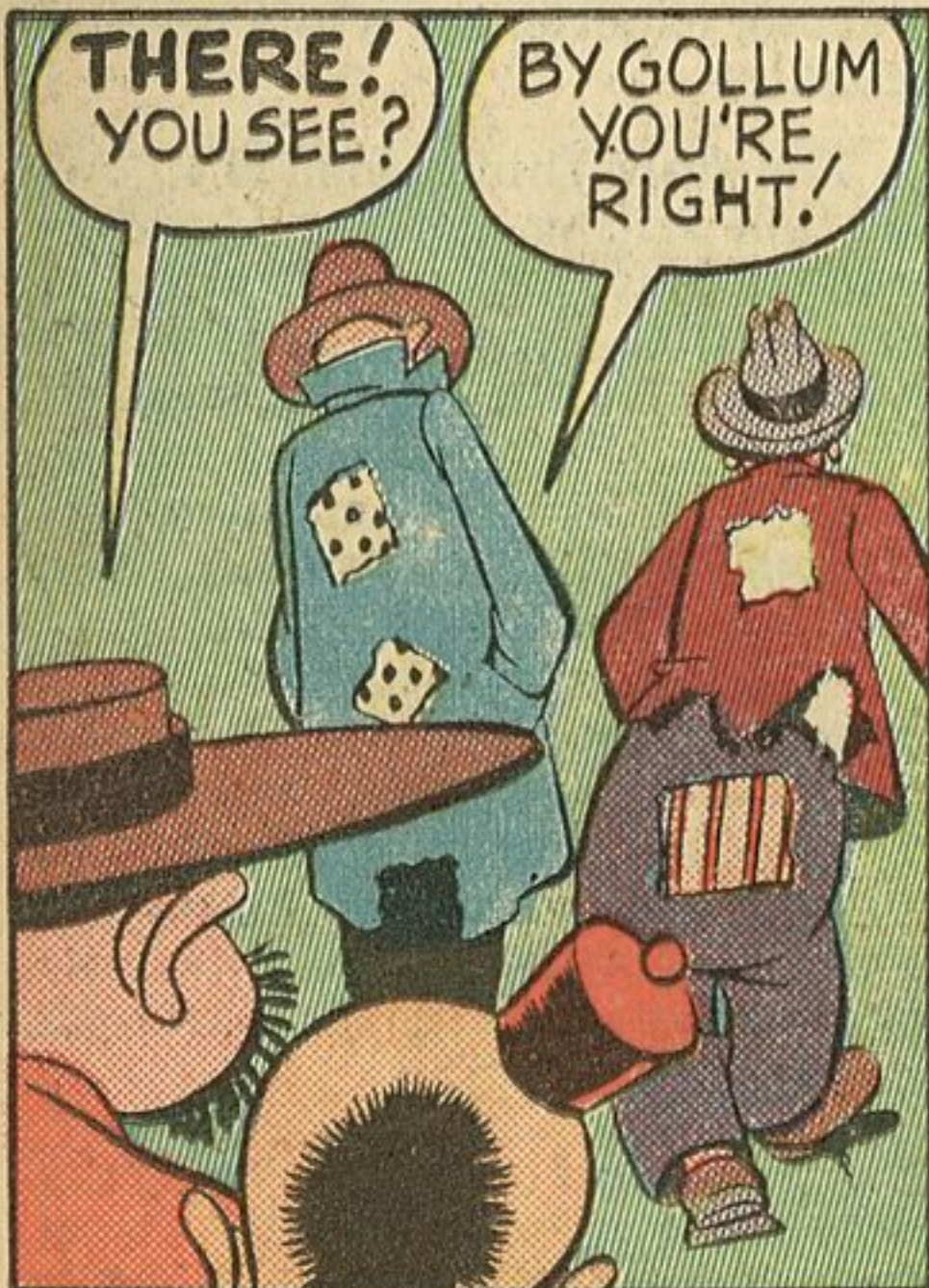
The outcome of this thrilling discovery you will read very soon, because Jimmy Christian never lets anything rest for long.

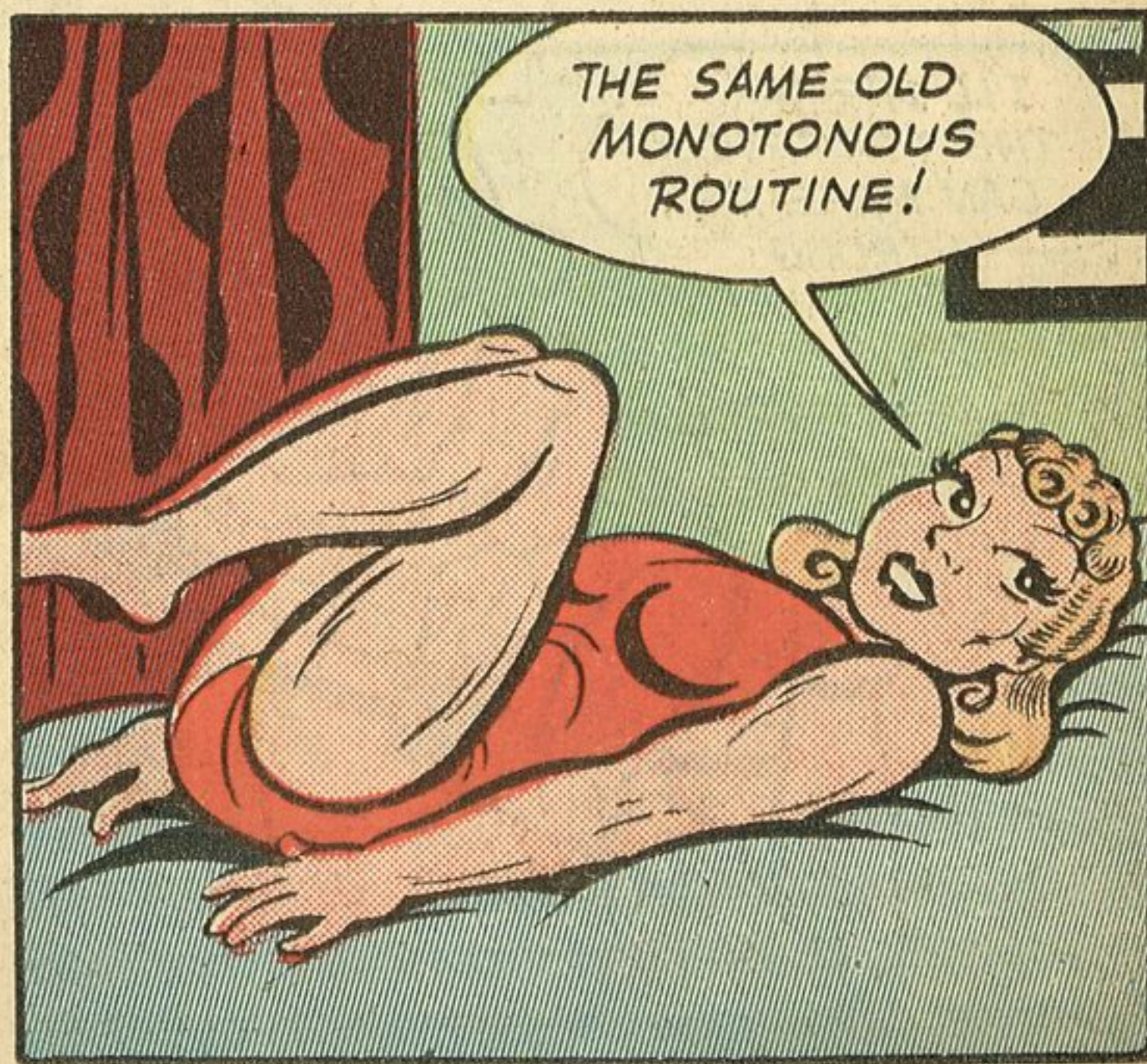
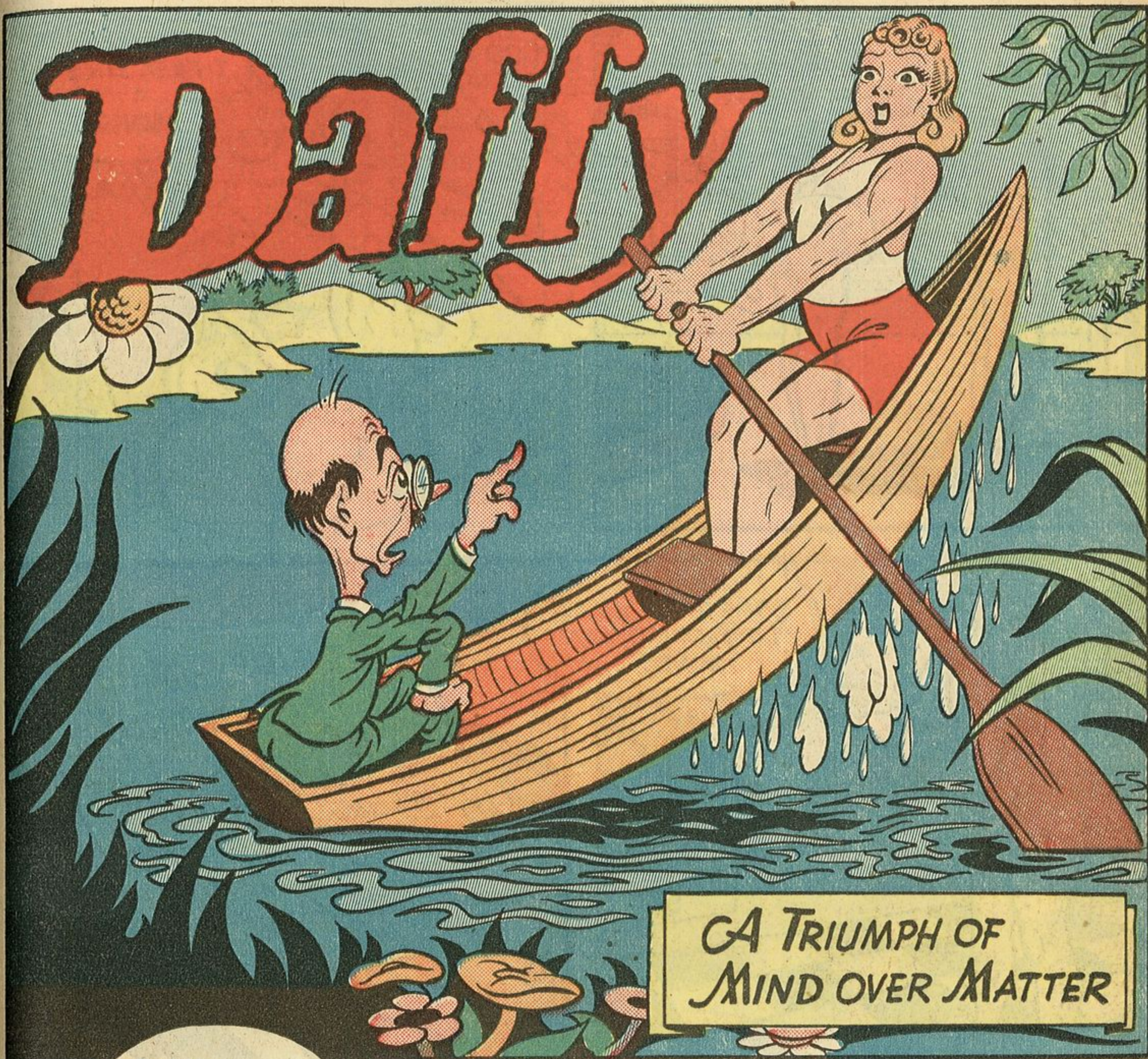
Needless to say, Dr. Holt's discovery of the precious ore was acclaimed by all the Allied Nations and right at this moment heavy freighter planes are bringing the valuable metal from the country of the Mole Men, and it is converted into materials to beat the Nazis and Nips.

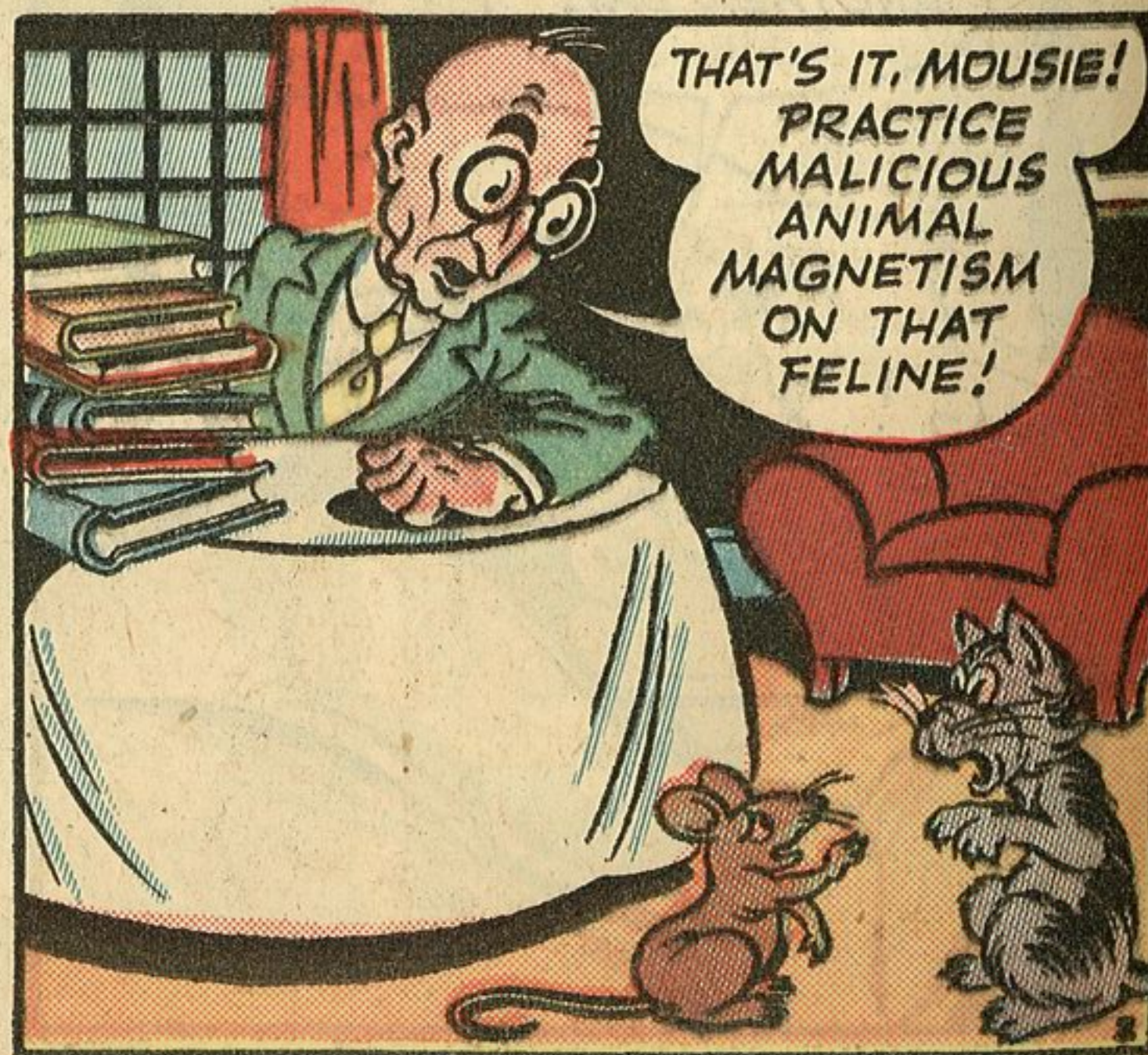
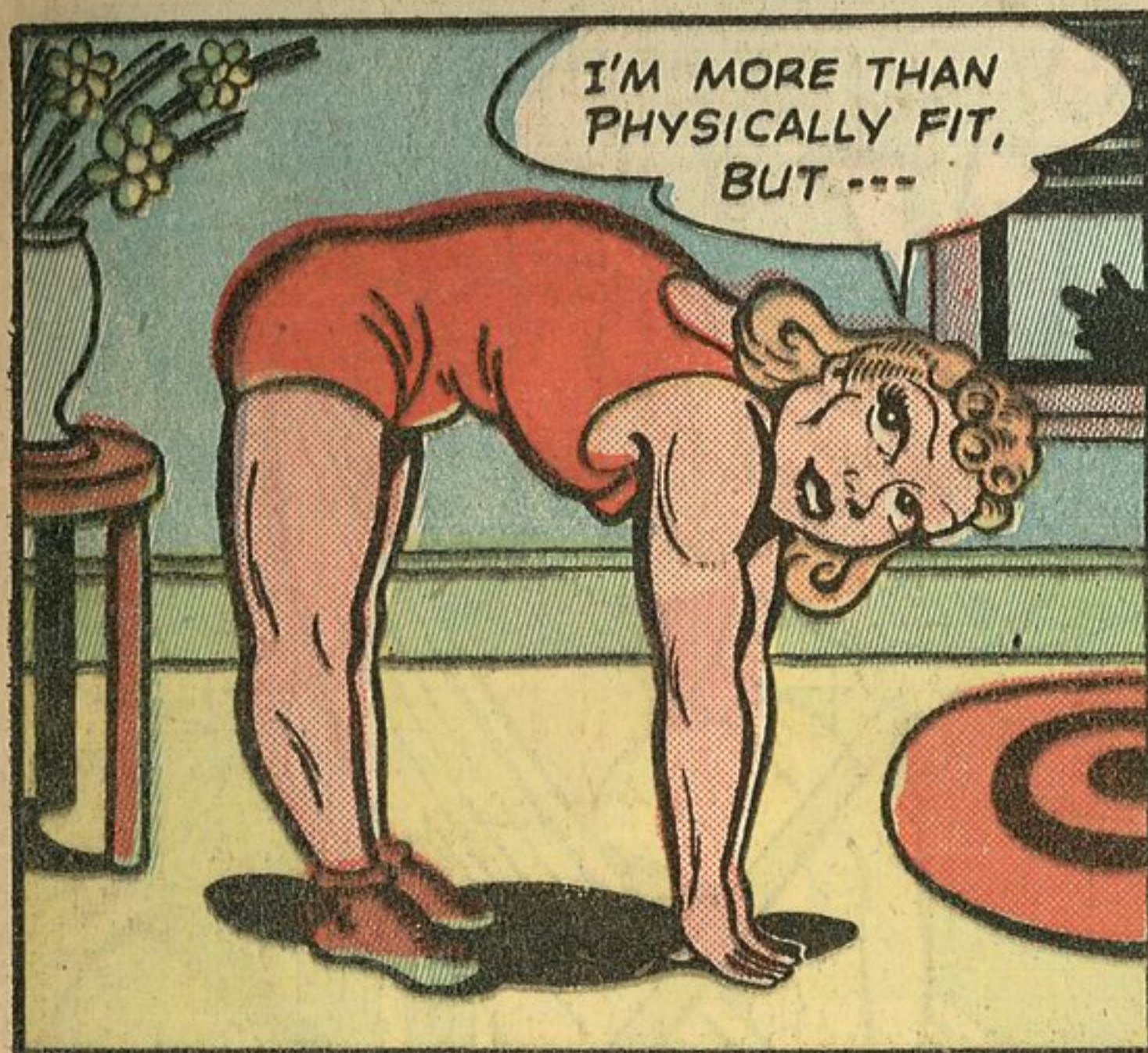
WUN CLOO



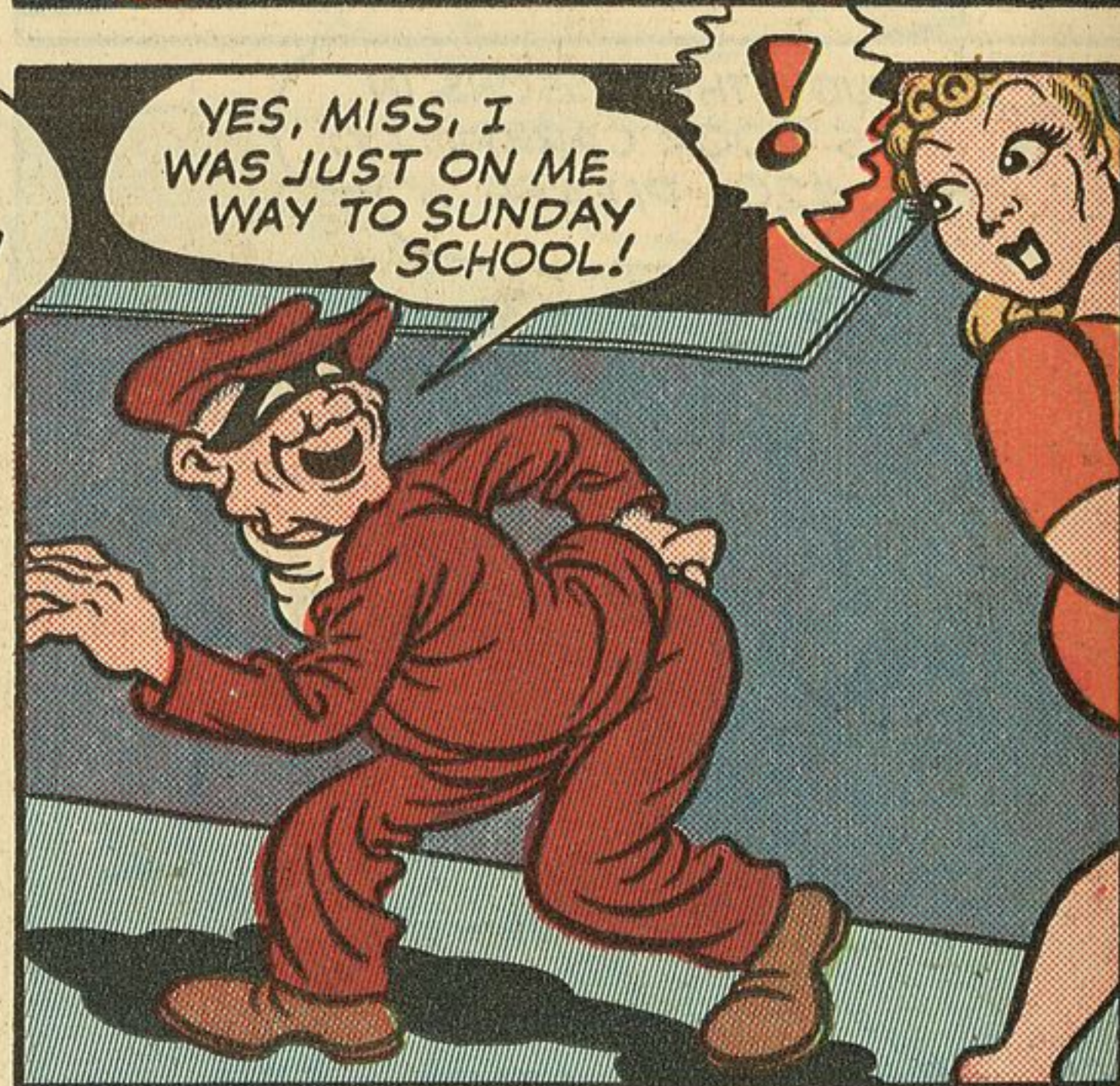
The DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE



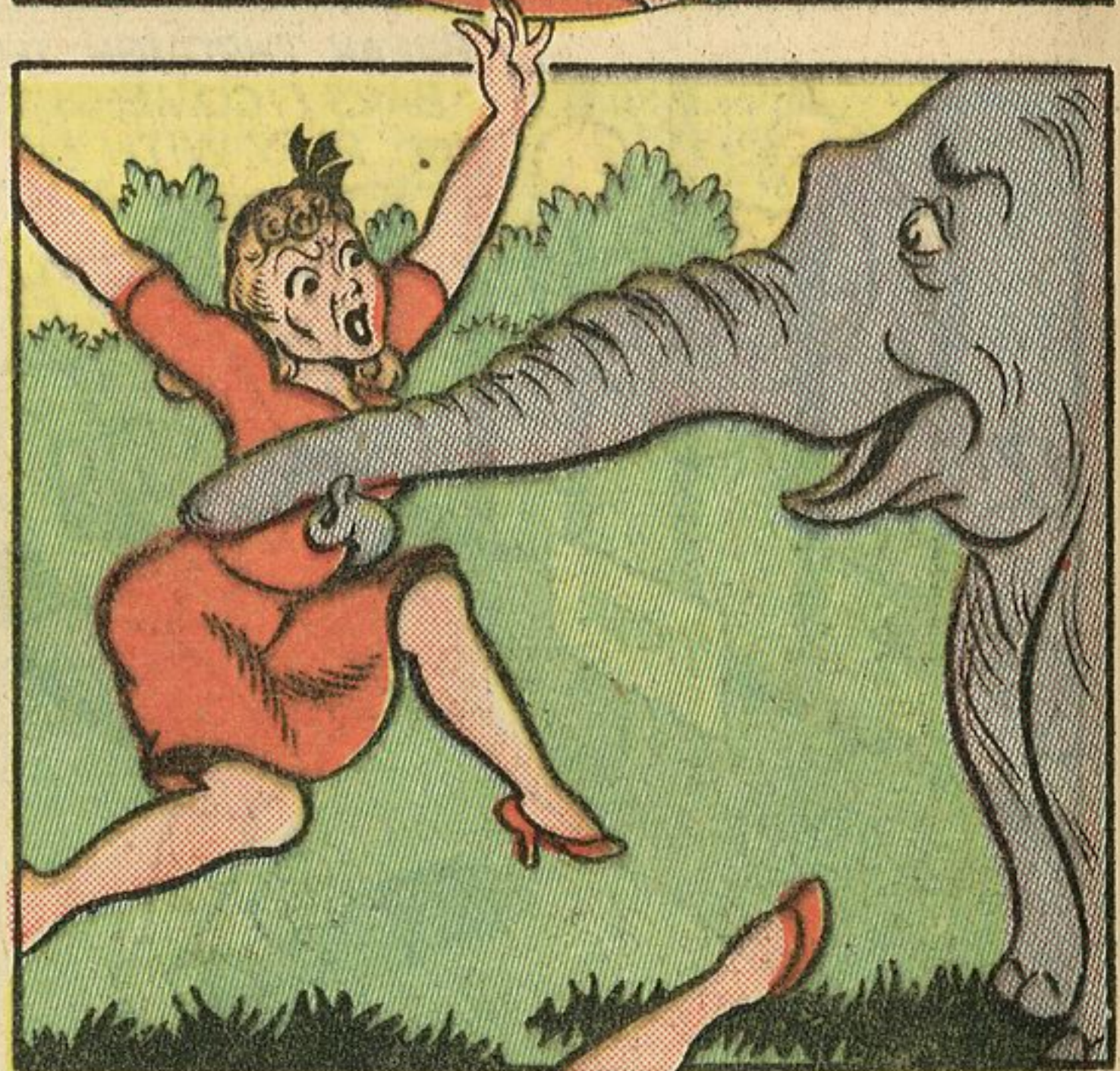


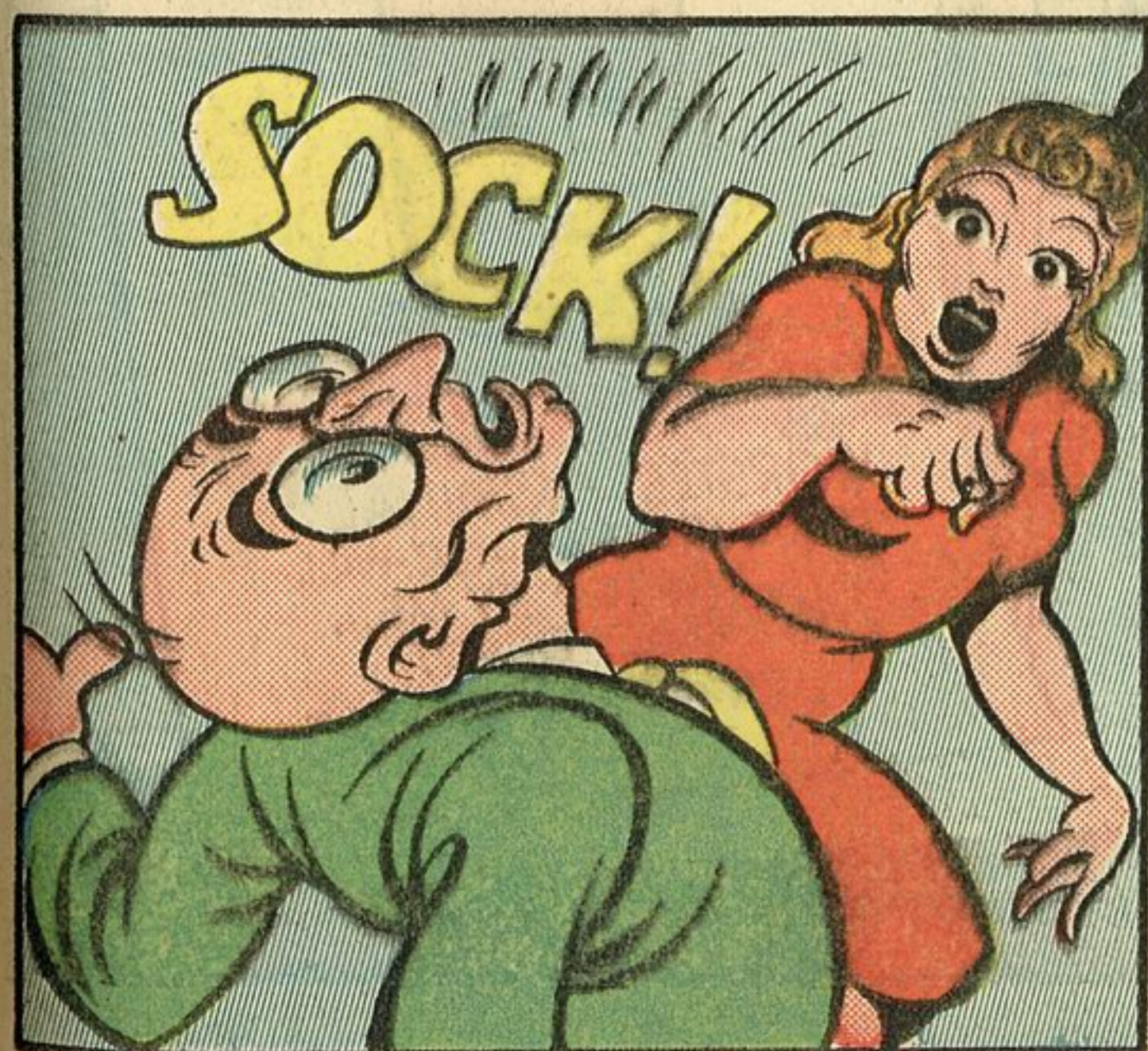
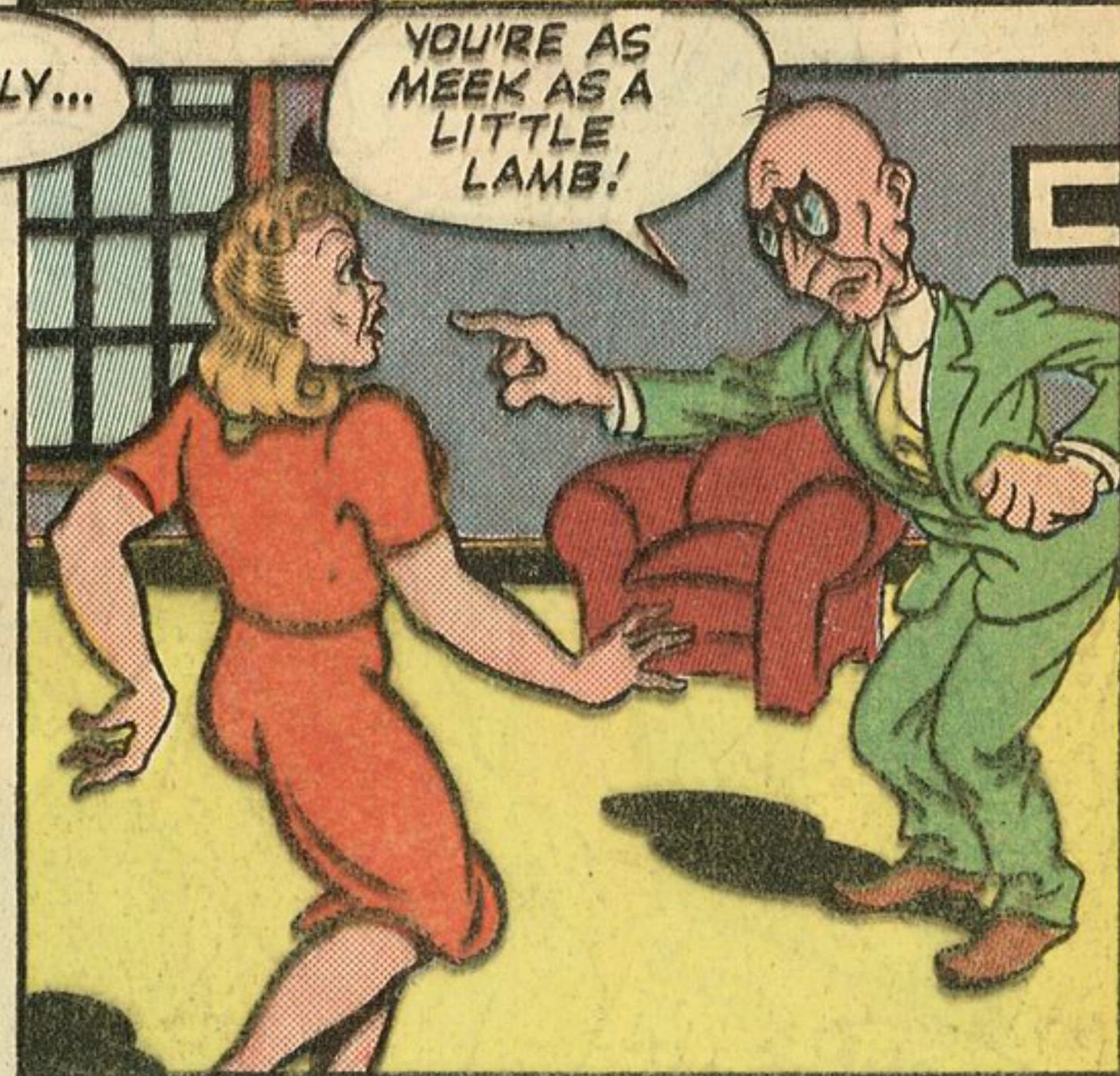
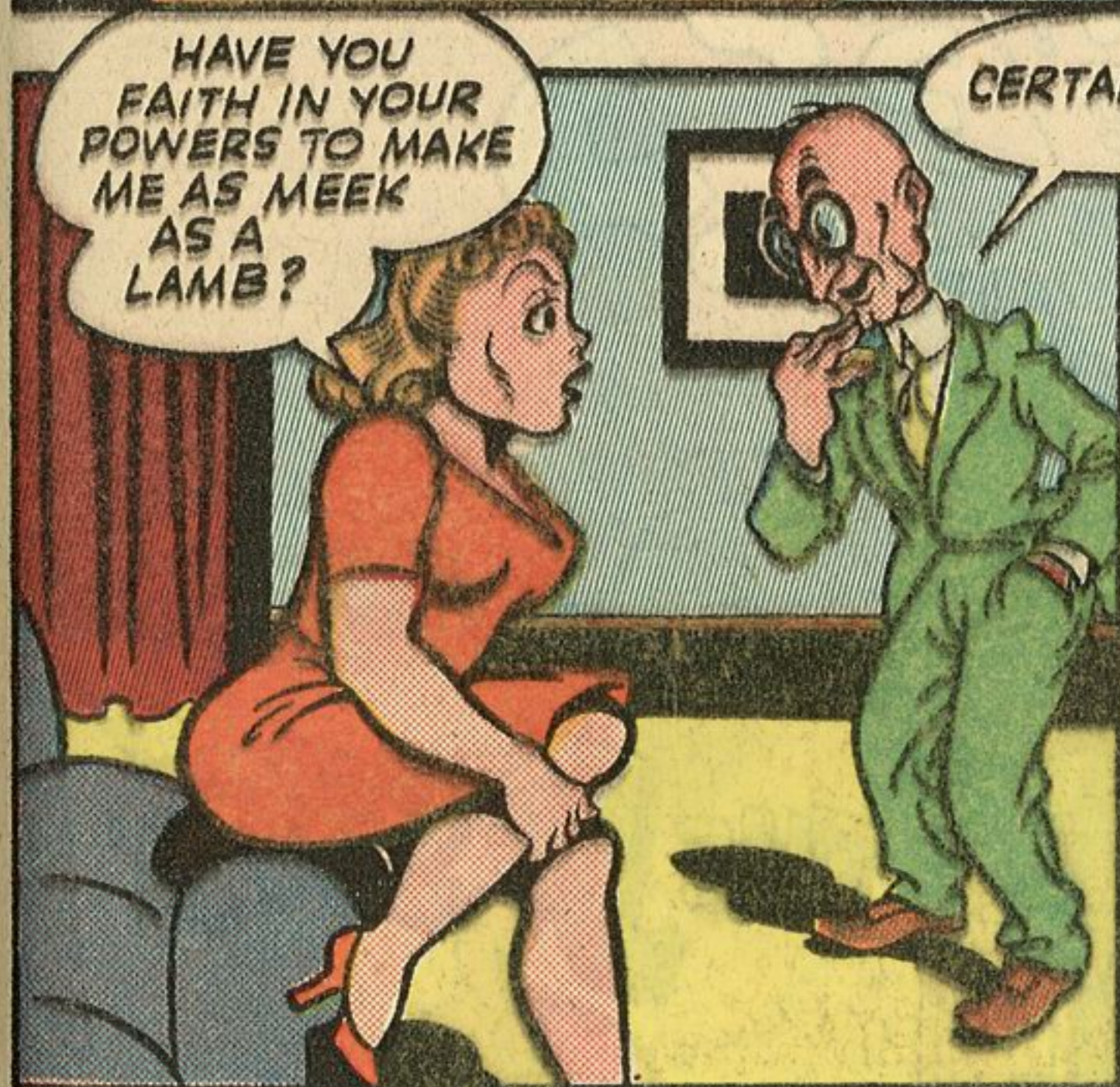






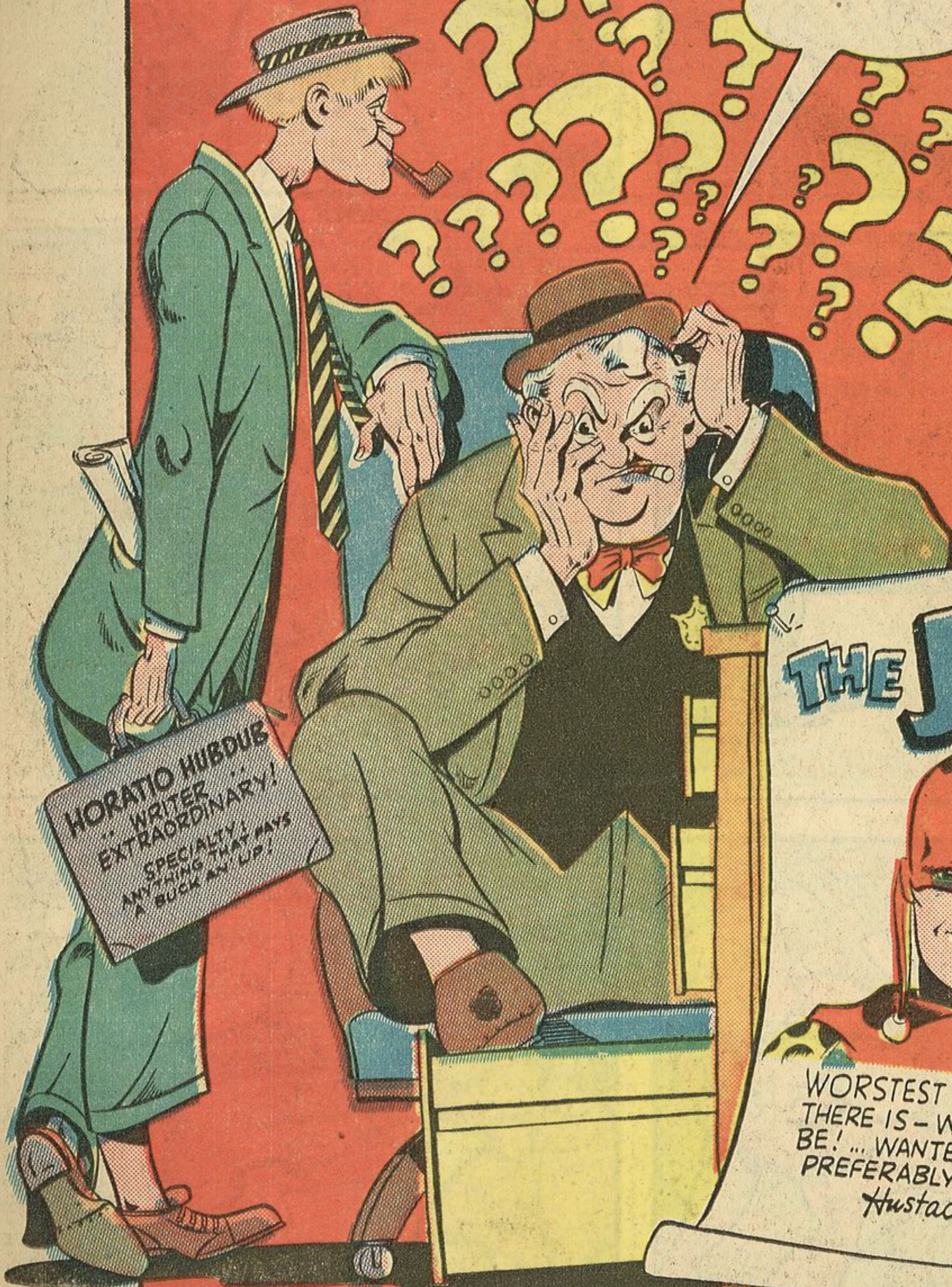
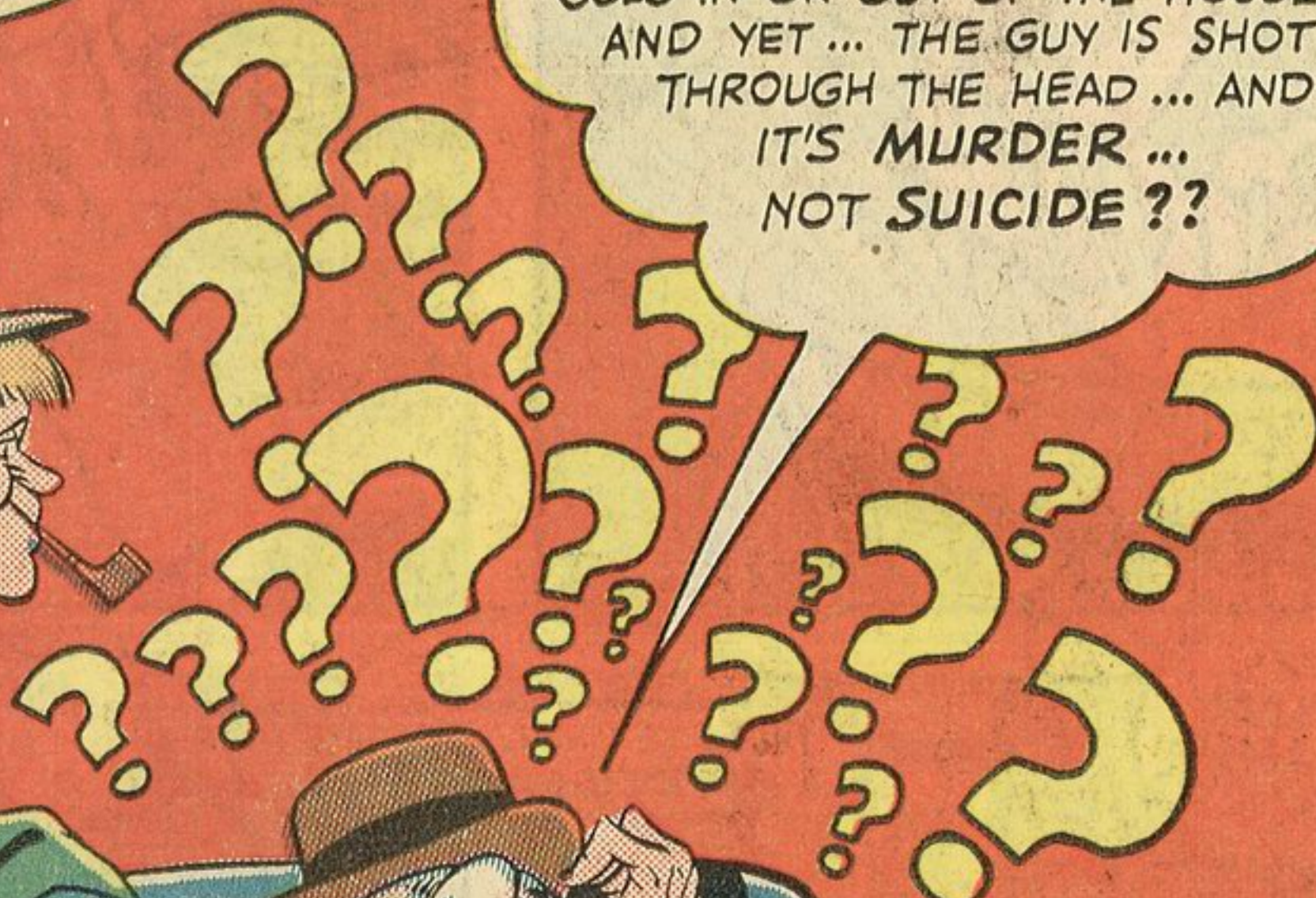






WELL ... MISTER
McGINTY... WHAT DO
YOU THINK OF TH' MURDER
FOR MY STORY? CAN
YOU SOLVE IT? ...

A GUY IS IN A ONE-ROOM
HOUSE, ALONE ... NO WINDOWS...
THE DOOR IS LOCKED ... THERE
ARE GUARDS ALL AROUND ... NOBODY
GOES IN OR OUT OF THE HOUSE...
AND YET ... THE GUY IS SHOT
THROUGH THE HEAD ... AND
IT'S MURDER ...
NOT SUICIDE ??



HORATIO HUBDUB
... WRITER
EXTRAORDINARY!
SPECIALTY:
ANYTHING THAT PAYS
A BUCK AN' UP!

THE JESTER



WORSTEST CRIMINAL
THERE IS - WAS - OR WILL
BE! ... WANTED BY ME ...
PREFERABLY DEAD!

Hustace McGinty



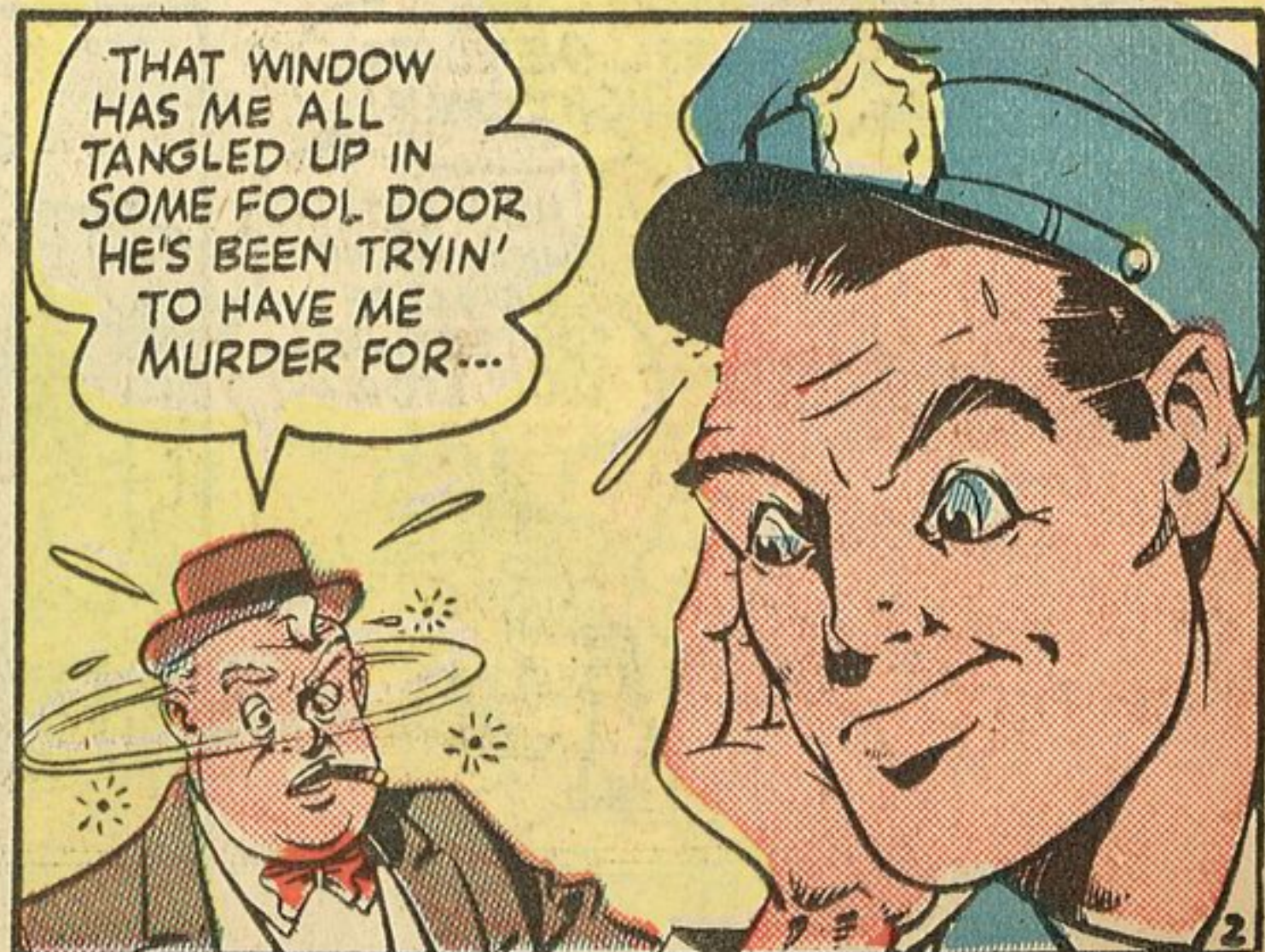
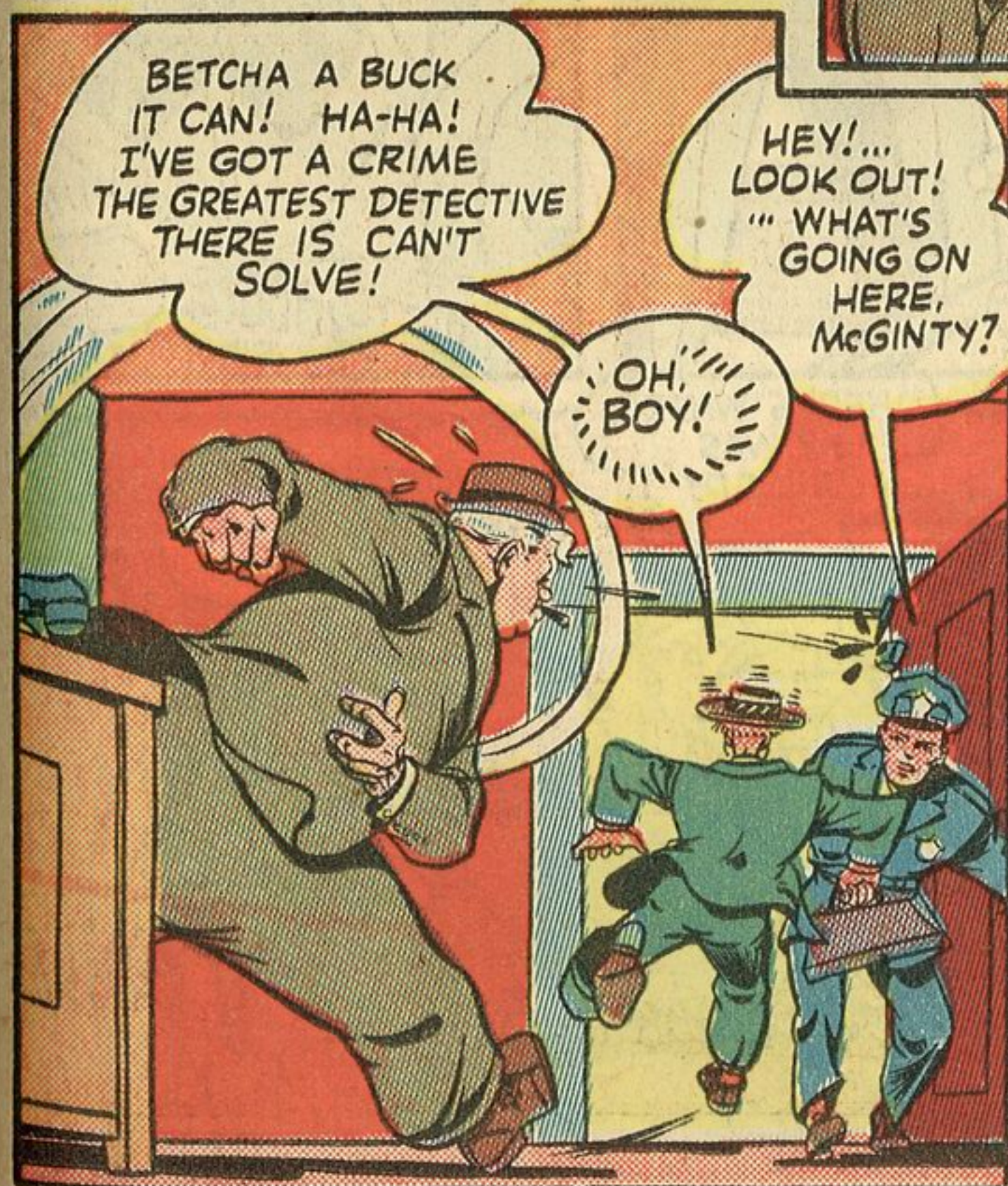


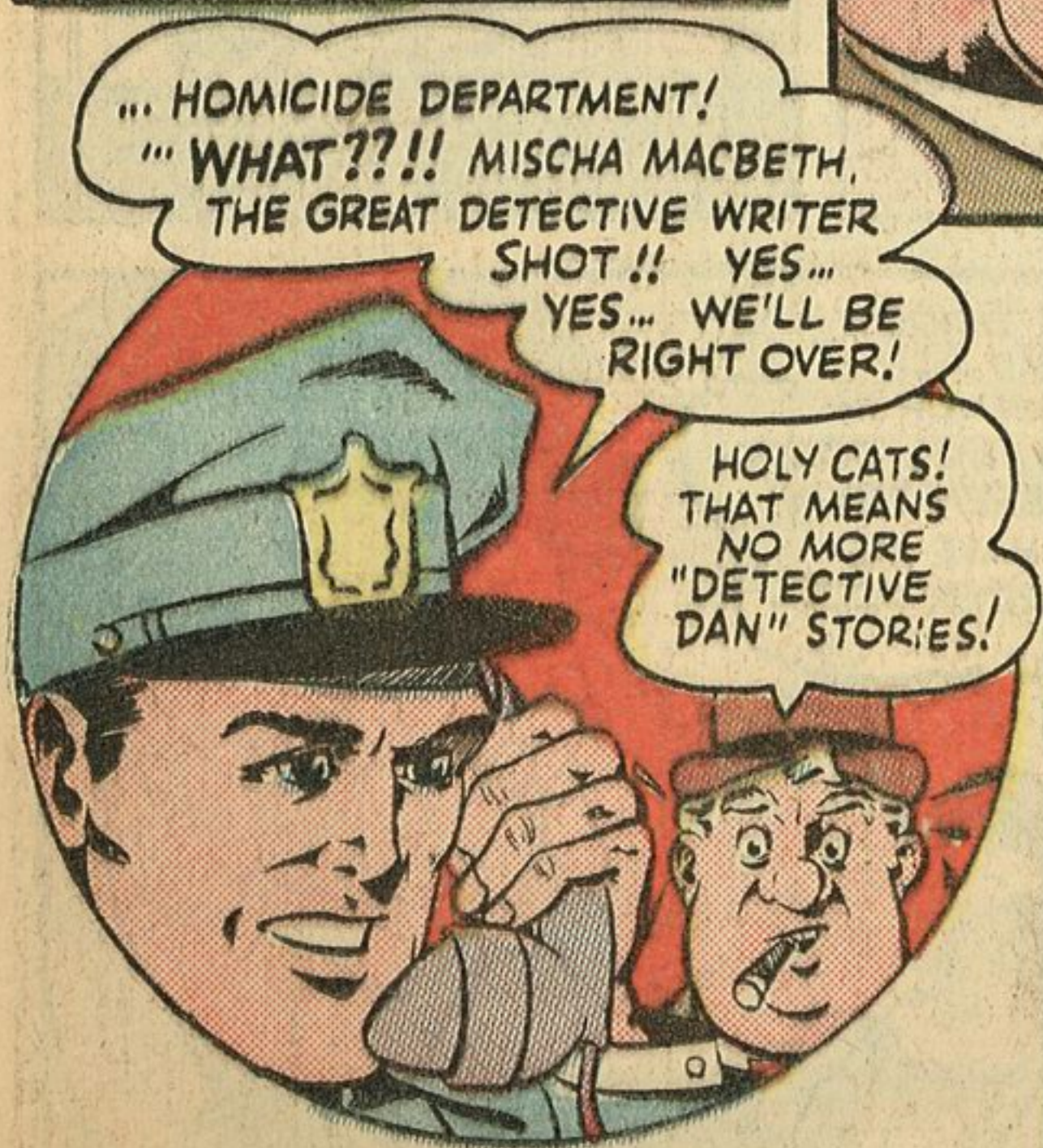
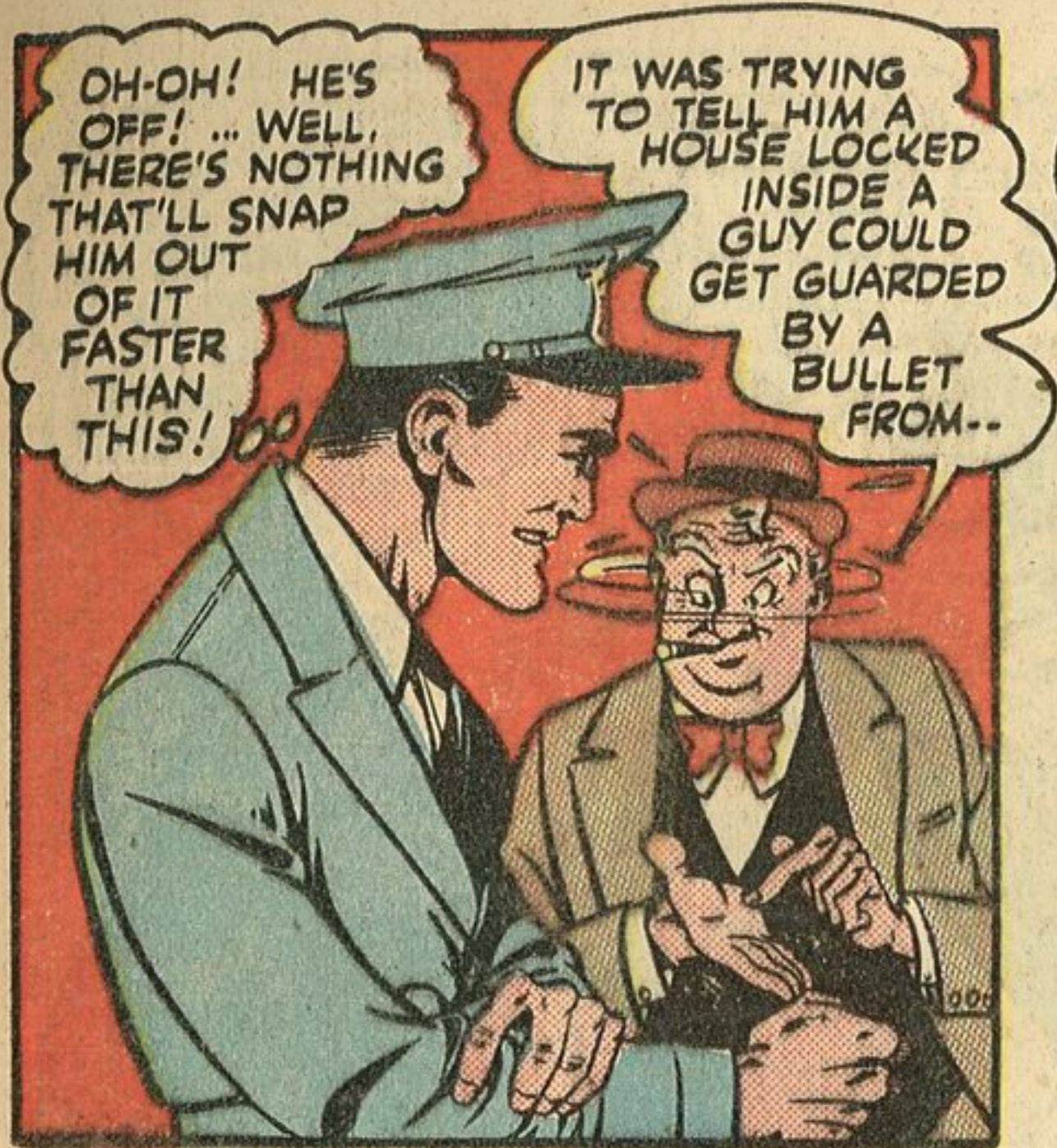
AFTER A RATTLING FIVE HOURS OF THINKING ...

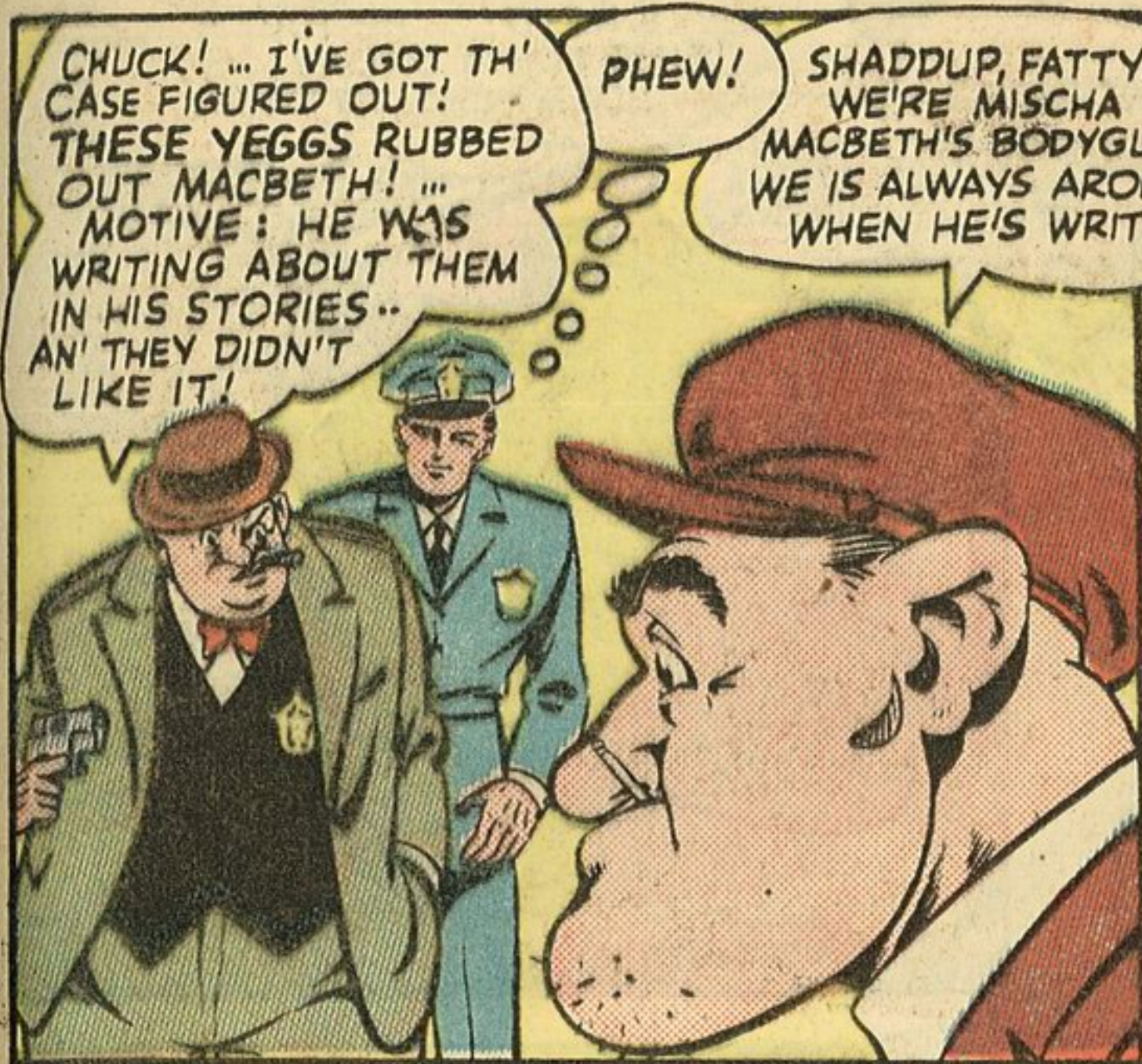
TH' HOUSE MUSTA COMMITTED SEWER PIPES 'CAUSE TH' WINDOW WASN'T THERE ...

... HIC ... NO ... TH' DOOR ...

GIT OUTTA HERE!
THAT @%#! MURDER
OF YOURS CAN'T
HAPPEN! ... IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



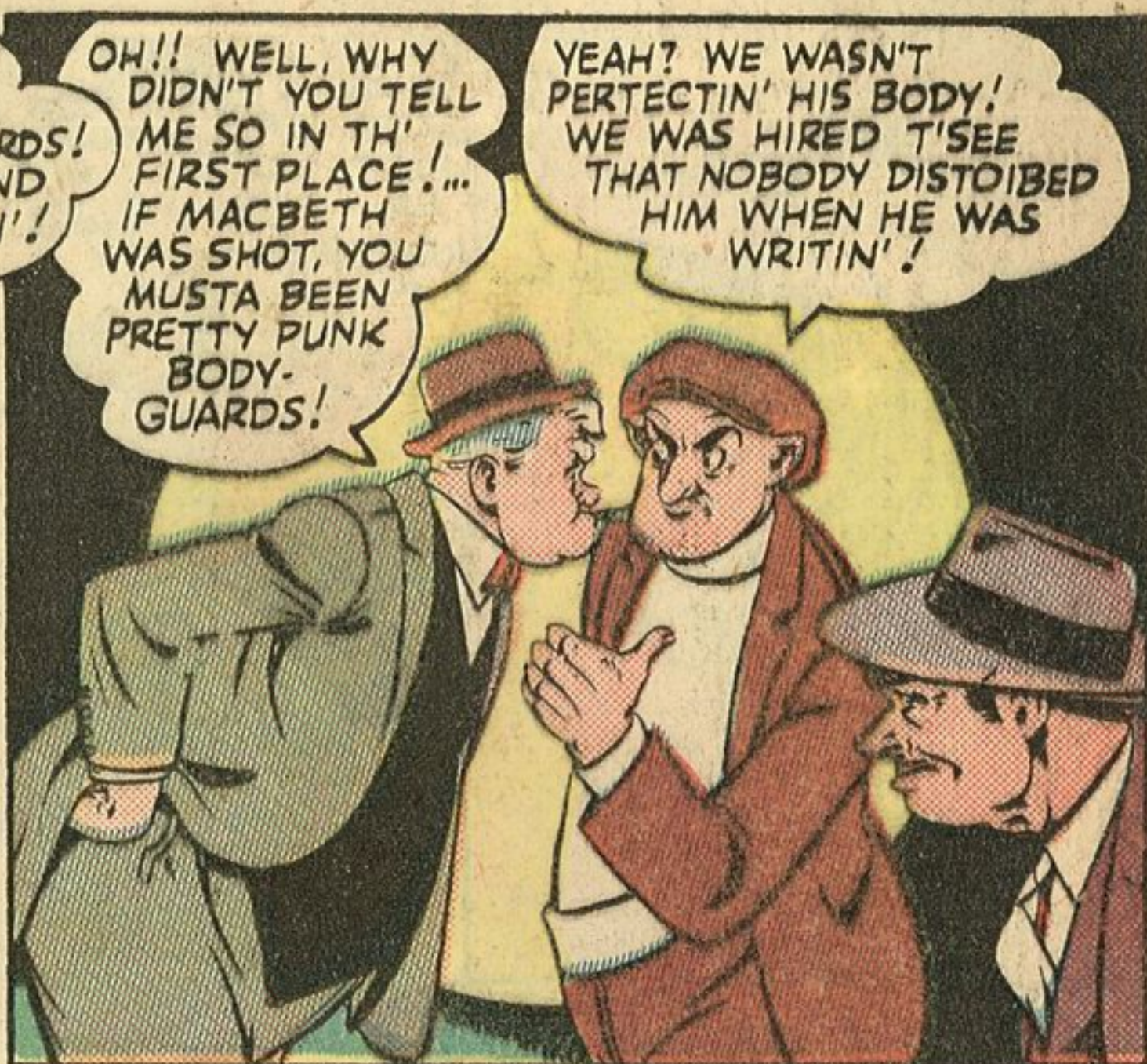




CHUCK! ... I'VE GOT TH' CASE FIGURED OUT! THESE YEGGS RUBBED OUT MACBETH! ... MOTIVE: HE WAS WRITING ABOUT THEM IN HIS STORIES... AN' THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT!

PHEW!

SHADDUP, FATTY! WE'RE MISCHA MACBETH'S BODYGUARDS! WE IS ALWAYS AROUND WHEN HE'S WRITIN'!

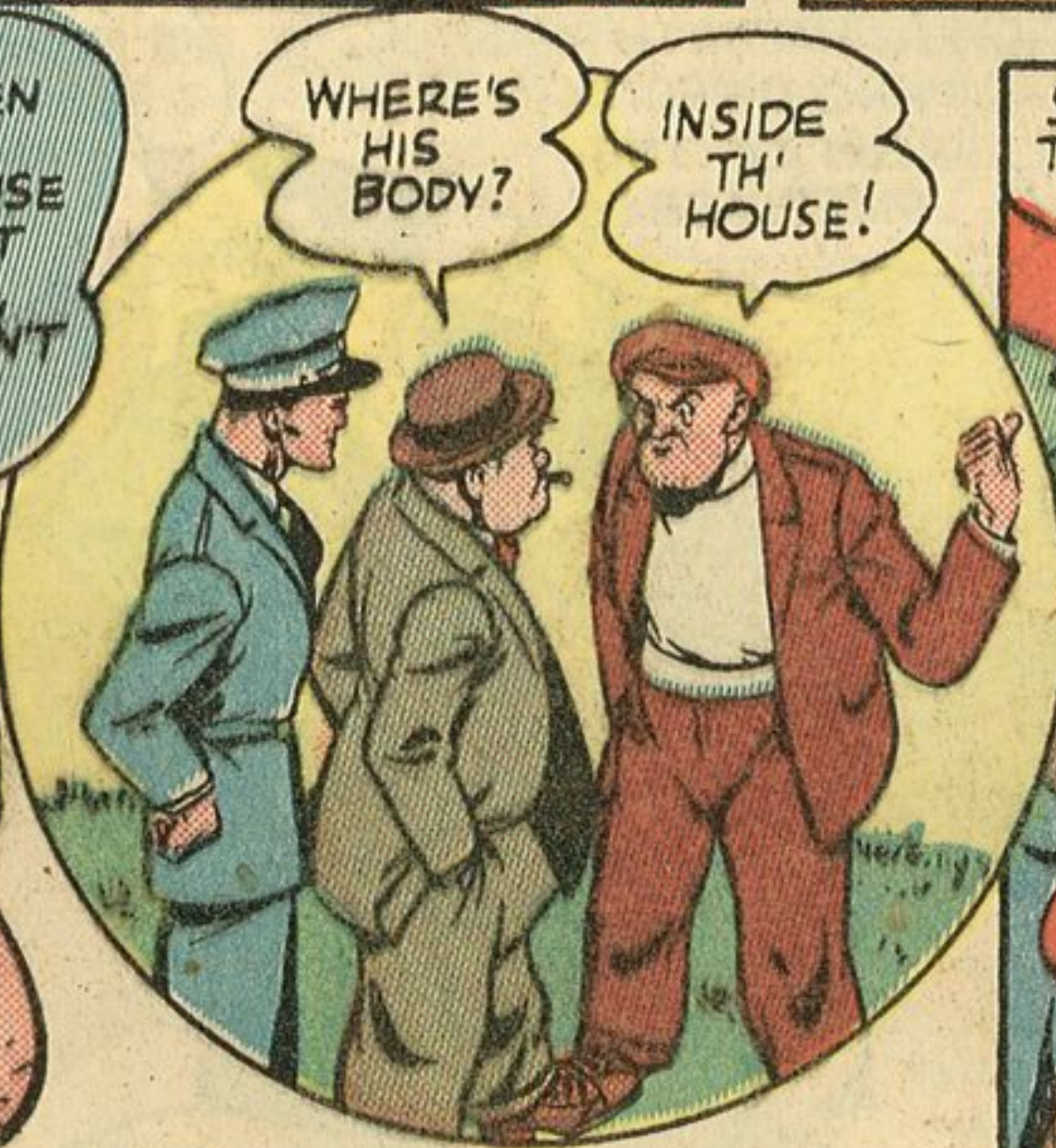


OH!! WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME SO IN TH' FIRST PLACE! ... IF MACBETH WAS SHOT, YOU MUSTA BEEN PRETTY PUNK BODY-GUARDS!

YEAH? WE WASN'T PERFECTIN' HIS BODY! WE WAS HIRED T'SEE THAT NOBODY DISTOIBED HIM WHEN HE WAS WRITIN'!



HE WANTED QUIET WHEN HE WOIKED! ... DAT'S WHY HE BUILT DIS HOUSE WIT' WALLS TWO FEET THICK -- NO WINDOWS, AN' A DOOR Y'COULDN'T BUST OPEN WIT' A TEN-TON TRUCK!



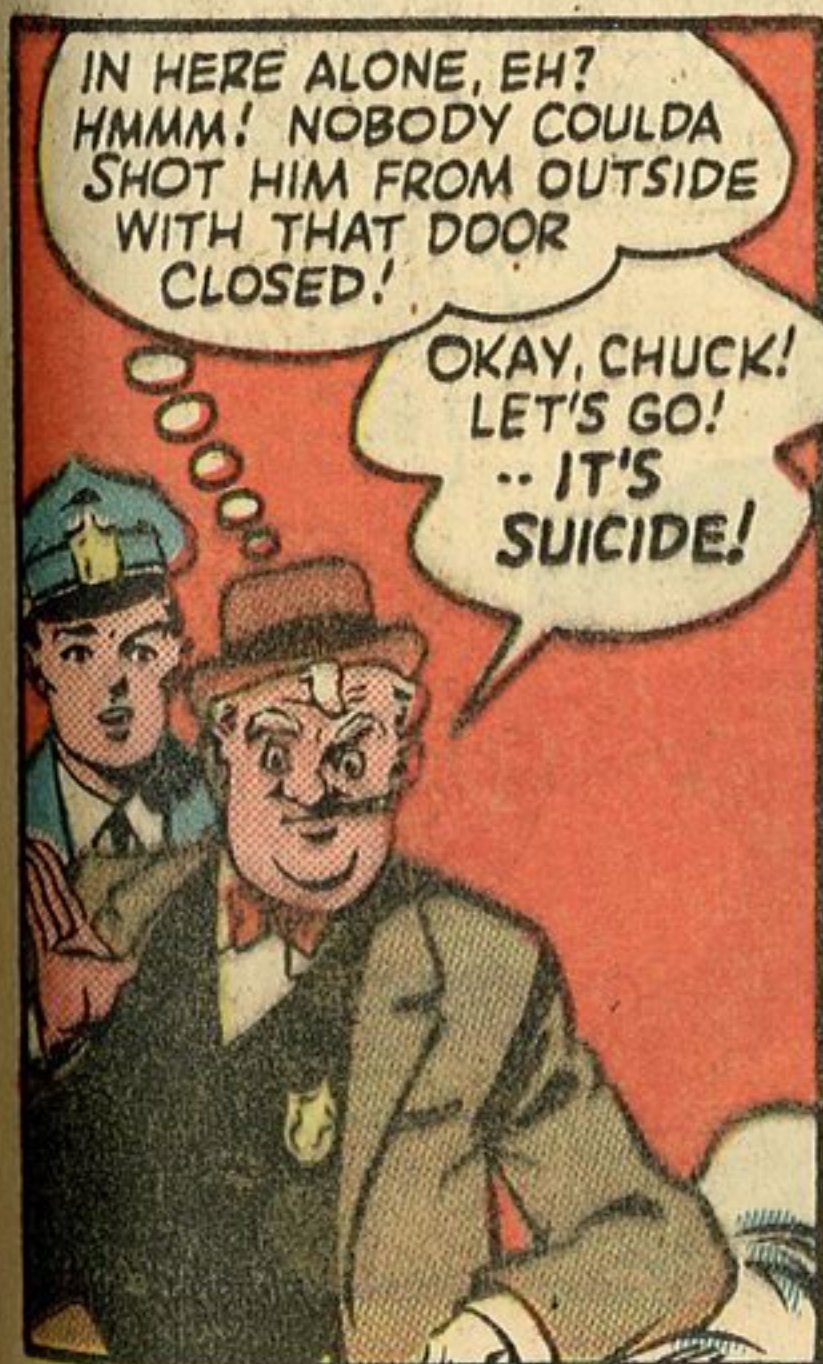
WHERE'S HIS BODY?

INSIDE TH' HOUSE!



SHOT THROUGH TH' HEAD! ANYBODY SEE IT HAPPEN!

NOPE! HE WAS INSIDE HERE ALONE! WE DIDN'T EVEN HEAR A SHOT!



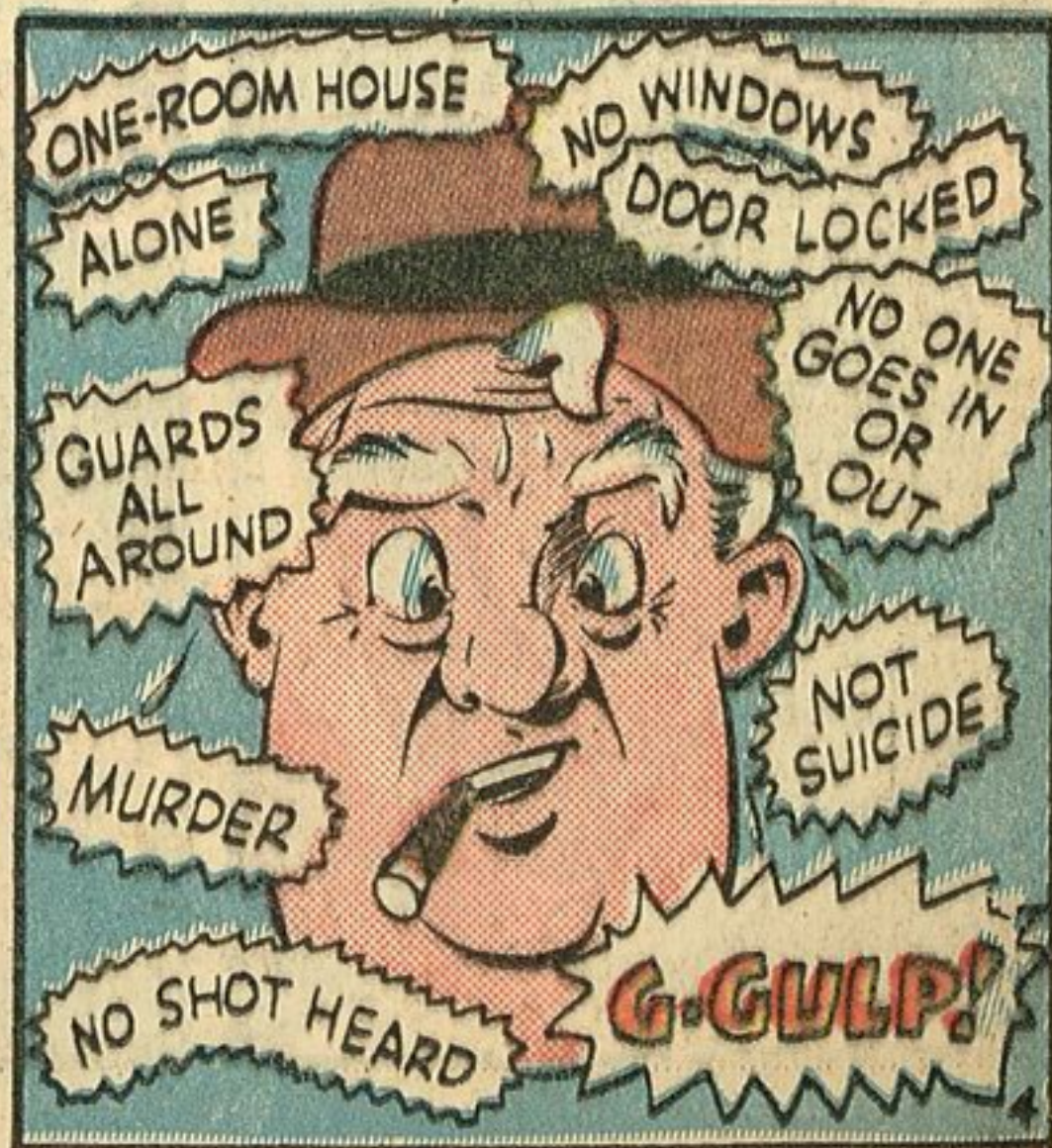
IN HERE ALONE, EH? HMMM! NOBODY COULDA SHOT HIM FROM OUTSIDE WITH THAT DOOR CLOSED!

OKAY, CHUCK! LET'S GO! ... IT'S SUICIDE!



WHO Y'KIDDIN', BUD? SEE ANY POWDER BURNS NEAR TH' BULLET WOUND? -- ANY GUN IN HIS HAND OR ANYWHERE NEAR HERE?

EH?!



ONE-ROOM HOUSE
ALONE

NO WINDOWS
DOOR LOCKED

GUARDS ALL AROUND

NO ONE GOES IN OR OUT

MURDER

NOT SUICIDE

NO SHOT HEARD

G-GULP!

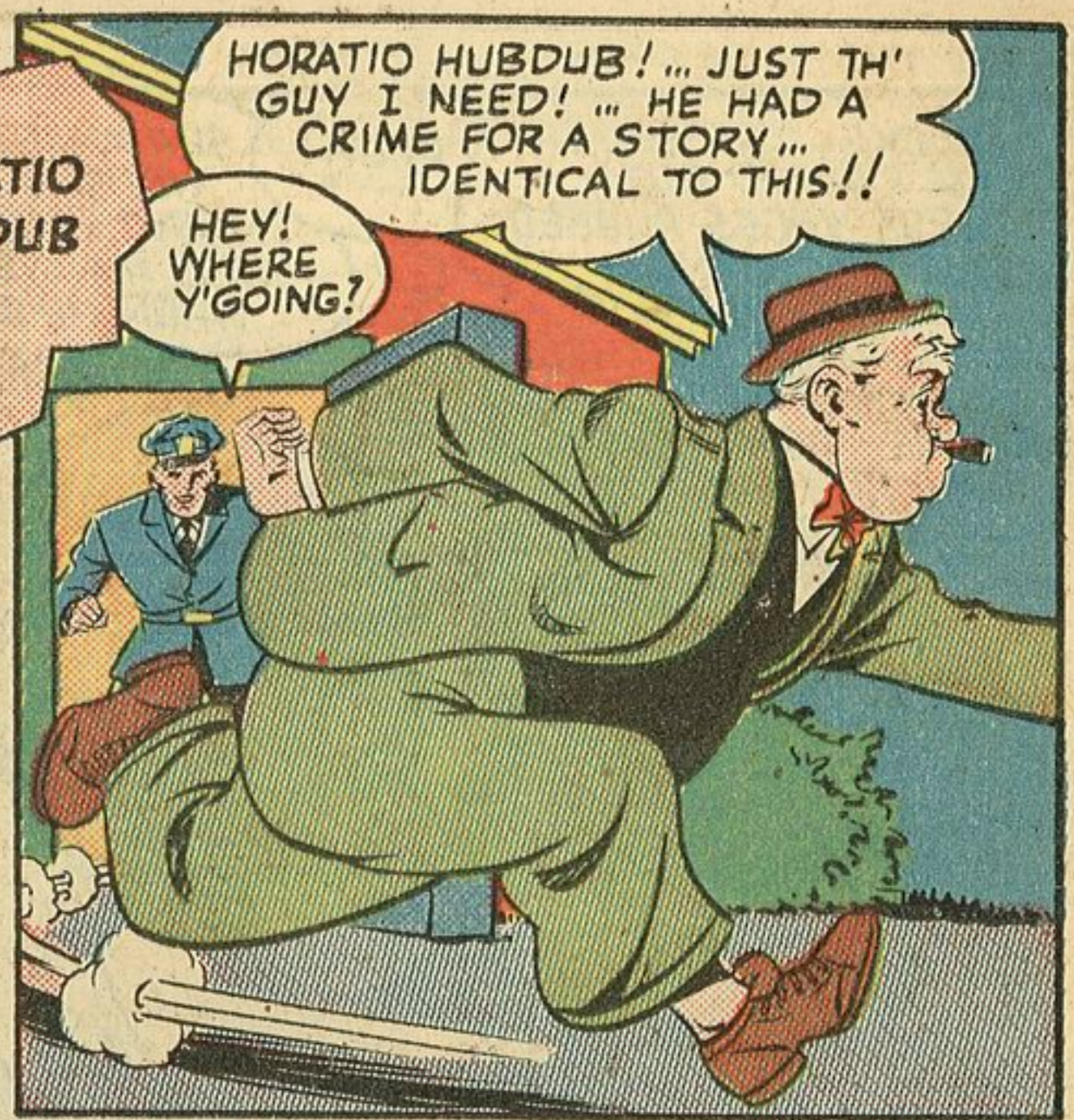


IT CAN'T HAPPEN!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY PLOT, MR. MCGINTY?



HORATIO HUBDUB!



HORATIO HUBDUB! ... JUST TH' GUY I NEED! ... HE HAD A CRIME FOR A STORY ... IDENTICAL TO THIS!!

HEY! WHERE Y'GOING?



HANG THAT GUY! WELL, THIS MURDER SOUNDS SCREWY ... BUT THERE MUST BE A SOLUTION, SOMEWHERE!

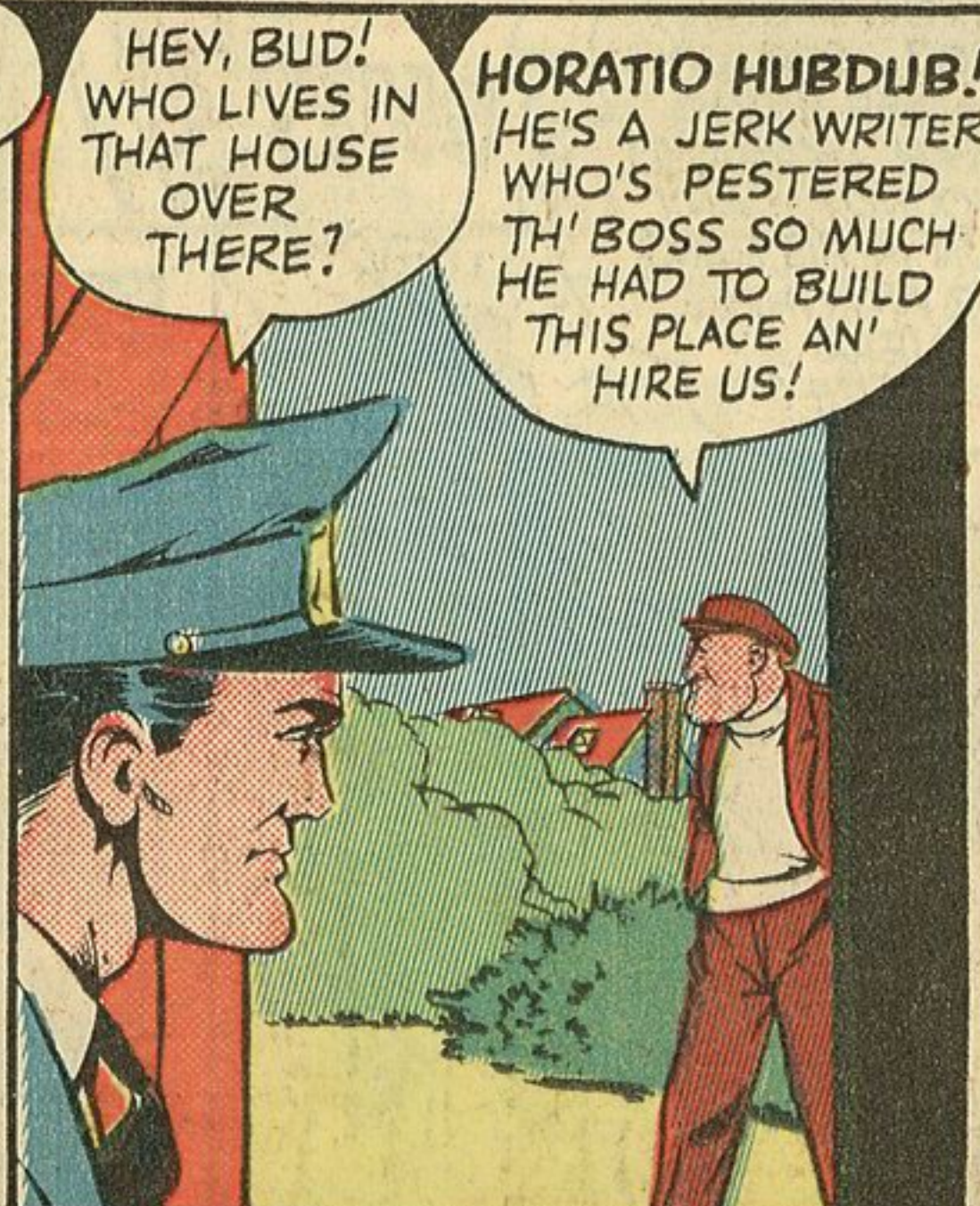


SAY! ... MACBETH WAS SITTING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE!

A BULLET COULD HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THERE - AND WHEN HE LIT THE FIRE, THE BULLET WENT OFF!!



NO! THAT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! NO SHOT WAS HEARD! ... WHAT TH--!? SAY! ... THIS IS SOMETHING!



HEY, BUD! WHO LIVES IN THAT HOUSE OVER THERE?

HORATIO HUBDUB! HE'S A JERK WRITER WHO'S PESTERED TH' BOSS SO MUCH HE HAD TO BUILD THIS PLACE AN' HIRE US!



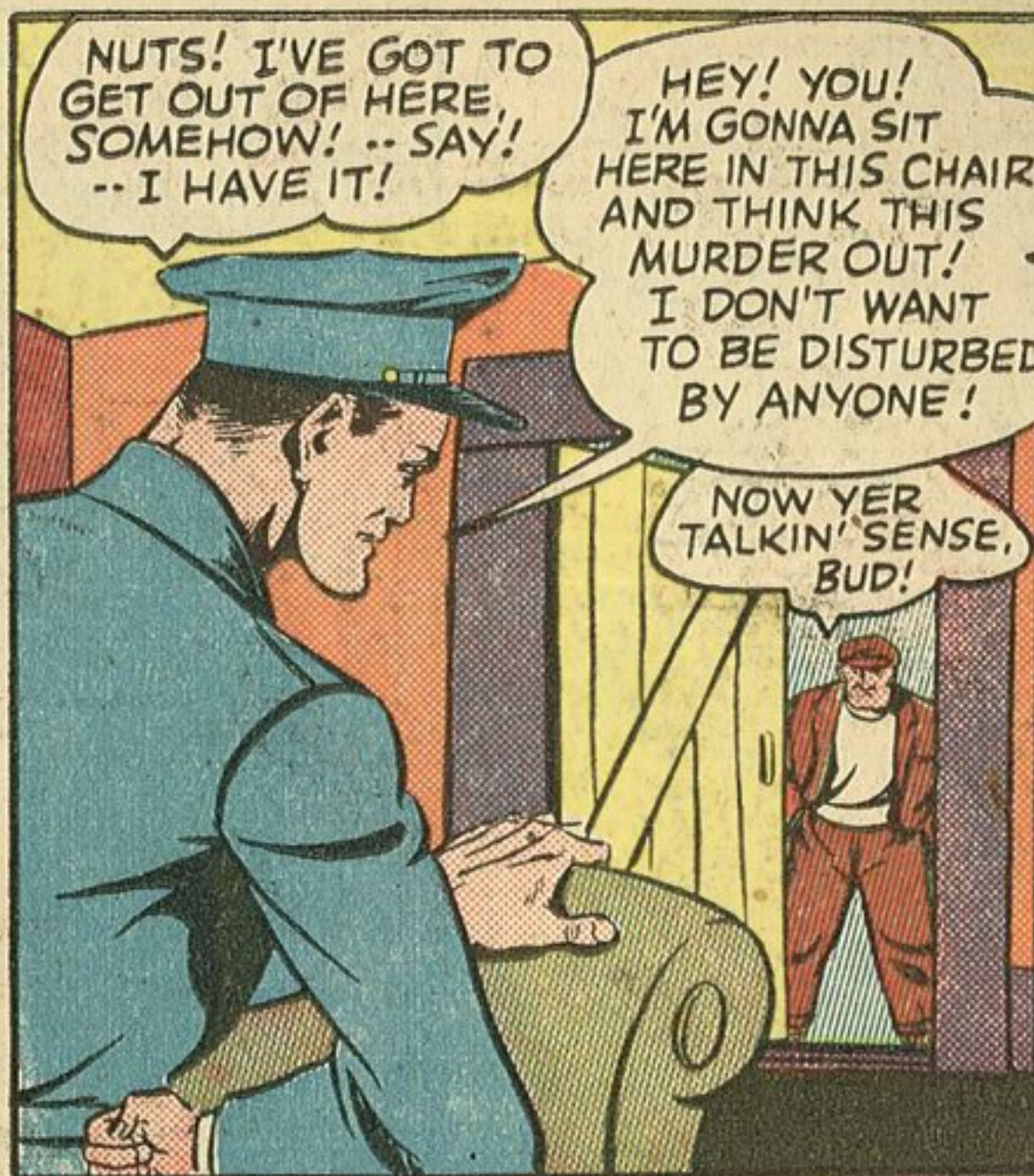
THANKS, PAL! SEE YOU LATER! I'M GOING VISITING!

OH, YEAH? YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' A POWDER, TOO! GET BACK IN THERE AN' FIGGER OUT WHO BUMPED OFF TH' BOSS!



BUT THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING!

DO IT HERE, BUD! NOW GIT BACK IN TH' HOUSE!



NUTS! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, SOMEHOW! ... SAY! ... I HAVE IT!

HEY! YOU! I'M GONNA SIT HERE IN THIS CHAIR AND THINK THIS MURDER OUT! I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED BY ANYONE!

NOW YER TALKIN' SENSE, BUD!



O-H-OH! ... SO THIS IS HOW CHUCK LANE INTENDS TO GET OUT! ... BY CHANGING TO THE JESTER!

HERE'S HOPING THIS WORKS!



TH' JESTER!

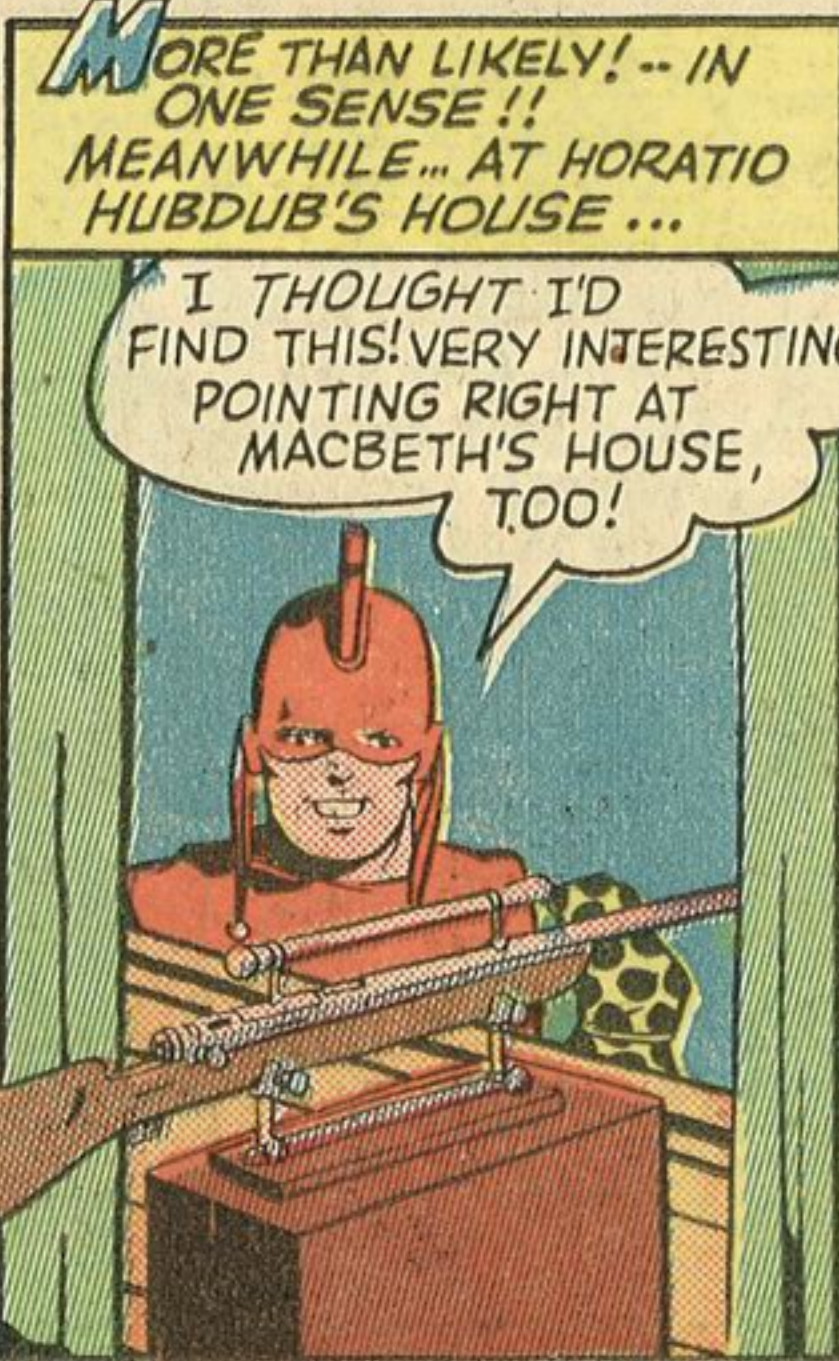


TH' JESTER! WH-WHAT'S H-HE H-HERE FOR?? W-WE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!

YEAH! WE IS RESPECTABLE YEGGS! SAY! ... MAYBE HE'S HERE T'FIND OUT WHO KNOCKED OFF TH' BOSS!



DAT'S RIGHT! HMPF! LOOK AT DAT DUMB COP SITTIN' IN THERE THINKIN'! HE'LL PROBL'Y BE STILL SITTIN' THERE WHEN TH' JESTER BRINGS IN TH' MURDERER!



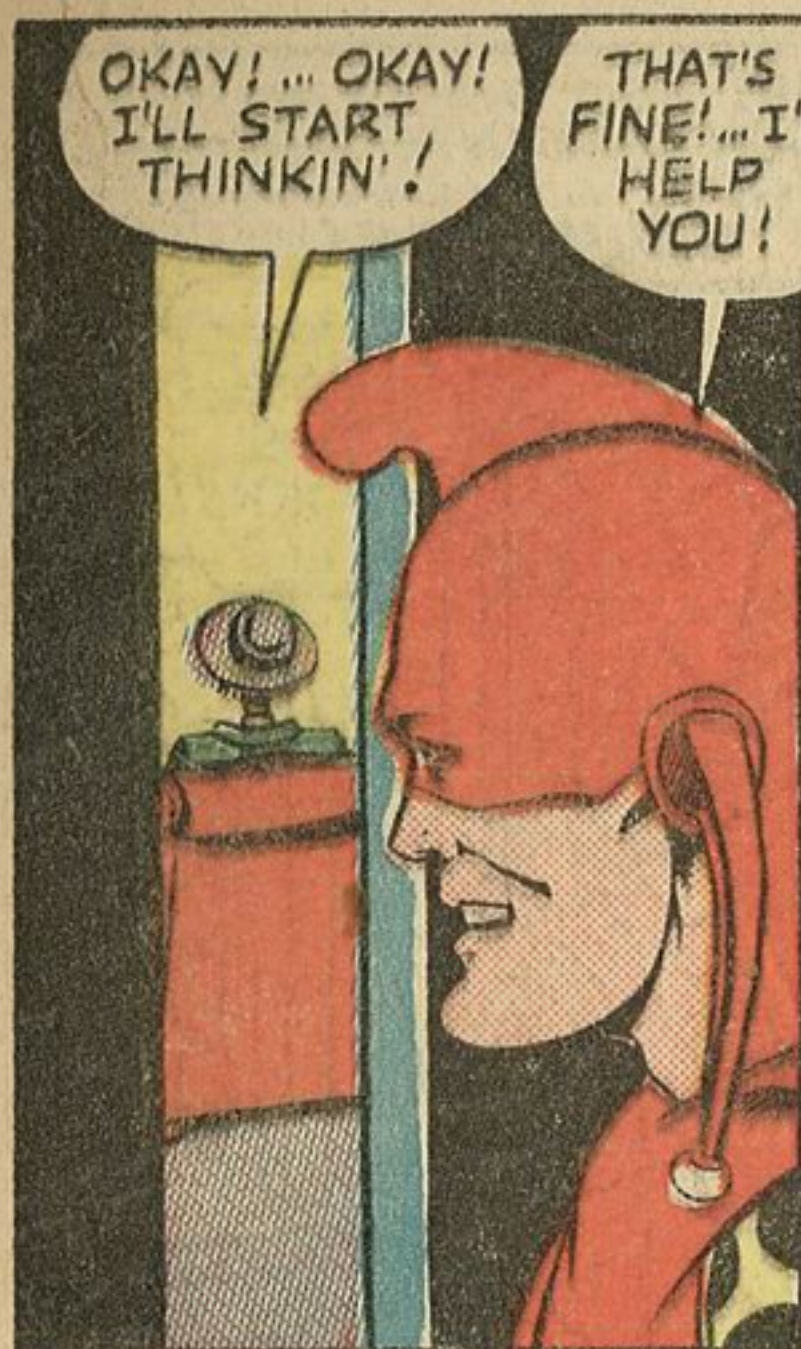
MORE THAN LIKELY! ... IN ONE SENSE!! MEANWHILE... AT HORATIO HUBDUB'S HOUSE ...

I THOUGHT I'D FIND THIS! VERY INTERESTING! POINTING RIGHT AT MACBETH'S HOUSE, TOO!



HONEST, MCGINTY... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SOLVE IT! I WAS ONLY ASKING YOU SO I COULD GET THE SOLUTION FOR MY OWN STORY!

YEIKS! ... LOOK! THIS MAY MEAN MY JOB! ... Y'GOTTA HELP ME! Y'GOTTA FIGURE THIS OUT!



OKAY! ... OKAY!
I'LL START
THINKIN'!

THAT'S
FINE! ... I'LL
HELP
YOU!



PLUNK!



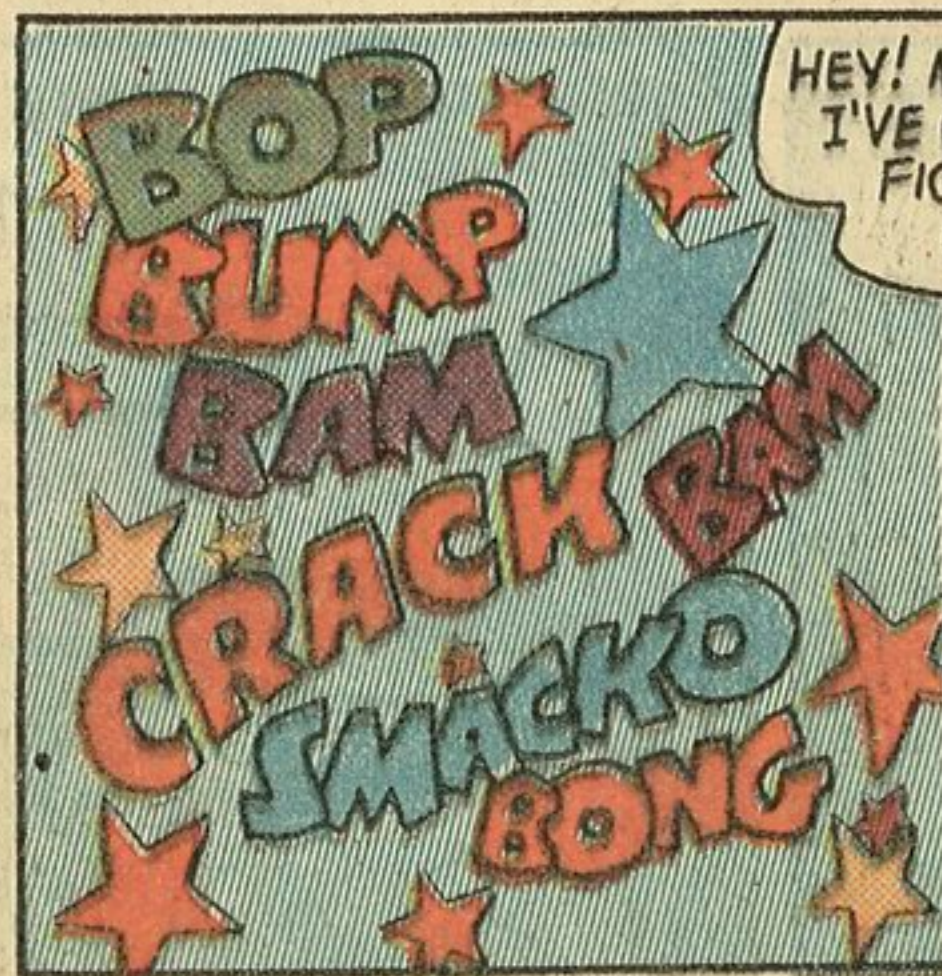
BUMP



BANG!



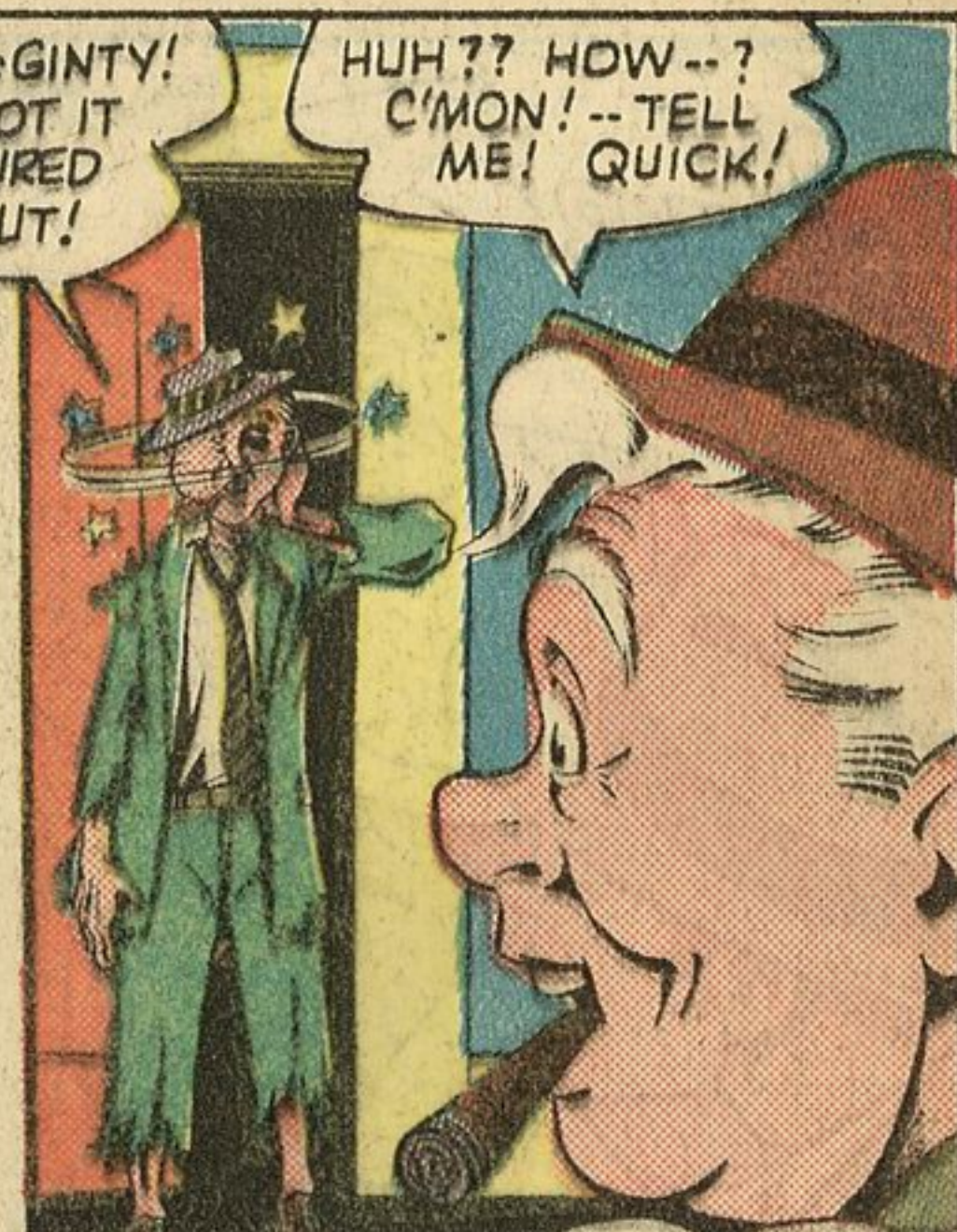
... AND HERE'S
WHERE MR HUBDUB
LEAVES! ----
OOF! -- THE
JESTER!



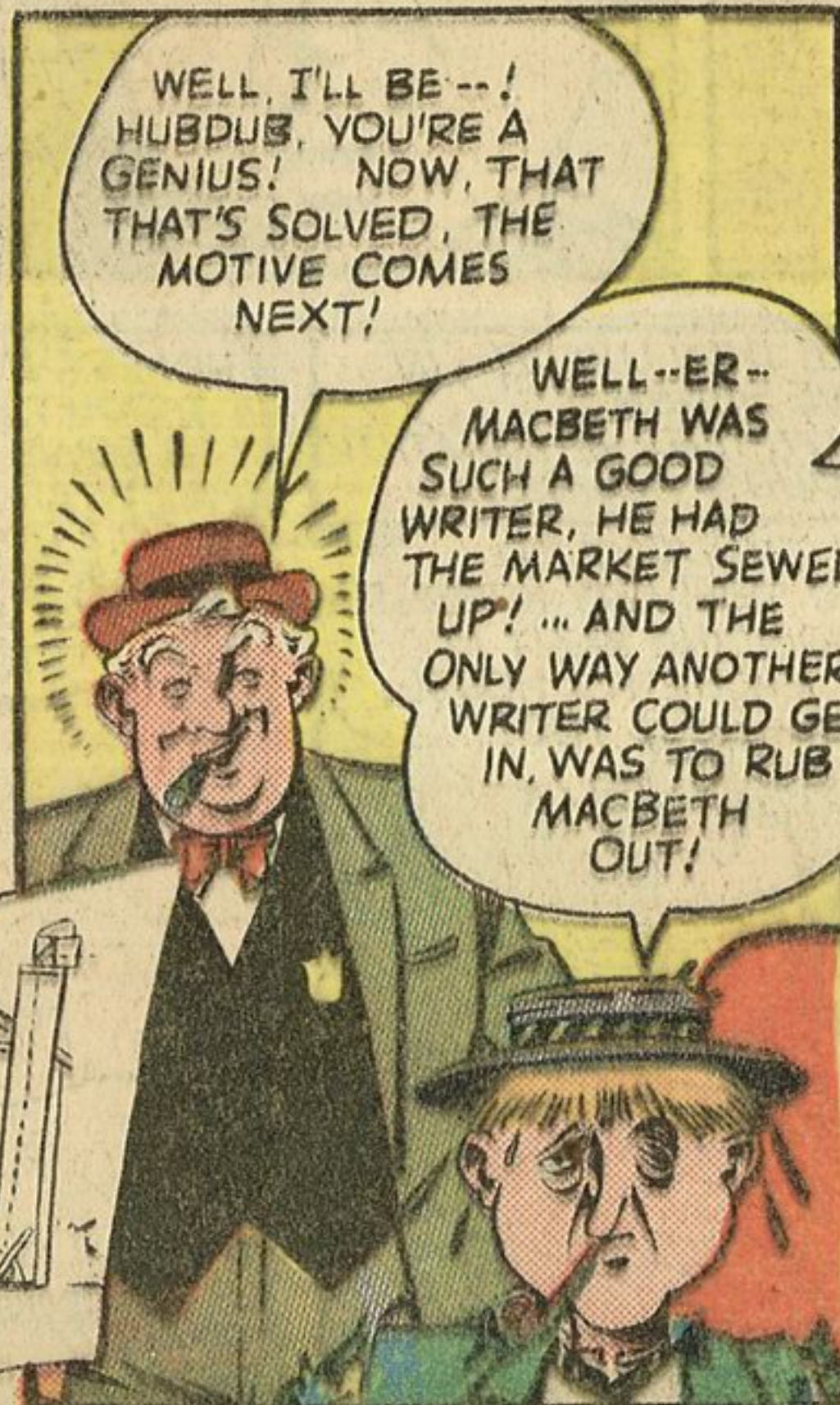
BOP
BUMP
BAM
CRACK BAM
SWACKO
BONG

HEY! MCGINTY!
I'VE GOT IT
FIGURED
OUT!

HUH?? HOW--?
C'MON! -- TELL
ME! QUICK!



WELL.. MISCHA
MACBETH WAS SITTING
IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE
... IN THE FIREPLACE IS A
STEEL-PLATE REFLECTOR
... AND THERE'S ANOTHER
ONE AT THE TOP OF THE
CHIMNEY .. SOMEONE
WITH A HIGH-POWERED
RIFLE, SHOT INTO THE
CHIMNEY AND THE
BULLET RICOCHETED
DOWN THE CHIMNEY--
OFF THE REFLECTOR
AND INTO MACBETH!



WELL, I'LL BE--!
HUBDUB, YOU'RE A
GENIUS! NOW, THAT
THAT'S SOLVED, THE
MOTIVE COMES
NEXT!

WELL--ER--
MACBETH WAS
SUCH A GOOD
WRITER, HE HAD
THE MARKET SEWED
UP! ... AND THE
ONLY WAY ANOTHER
WRITER COULD GET
IN, WAS TO RUB
MACBETH
OUT!

EUREKA!
NOW ALL WE
HAVE TO DO
IS FIND
THAT
WRITER!

GULP! I'D BETTER
GET BACK AND
CHANGE TO
CHUCK LANE
SO **SOMEBODY**
WILL ARREST
THIS MURDERER!



NEXT MONTH ... ANOTHER CLEVER
JESTER STORY IN
SMASH COMICS!

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



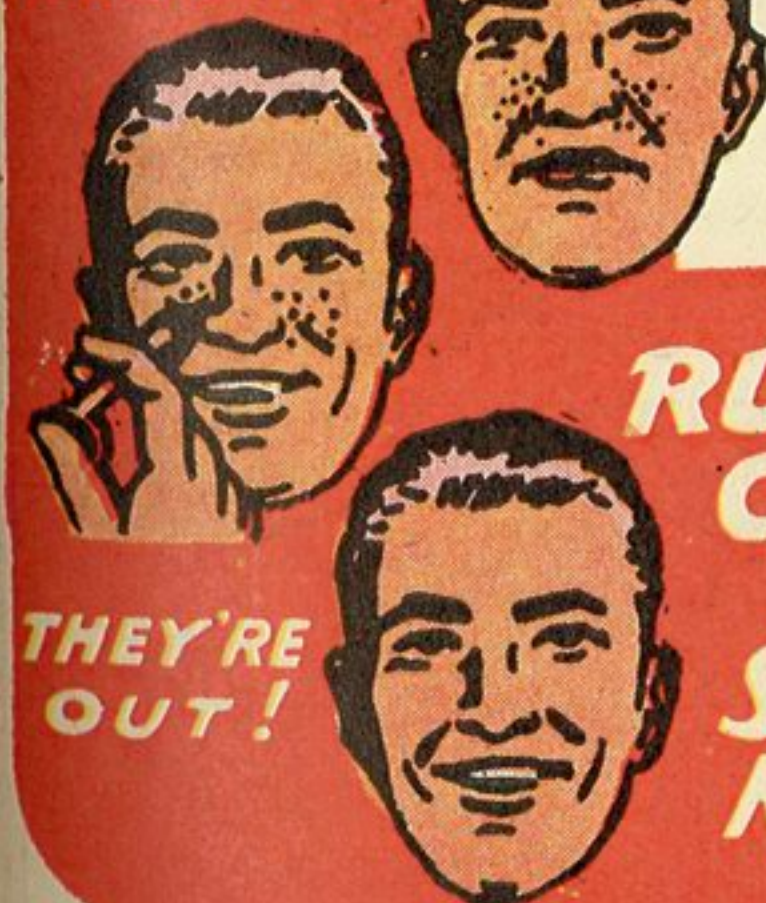
AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8309
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!!!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, *in double-quick time*, become a 'holy terror' in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will *dare* lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

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